

William Preston

RELIQUES
OF
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY
CONSISTING OF
Old Heroic BALLADS SONGS, and other
PIECES of our earlier POETS,
Chiefly of the LYRIC kind
Together with some few of later Date
VOLUME THE III.



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ANCIENT
SONGS and BALLADS,
&c.

SERIES THE THIRD.
BOOK I.

BALLADSON KING ARTHUR, &c.

This Third Volume being chiefly devoted to Romantic Subjects, may not be improperly introduced with a few slight Strictures on the old METRICAL ROMANCES: a subject the more worthy attention, as such as have written on the nature and origin of Books of Chivalry, seem not to have known that the first compositions of this kind were in Verse, and usually sung to the Harp.

ON
THE ANCIENT METRICAL ROMANCES, &c.

The first attempts at composition among all barbarous nations are ever found to be Poetry and Song. The praises of their Gods and the achievements of their heroes, are usually chanted at their festival meetings. These are the first rudiments of History. It is in this manner that the savages of North America preserve the memory of past events*: and the same method is

* *Vid. Lafiteau Moeurs de Sauvages. T. 2. Dr. Browne's Hist. of the Rise and Progress of Poetry.*

known to have prevailed among our Saxon Ancestors*. The ancient Britons had their BARDS, and the Gothic nations their SCALDS, whose business it was to record the victories of their warriors, and the genealogies of their Princes, in a kind of popular songs, which were committed to memory, and delivered down from one Reciter to another. So long as poetry continued a distinct profession, and while the Bard, or Scald was a regular and stated officer in the Prince's court, these men are thought to have performed the functions of the historian pretty faithfully; for tho' their narrations would be apt to receive a good deal of embellishment, they are supposed to have had at the bottom so much of truth as to serve for the basis of more regular annals. At least succeeding historians have taken up with the relations of these rude men, and for want of more authentic records, have agreed to allow them the credit of true history†.

After letters began to prevail, and history assumed a more stable form, by being committed to plain simple prose; these Songs of the Scalds began to be more amusing, than useful. And in proportion, as it became their business chiefly to entertain and delight, they gave more and more into embellishment, and set off their recitals with such marvelous fictions, as were calculated to captivate gross and ignorant minds. Thus began stories of adventures with giants and dragons, and witches and enchanters, and all the monstrous extravagances of wild imagination, unguided by judgment, and uncorrected by art‡.

THIS is the true origin of that species of Romance, which so long celebrated feats of Chivalry, and which at first in metre and afterwards in prose, was the entertainment of our ancestors, in common with their contemporaries on the continent, till the satire of Cervantes,

* *Barth. Antiq. Dan. Lib. 1. Cap. 10.*—*Vid. Tacit. de Mor. Germ.*

† See "*L' Introd. a l' Hist. de Dannemarc. par Mallet. 4to. 1755. pag. 31.*

‡ *Vid. Infra.*

vantes, or rather the increase of knowledge and classical literature, drove them off the stage, to make room for a more refined species of fiction, under the name of French Romances, copied from the Greek *.

That our old Romances of Chivalry are derived in a lineal descent from the ancient historical songs of the SCALDS, is incontestible, because there are many of them still preserved in the North, which exhibit all the seeds of Chivalry before it became a solemn institution †. "CHIVALRY, as a distinct military order, conferred in the way of investiture, and accompanied with the solemnity of an oath, and other ceremonies" was of later date, and sprung out of the feudal constitution, as an elegant writer has lately shown ‡. But the ideas of Chivalry prevailed long before in all the Gothic nations, and may be discovered as in embryo in the customs, manners, and opinions, of every branch of that people ||. That fondness of going in quest of adventures, that spirit of challenging to single combat, and that respectful complaisance shewn to the fair sex, (so different from the manners of the Greeks and Romans) all are of Gothic origin, and may be traced up to the earliest times among all the northern nations ||. These existed long before the feudal ages, tho' they were called forth and strengthened in a peculiar manner under that constitution, and at length arrived to their full maturity in the times of the Crusades, so replete with romantic adventures.

EVEN the common arbitrary fictions of Romance were (as is hinted above) most of them familiar to the ancient Scalds of the North, long before the times of the Crusades. They believed the existence of Giants and

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Dwarfs

* *Viz.* ASTREA, CASSANDRA, CLELIA, &c.

† Mallet -- *Int. a l' Hist. de Dannem.* p. 200. *Edda.* p. 264. & *passim*.

‡ *Letters concerning Chivalry.* 8vo. 1763.

|| Mallet. *passim*.

iv ANCIENT SONGS

Dwarfs *, they had some notion of Fairies †, they were strongly possessed with the belief of spells and enchantments ‡, and were fond of inventing combats and Dragons and Monsters §.

We have a striking instance of their turn for Chivalry and Romance, in the history of King Regner Lodbrog, a celebrated warrior and pirate, who reigned in Denmark about the year 800 §. This hero signalized his youth by an exploit of gallantry. A Swedish prince had a beautiful daughter, whom he intrusted (probably during some expedition) to the care of one of his officers, assigning a strong castle for their defence. The Officer fell in love with his ward, and detained her in his castle, in spite of all the efforts of her father. Upon this he published a proclamation through all the neighbouring countries, that whoever would conquer the ravisher and rescue the Lady should have her in marriage. Of all that undertook the adventure, Regner alone was so happy as to atchieve it: he delivered the fair captive, and obtained her for his prize.—It happened that the name of this discourteous officer was ORME, which in the Islandic language signifies SERPENT: Wherefore the Scalds to give the more poetical turn to the adventure, represent the Lady as detained from her father by a dreadful Dragon, and that Regner slew the monster to set her at liberty. Even Regner himself, who was a celebrated poet, gives this fabulous account of the exploit in a poem of his own writing that is still extant, and which records all the valiant atchievements of his life ¶.

WITH marvellous embellishments of this kind the Scalds early began to decorate their narratives: and they

* Mallet. p. 22.

† Olaus Verel. ad Herwarer Saga. p. 44. 45. Hickes's Thesaur. V. 2. p. 311.

‡ Ibid.

§ Rollofs Saga. Cap. 35. &c.

§ Saxo Gram. p. 152. 153.—Mallet. p. 201.

¶ See a Translation of this poem, lately published among
“ Five pieces of Runic Poetry, 8vo. 1763.”

they were the more lavish of these in proportion as they departed from their original institution; but it was a long time before they thought of delivering a set of personages and adventures wholly feigned. Of the great multitude of romantic tales still preserved in the libraries of the North, most of them are supposed to have had some foundation in truth, and the more ancient they are, the more they are believed to be connected with true history. *

It was not probably till after the historian and the bard had been long disunited, that the latter ventured at pure fiction. At length when their business was no longer to instruct or inform, but merely to amuse, it was no longer needful for them to adhere to truth. Then began fabulous and romantic songs which for a long time prevailed in France and England before they had books of Chivalry in prose. Yet in both these countries the minstrels still retained so much of their original institution, as frequently to make true events the subject of their songs †; and indeed, as during the barbarous ages, the regular histories were almost all writ in Latin by the Monks, the memory of events was preserved and propagated among the ignorant laity by scarce any other means than the popular Songs of the Minstrels.

THE inhabitants of Sweden, Denmark and Norway, being the latest converts to Christianity, retained their original manners and opinions longer than the other nations of Gothic race: and therefore they have preserved more of the genuine compositions of their ancient poets, than their southern neighbours. Among these the progress from poetical history to poetical fiction is very discernable: they have some of the latter

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kind,

* *Vid. Mallet.*

† The Editor's MS. contains a multitude of poems of this latter kind. It was from this custom of the Minstrels that some of our first Historians wrote their Chronicles in verse, as Rob. of Gloucester, Harding, &c.

kind, that are in affect complete Romances of Chivalry*. They have also a multitude of SAGAS † or histories on romantic subjects, containing a mixture of prose and verse, of various dates, some of them written since the times of the Crusades, others long before: but their narratives in verse only are esteemed the more ancient.

With regard to the Saxons and Franks, who it should seem had made their irruptions into Britain and Gaul, before prose compositions were known in the North, they had originally their fabulous stories and tales of amusement wholly in verse. The first Romances of Chivalry that were known in France were in metre ‡, and so were those that were current in England. In both kingdoms tales in verse were usually sung by minstrels to the harp on festival occasions: and probably both nations derived their relish for this sort of entertainment from their Gothic ancestors, without borrowing it either from the other. In both nations narrative songs on true or fictitious subjects had doubtless obtained from the earliest times. But the professed Romances of Chivalry seem to have been first composed in France; where also they had their name.

The Latin Tongue, as is observed by an ingenious writer ||, ceased to be spoken in France about the ninth century, and was succeeded by what was called the ROMANCE Tongue, a mixture of the language of the Franks and bad Latin. As the Songs of Chivalry became

* See a Specimen at the end of *L' Edda par M. Mallet*. 4to 1756.

† *Eccardi Hist. Stud. Etym.* 1711. p. 179, &c. *Hickes's Thesaur.* Vol. 2. p. 314.

‡ *San Graal, Perceval, Lancelot du Lac*, &c. were among the first prose Romances in French, yet these were originally composed in metre. See a Note of *Wanley's* in *Harl. Catalog. Num.* 2252. p. 49, &c. *Nicholson's Eng. Hist. Library.* 2d. Ed. p. 91. &c.—See also a curious *Collect. of old French Romances* with *Mr. Wanley's* account of these sort of pieces in *Harl. MSS. Cat.* 978. 106.

|| *The Author of the Essay on the Genius of Pope*, p. 282.

came the most popular compositions in that language, they were emphatically called ROMANS or ROMANTS; tho' this name was at first given to any piece of Poetry. The Romances of Chivalry can be traced as early as the eleventh Century*. Le Roman de Brut by Maître Eustache was written in 1155: But it is well known to Historians; that (long before this) when William the Conqueror with his Normans marched down to the battle of Hastings, they animated themselves by singing (in some popular Romance or Ballad) the exploits of Roland, the Great Hero of Chivalry.

So early as this I cannot trace the Songs of Chivalry in English. The most ancient I have seen, is that of Hornechild described below, which seems not earlier than the twelfth century. However, as this rather resembles the Saxon poetry, than the French, it is not certain that the first English Romances were translated from that language. We have seen above that a propensity to this kind of fiction prevailed among all the Gothic nations; and, tho' after the Norman Conquest, both the French and English translated each others Romances, there is no room to doubt, but each of them composed original pieces of their own.

The stories of King Arthur and his round table, may be reasonably supposed of the growth of this island; both the English and the French had them from the Britons†. The stories of Guy and Bevis, with some others, were probably the invention of English Minstrels: on the other hand, the English procured translations of such Romances as were most current in France, and in the List given at the conclusion of these Remarks, many are doubtless of French original.

The first PROSE books of Chivalry that appeared in our language, were those printed by Caxton‡; at least, these

* *Ibid.* p. 283. *Hist. Lit. Tom. 6. 7.*

† *The Welsh have some very old Romances about K. Arthur, but as these are in prose, they are not probably their first pieces that were composed on that subject.*

‡ *Recuyel of the Hystories of Troy, 1471. Godfroye of Boloyne, 1481. Le Morte de Arthur, 1485. The Life of Charle-*

these are the first I have been able to discover, and these are all translations from the French. Whereas Romances of this kind had been long current in metre, and were so generally admired in the time of Chaucer, that his Rhyme of sir Thopas was evidently written to ridicule and burlesque them *.

He expressly mentions several of them by name in a stanza, which I shall have occasion to quote more than once in this volume.

Men speken of Romaunces of Price,
Of Horne-Child, and Ipotis,
Of Bevis, and sir Guy,
Of Sir Libeaux and Blandamoure,
But Sir Thopas bereth the flour,
Of riall chevallrie.

Most, if not all, of these are still extant in MS. in some or other of our libraries, as I shall shew in the conclusion of this slight Essay, where I shall give a list of such metrical Histories and Romances as have fallen under my observation.

As many of these contain a considerable portion of poetic merit, and throw great light on the manners and opinions of former times, it were to be wished that some of the best of them were rescued from oblivion. A judicious collection of them accurately published with proper illustrations, would be an important accession to our stock of ancient English Literature. Many
of

Charlemagne, 1485. &c. As the old Minstrelsy wore out, prose books of Chivalry became more admired, especially after the Spanish Romances began to be translated into English towards the end of Q. Elizabeth's reign: then the most popular metrical Romances began to be reduced into prose, as Sir Guy, Bevis, &c.

* See Extract from a Letter in Mr. Warton's *Observations*, Vol. 2. p. 139. [Where in p. 140. instead of "Most of these, &c" read "Many of the old poetical Romances are in the very same metre, &c.—The old black-letter Edit. in p. 142. proves to be one of Speght's.]

of them exhibit no mean attempts at Epic Poetry, and tho' full of the exploded fictions of Chivalry, frequently display great descriptive and inventive powers in the Bards, who composed them. They are at least generally equal to any other poetry of the same age. They cannot indeed be put in competition with the nervous productions of so universal and commanding a genius as Chaucer, but they have a simplicity that makes them be read with less interruption, and be more easily understood: and they are far more spirited and entertaining than the tedious allegories of Gower, or the dull and prolix legends of Lydgate. Yet, while so much stress is laid upon the writings of these last, by such as treat of English poetry, the old metrical Romances tho' far more popular in their time are hardly known to exist. But it has happened unluckily that the antiquaries, who have revived the works of our ancient writers, have been for the most part men void of taste and genius, and therefore have always fastidiously rejected the old poetical Romances, because founded on fictitious or popular subjects, while they have been careful to grub up every petty fragment of the most dull and insipid rhimist, whose merit it was to deform morality, or obscure true history. Should the public encourage the revival of some of those ancient Epic songs of Chivalry, they would frequently see the rich ore of an Ariosto or a Tasso, tho' buried it may be among the rubbish and dross of barbarous times.

Such a publication would answer many important uses: It would throw new light on the rise and progress of English poetry, the history of which can be but imperfectly understood, if these are neglected: it would also serve to illustrate innumerable passages in our ancient classic poets, which without their help must be for ever obscure. For not to mention Chaucer and Spenser, who abound with perpetual allusions to them; I shall give an instance or two from Shakespeare, by way of specimen of their use.

In his play of KING JOHN our great Dramatic poet alludes to an exploit of Richard I, which the reader

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will in vain look for in any true history. Faulconbridge says to his mother, Act. 1. sc. 1.

- “ Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose . . .
- “ Against whose furie and unmatched force,
- “ The awlesse lion could not wage the fight
- “ Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand;
- “ He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts
- “ May easily winne a woman's:”—

The fact here referred to, is to be traced to its source only in the old Romance of RICHARD CEUR DE LYON*, in which his encounter with a Lyon makes a very shining figure. I shall give a large extract from this poem, as a specimen of the manner of these old rhapsodists, and to shew that they did not in their fictions neglect the proper means to produce the ends, as was afterwards done in so childish a manner in the prose books of Chivalry :

The poet tells us, that Richard in his return from the Holy Land having been discovered in the habit of “ a palmer in Almayne,” and apprehended as a spy, was by the king thrown into prison. Wardrewe the king's son hearing of Richard's great strength, desires the jailor to let him have a sight of his prisoners. Richard being the foremost, Wardrewe asks him “ if he dare stand a buffet from his hand ?” and that on the morrow he shall return him another. Richard consents and receives a blow that staggers him. On the morrow, having previously waxed his hands, he waits his antagonist's arrival. Wardrewe accordingly, proceeds the story, “ held forth as a trewe man,” and Richard gave him such a blow on the cheek, as broke his jaw-bone and killed him on the spot. The king to revenge the death

* Dr. Grey has shewn that the same story is alluded to in *Rassell's Chronicle* : As it was doubtless originally had from the Romance, this is proof that the old metrical Romances throw light on our old writers in prose : many of our ancient Historians have recorded the fictions of Romance.

death of his son orders by the advice of one Eldrede, that a Lion kept purposely from food, should be turned loose upon Richard. But the king's daughter having fallen in love with him, tells him of her father's resolution, and at his request procures him forty ells of white silk "kerchers;" and here the description of the Combat begins,

The kever-chefes * he toke on honde,

And aboute his arme he wonde;

And thought in that ylke while,

To flee the lyon with some gyle.

And syngle in a kyrtyll he stode,

And abode the lyon fyers and wode.

With that came the jaylere,

And other men that wyth him were,

And the lyon them amonge;

His pawes were stiffe and stronge.

The chambre dore they undone,

And the lyon to them is gone.

Rycharde sayd, Helpe, lorde Jesu!

The lyon made to hym venu,

And wolde hym have all to rente:

Kynge Rycharde besyde hym glente †.

The lyon on the breste hym spurned,

That aboute he tourned.

The lyon was hongry and megre,

And bette his tayle to be egre;

He loked aboute as he were madde;

Abrode he all his pawes spradde.

He cryed lowde, and yaned † wyde.

Kynge Rycharde berthought hym that tyde,

What hym was beste, and to hym sterte,

In at the throte his honde he gerte,

And

* *i. e.* Handkerchiefs. Here we have the etymology of the word, viz. "Covre le chef."

† *i. e.* glanced, *slit*. † *i. e.* yawned.

And hente out the herte with his honde,
 Lounge and all that he there fonde.
 The lyon fell deed to the ground:
 Rycharde felt no wem *, ne wounde.
 He fell on his knees in that place,
 And thanked Jesu of his grace.

* * * * *

What follows is not so well, and therefore I shall extract no more of this poem: but the preceding circumstances are not unworthy the selection of any Epic poet.—For the above feat the author tells us, the king was deservedly called

Stronge Rycharde cure du Lyowne.

THAT distich which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of his madman in K. LEAR, A. 3. sc. 4.

Mice and Rats and such small deere

Have been Tom's food for seven long yeare.

has excited the attention of the critics. Instead of *deere*, one of them would substitute *geer*; and another, *cheer* †. But the ancient reading is established by the old Romance of SIR BEVIS which Shakespeare had doubtless often heard sung to the Harp. This distich is part of a description there given of the hardships suffered by Bevis, when confined for seven years in a dungeon.

Rattes and myse and such smal dere

Was his meate that seven yere. Sign. F. iii.

IN different parts of this work, the Reader will find various extracts from these old poetical Legends: to which I refer him for farther examples of their style and metre. To compleat this subject, it will be proper to give at least one specimen of their skill in distributing and conducting their fable, by which it will be seen that nature and common sense had supplied to these old simple bards the want of critical art, and taught

* i. e. hurt. † Bp. Warb.—Dr. Grey.

taught them some of the most essential rules of Epic Poetry.—I shall select the Romance of *LIBIUS DISCONIUS* *, as being one of those mentioned by Chaucer, and either shorter or more intelligible than the others he has quoted.

If any Epic Poem may be defined, “ † A fable related by a poet, to excite admiration and inspire virtue, by representing the action of some one hero, favoured by heaven, who executes a great design, spite of all the obstacles that oppose him :” I know not why we should withhold the name of *EPIC POEM* from the piece which I am about to analyse.

My copy is divided into IX PARTS or Cantos, the several arguments of which are as follows.

PART I.

Opens with a short exordium to bespeak attention : the Heroe is described, a natural son of sir Gawain a celebrated knight of K. Arthur's court, who being brought up in a forest by his mother, is kept ignorant of his name and descent. He early exhibits marks of his courage by killing a knight in single combat, who encountered him as he was hunting. This inspires him with a desire of seeking adventures : therefore cloathing himself in his enemy's armour, he goes to K. Arthur's Court to request the order of knighthood. His request granted, he obtains a promise of having the first adventure assigned him that shall offer.—A damsel named Ellen, attended by a dwarf, comes to implore K. Arthur's assistance, to rescue a young Princess, “ the Lady of Sinadone” their mistress, who is detained from her rights and confined in prison. The adventure is claimed by the young knight Sir Lybius : the king assents : the messengers are dissatisfied and object to his youth : but are forced to acquiesce. And here the first book closes with a description of the ceremony of equipping him forth.

PART

* So it is intituled in the Editor's MS.

† Vid. “ *Discours sur la Poesie Epique*, prefixed to *TELEMAQUE*.

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P A R T I I.

Sir Lybius fet out on the adventure: he is derided by the dwarf and the damsel for his youth: they come to the bridge of Perill, which noze can pass without encountering a knight called William de la Braunch: Sir Lybius is challenged: they joust with their spears: De la Braunch is dismounted: the battle is renewed on foot: Sir William's sword breaks: he yields: Sir Lybius makes him swear to go and present himself to K. Arthur, as the first-fruits of his valour. The conquered knight sets out for K. Arthur's court: is met by three knights his relations: who informed of his disgrace, vow revenge, and pursue the conqueror. The next day they overtake him: the eldest of the three attacks him: but is overthrown to the ground. The two other brothers assault him: Sir Lybius is wounded: yet cuts off the second brother's arm: the third yields: Sir Lybius sends them all to K. Arthur. In the third evening he is awaked by a dwarf, who has discovered a fire in a wood.

P A R T I I I.

Sir Lybius arms him, and leaps on horseback: he finds two Giants roasting a wild boar, who have a fair Lady their captive. Sir Lybius by favour of the night runs one of them through with his spear: is assaulted by the other: a fierce battle ensues: he cuts off the giant's arm, and at length his head. The rescued Lady (an Earl's daughter) tells him her story: leads him to her father's castle: who entertains him with a great feast; and presents him at parting with a suit of armour and a steed. He sends the giant's head to king Arthur.

P A R T I V.

Sir Lybius, maid Ellen and the dwarf renew their journey: they see a castle stuck round with human heads: are informed it belongs to a knight called sir Gefferon, who in honour of his lemman or mistress, challenges all comers: He that can produce a fairer lady,

lady, is to be rewarded with a milk-white falcon, but if overcome, to lose his head. Sir Lybius spends the night in the adjoining town: In the morning goes to challenge the falcon: The knights exchange their gloves: they agree to fight in the market place: the lady and maid Ellen are placed aloft in chairs: their dresses: the superior beauty of sir Gefferon's mistress described: the ceremonies previous to the combat: they engage: the combat described at large: sir Gefferon is incurably hurt; and carried home on his shield: Sir Lybius sends the falcon to K. Arthur: receives back a large present in florins: stays 40 days to be cured of his wounds, which he spends in feasting with the neighbouring lords.

P A R T V.

Sir Lybius proceeds for Sinadone: in a forest he meets a knight hunting, called sir Otes de Lisle: maid Ellen charmed with a very beautiful dog, begs sir Lybius to bestow him upon her: Sir Otes meets them, and claims his dog: is refused: being unarmed he rides to his castle, and summons his attendants: they go in quest of sir Lybius: a battle ensues: he is still victorious, and forces sir Otes to follow the other conquered knights to K. Arthur.

P A R T VI.

Sir Lybius comes to a fair city and castle by a river-side, beset round with pavilions or tents: he is informed, in the castle is a beautiful lady besieged by a giant named Maugys, who keeps the bridge, and will let none pass without doing him homage: this Lybius refuses: a battle ensues: the giant described: the several incidents of the battle: which lasts a whole summer's day: the giant is wounded: put to flight: slain. The citizens come out in procession to meet their deliverer: the lady invites him into her castle: falls in love with him; and seduces him to her embraces. He forgets the princess of Sinadone, and stays with this bewitching lady a twelve month. This fair sorceress, like another Alcina, intoxicates him with all kinds of sensual

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sensual pleasure ; and detains him from the pursuit of honour-

P A R T VII.

Maid Ellen by chance gets an opportunity of speaking to him : upbraids him with his vice and folly : he is filled with remorse, and escapes the same evening : at length he arrives at the city and castle of Sinadone : Is given to understand that he must challenge the constable of the castle to single combat before he can be received as a guest : they joust : the constable is worsted : Sir Lybius is feasted in the castle : he declares his intention of delivering their lady ; and inquires the particulars of her history. " Two Necromancers have built a fine palace by sorcery, and there keep her enchanted, till she will surrender her dutchy to them, and yield to such base conditions as they would impose."

P A R T VIII.

Early on the morrow Sir Lybius sets out for the enchanted palace : he alights in the court : enters the hall : the wonders of which are described in strong Gothic painting : he sits down at the high table : on a sudden all the lights are quenched, it thunders, lightens ; the palace shakes ; the walls fall to pieces about his ears : he is dismayed and confounded : but presently hears horses neigh, and is challenged to single combat by the forcerers : he gets to his stead : a battle ensues, with various turns of fortune : he loses his weapon : but gets a sword from one of the Necromancers, and wounds the other with it : the edge of the sword being secretly poisoned, the wound proves mortal.

P A R T IX.

He goes up to the surviving forcerer, who is carried away from him by enchantment : at length he finds him, and cuts off his head : He returns to the palace to deliver the lady : but cannot find her : as he is lamenting, a window opens, through which enters a horrible serpent with wings and a woman's face : it coils

coils round his neck and kisses him: on a sudden is converted into a very beautiful lady. She tells him she is the Lady of Sinadone, and was so enchanted, till she might kiss Sir Gawain, or some one of his blood: that he has dissolved the charm, and that herself and her dominions may be his reward. He joyfully accepts the offer, makes her his bride, and then sets out with her for King Arthur's court.

SUCH is the fable of this ancient piece: which the reader may observe, is as regular in its conduct, as any of the finest poems of classical antiquity. If the execution, particularly as to the diction and sentiments, were but equal to the plan, it would be a capital performance; but this is such as might be expected in rude and ignorant times, and in a barbarous unpolished language.

I shall conclude this prolix account, with a LIST of such old METRICAL ROMANCES as are still extant: beginning with those mentioned by Chaucer.

1. The Romance of *Horne-childe* is preserved in the British Museum, where it is intitled *þe geste of kyng Horne*. See Catalog. Harl. MSS. 2253. p. 70. The Language is almost Saxon, yet from the mention in it of Sarazens, it appears to have been written after some of the Crusades. It begins thus,

All heo ben blyþe
þat to my song ylyþe :
A song ýchulle ou finð
Of Allof þe gode kyng * &c.

2. The Poem of *Ipotis* (or *Ypotis*) is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2. fo. 77. but is rather a religious Legend, than a Romance. Its beginning is

He þat wyll of wyfdom here
Herkeneth now ze may here
Of a tale of holy wryte
Seynt Jon the Evangelyste wytnesseþ hyt.

3. The

* i. e. May all they be blithe, that to my song listen:
A song I shall you sing, Of Allof the good king, &c.

3. The Romance of *Sir Guy*, was written before that of *Bevis*, being quoted in it †. An account of this old poem is given below, pag. 86. To which I can now add, that two compleat copies in MS. are preserved at Cambridge, the one in the public Library †, the other in that of Caius College, Class A. 8.—In Ames's *Typog.* p. 153. may be seen the first lines of the printed copy.—The 1st MS. begins

Sythe the tyme that God was borne.

4. *Guy and Colbronde*, an old Romance in three parts, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (pag. 349.) It is in stanzas of 6 lines, the first of which may be seen in vol. 2. p. 126. Beginning

When meate and drinke is great plentye.

5. The Romance of *Syr Bevis* is described in pag. 181. of this vol. Two manuscript copies of this poem are extant at Cambridge. viz. in the Public Library §, and in that of Caius Coll. Class A. 9. (5.)—The first of these begins,

Lordyngs lyftenyth grete and smale.

The printed copies begin differently,

Lyften, Lordinges, and hold you styl.

6. *Libeaux* (*Libeaus*, or, *Lybius*) *Disconius* is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (pag. 317.) where the first stanza is

Jesus

† Sign. K. 2. C.

‡ For this and most of the following, which are mentioned as preserved in the Public Library, I refer the reader to the *Oxon Catalog. of MSS.* 1697. vol. 2. pag. 394. in Appendix to Bp. More's MSS. No. 690. 33. since given to the University of Cambridge.

§ No. 690. §. 31. Vid. *Catalog. MSS.* p. 394.

Jefus Christ christen kinge,
 And his mother that sweete thinge,
 Helpe them at their neede,
 That will listen to my tale,
 Of a Knight I will you tell,
 A doughtye man of deede.

An older copy is preserved in the Cotton Library [Cal. A. 2. fol. 40.] containing innumerable variations: the first line is

Jefu Cryft our Savyour.

As for *Blandamoure*, no Romance with this title has been discovered; but as the word occurs in that of *Li-beaux*, 'tis possible Chaucer's memory deceived him.

7. *Le Morte Arthure*, is among the Harl. MSS. 2252. §. 49. This is judged to be a translation from the French; Mr. Wanly thinks it no older than the time of Hen. vii. but it seems to be quoted in Syr Bevis, Sign. K. ij. b. it begins

Lordinges, that are leffe and deare.

In the Library of Bennet Coll. Cambridge, N^o. 351. is a MS. intituled in the Cat. *Acta Arthuris Metrico Anglicano*, but I know not whether it has any thing in common with the former.

8. In the Editor's Folio MS. are many Songs and Romances about King Arthur and his Knights, some of which are very imperfect, as *K. Arthur and the king of Cornwall*. (p. 24.) in stanzas of 4 Lines, beginning

Come here, my cozen Gawain so gay.

The Turke and Gawain, (p. 38.) in stanzas of 6 lines, beginning thus,

Listen, Lords, great and small.

Sir

Sir Lionel in distichs (p. 32.) thus beginning,

Sir Egrabell had Sonnes three.

but these are so imperfect that I do not make distinct articles of them. See also in this Vol. Book 1. No. I. II. IV. V.

9. In the same MS. p. 203. is the *Greene Knight*, in 2 Parts, relating a curious adventure of *Sir Gawain*, in stanzas of 6 lines, beginning thus,

Lift : when Arthur he was kinge.

10. *The Carle of Carlisle*, is another romantic tale about *Sir Gawain*, in the same MS. p. 448. in distichs.

Listen to me a little stonde.

In all these old poems the same set of knights are always drawn with the same manners and characters; which seem to have been as well known and as distinctly marked among our ancestors, as Homer's Heroes were among the Greeks: For as *Ulysses* is always represented crafty, *Achilles* irascible, and *Ajax* rough. So *Sir Gawain* is ever courteous and gentle, *Sir Kay* rugged and disobliging, &c. "*Sir Gawain with his old courtesy*" is mentioned by Chaucer as noted to a proverb, in his *Squire's Tale*. Urry's Ed. p. 60. v. 115.

11. *Syr Launfal*, an excellent old Romance concerning another of K. Arthur's Knights, is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2. f. 33. This is a translation from the French * made by one *Thomas Chestre*, who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Hen. vi. [See Tanner's Biblioth.] It is in stanzas of 6 Lines, and begins,

Le douzty Artours dawes.

The

* The French Original is preserved among the Harl. MSS. No. 978. §. 112. Lanval.

The above was afterwards altered by some Minstrel into the Romance of *Sir Lambwell*, in 3 parts, under which title it was more generally known †. This is in the Editor's folio MS. p. 60. beginning thus,

Doughty in king Arthures dayes.

12. The Romance of *Merline*, in 9 Parts, (preserved in the same MS. p. 144.) gives a curious account of the birth, parentage, and juvenile adventures of this famous British Prophet. In this poem the Saxons are called *Sarazens*; and the thrusting the rebel angels out of Heaven is attributed to "*oure Lady*." It is in distichs, and begins thus,

He that made with his hand.

13. *Sir Isenbras*, (or as it is in the MS. copies, *Sir Ifumbras*) is quoted in Chaucer's R. of Thop. v. 6. Among Mr. Garrick's old plays is a printed copy, of which an account has been already given, in Vol. 1. p. 240. It is preserved in MS. in the Library of Carus Coll. Camb. Class A. 9. (2.) and also in the Cotton Library, Cal. A. 12. (f. 128.) This is extremely different from the printed copy. E. g.

God pat made both erþe and hevene.

14. *Emarè*, a very curious and ancient Romance, is preserved in the same Vol. of the Cotton Library, f. 69. It is in stan. of 6 lines, and begins thus,

Jesu þat ys kyng in trone.

15. *Chevelere assigne*, or, The Knight of the swan, preserved in the Cotton Library has been already described in Vol. 2. p. 208. as hath also

16. *The Sege of Jerlam*, (or Jerusalem) which seems to have been written after the other, and may not improperly be classed among the Romances: as may also the following which is preserved in the same Volume: viz.

17. *Owaine*

† See Langham's Letter concern. Q. Eliz. entertainment at Kilingworth, 1575. 12mo. p. 34.

17. *Oswaine Myles*, (fol. 90.) giving an account of the wonders of St. Patrick's Purgatory. This is a translation into verse of the story related in Mat. Paris's Hist.—It is in distichs beginning thus,

God þat ys so full of myght.

In the same Manuscript are one or two other narrative poems, which might be reckoned among the Romances, but being rather religious Legends, I shall barely mention them; as, *Tundale*, f. 17. *Trentale Sci Gregorii*, f. 84. *Jerome*, f. 133. *Eustache*, f. 136.

18. *Octavian imperator*, an ancient Romance of Chivalry is in the same vol. of the Cotton Library, f. 20.—Notwithstanding the name, this old poem has nothing in common with the history of the Roman Emperors. It is in a very peculiar kind of Stanza, whereof 1, 2, 3, & 5, rhyme together, as do the 4, and 6. It begins

Ihesu þat was with spere ystonge.

In the public Library at Camb. * is a poem with the same title, that begins very differently,

Lyttyll and mykyll, olde and yonge.

19. *Eglamour of Artas* (or *Artoys*) is preserved in the same Vol. with the foregoing both in the Cotton Library, and public Library at Camb. It is also in the Editor's folio MS. p. 295. where it is divided into 6 Parts.—A printed Copy is in the Bodleian Library, C. 39. Art. Seld. And among Mr. Garrick's old plays, K. vol. X. It is in distichs, and begins

Ihesu Crist of heven kyng.

20. *Syr Triamore* (in stan. of 6 Lines) is preserved in MS. in the Editor's folio Volume, p. 210. and in the public Library at Camb. (690. §. 29. Vid. Cat. MSS. p. 394.)—Two printed Copies are extant in the Bodleian Library, and among Mr. Garrick's plays in the same

* No. 690. (30.) Vid. Oxon. Catalog. MSS. p. 394.

same volumes with the last article. Both the Editor's MS. and the printed Copies begin

Now Jesu Chryfte our heven kyng.

The Cambridge Copy, thus,

Heven blys that all shall wyne.

21. *Sir Degree* (*Degare*, or *Degore*, which last seems the true title) in 5 Parts, in distichs, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. p. 371. and in the public Library at Camb. (*ubi supra*).—A printed Copy is in the Bod. Library, C. 39. Art. Seld. And among Mr. Garrick's plays K. vol. IX.—The Editor's MS. and the printed Copies begin

Lordings, and you wyl holde you styl.

The Cambridge MS. has it

Lyftenyth, lordyngis, gente and fre.

22. *Ipomydon*, (or *Chylde Ipomydon*) is preserved among the Harl. MSS. 2252. (44.) It is in distichs and begins,

Mekely, lordyngis, gentylle and fre.

In the Library of Lincoln Cathedral. K k. 3. 10. is an old imperfect printed Copy, wanting the whole first sheet A.

23. *The Squyr of Lowe degre*, is one of those burlesqued by Chaucer in his R. of Thopas *—Mr. Garrick has a printed Copy of this, among his old plays, K. Vol. IX. It begins

It was a squyer of lowe degre,

That loved the kings daughter of Hungre.

24. *Historye of K. Richard Cure* [Cœur] *de lyon*. [Impr. W. de Worde, 1528. 4to.] is preserved in the Bodleian Library, C. 39. Art. Selden. A large Extract from this Romance has been given already above p.

Richard

* See Mr. Warton's *Observat.* Vol. 1. p. 139. note.

xxiv ANTIEN T SONGS, &c.

Richard was the peculiar patron of Chivalry, and therefore was a favourite with the old Minstrels. See Warton's *Observ.* V. 1. p. 29. V. 2. p. 40.

25. The following I have not seen, but I believe they may all be referred to the Class of Romances.

The *Knight of Courtesy and the Lady of Faguel* (Bodl. Lib. C. 39. Art. Seld. a printed Copy.) This Mr. Warton thinks is the Story of Coucy's Heart, related in Fauchet, and in Howel's Letters. [V. 1. S. 6. L. 20. See Warton's *Observ.* V. 2. p. 40.] The Editor has seen a very beautiful old ballad on this subject in French.

26. The four following are all preserved in the MS. so often referred to in the public Library at Camb. (690. Appendix to Bp. More's MSS. in Cat. MSS. Tom. 2. p. 394.) viz. *The Erle of Tholouse*. (No. 27.) beginning

Jesu Chryste in Trynyte.

27. *Robert Kynge of Cysyll* (or Sicily) shewing the fall of Pride. Of this there is also a Copy among the Harl. MSS. 1703. (3.) The Camb. MS. begins

Princis that be prowde in prese.

28. *Le bone Florence of Rome*, beginning thus

As ferre as men ride or gone.

29. *Dioclesian the Emp.* beginning

Sum tyme ther was a noble man.

30. The two knightly brothers *Amys and Amelion* (among the Harl. MSS. 2386. §. 42.) I suppose to be an old Romance of Chivalry; as also the fragment of the *Lady Belesant, the Duke of Lombardy's fair daughter*, mentioned in the same article. See the Catalog. Vol. 2.

I. THE

I.

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

—Is printed verbatim from the old MS. described in the Preface. The Editor believes it more ancient, than it will appear to be at first sight; the transcriber of that manuscript having reduced the orthography and style in many instances to the standard of his own times.

The incidents of the MANTLE and the KNIFE have not, that I can recollect, been borrowed from any other writer. The former of these evidently suggested to Spenser his conceit of FLORIMEL'S GIRDLE. B. iv. C. 5. St. 3.

That girdle gave the virtue of chaste love
And wiuehood true to all that did it beare;

But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose or else asunder teare.

So it happened to the false Florimel, st. 16, when

—Being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became,
But by no means they could it thereto frame,
For ever as they fastned it, it loos'd

And fell away, as feeling secret blame, &c.

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight

And each one thought as to their fancies came,

But she herself did think it done for spight,

And touch'd was with secret wrath and shame

Therewith, as thing devis'd her to defame:

Then many other ladies likewise tride

About their tender loynes to knit the same,

But it would not on none of them abide,

But when they thought it fast, estsoones it was untied;

Thereat all knights gan laugh and ladies lowre,

Till that at last the gentle Amoret

Likewise assayed to prove that girdle's powre,

And having it about her middle set

Did find it fit withouten breach or let,

Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie.

But Florimel exceedingly did fret

And snatching from her hand, &c.

The learned
Editor seems

to be mistaken
in this in-

cident of the
Mantle seems

to be far more
one in many

of the old
romances

We have in
Legend's

Collection of
Fables

sources
this story by

the name of
Le Manteau

mal tailli

As for the trial of the HORNE, it is not peculiar to our Poet: It occurs in the old romance, intituled *Morte Arthur*, which was translated out of French in the time of K. Edw. IV. and first printed anno 1484. From this romance Ariosto borrowed his tale of the Enchanted Cup, C. 42. &c. See Mr. Warton's *Observations on the Faerie Queen*, 8vo. 1753.

The story of the HORN in *Morte Arthur* varies a good deal from this of our Poet, as the reader will judge from the following extract.——“ By the way they met with
“ a knight that was sent from Morgan le Faye to king
“ Arthur, and this knight had a fair borne all garnished
“ with gold, and the borne had such a virtue that there
“ might no ladye or gentlewoman drinke of that borne,
“ but if she were true to her husband: and if shee were
“ false she should spill all the drinke, and if shee were
“ true unto her lorde, shee might drink peaceably: and
“ because of queene Guenever and in despite of Sir
“ Launcelot du Lake, this borne was sent unto king
“ Arthur,”——This borne is intercepted and brought unto another king named Marke, who is not a whit more fortunate than the British hero, for he makes “ his queene
“ drinke thereof and an hundred ladies moe, and there
“ were but foure ladies of all those that drank cleane;” of which number the said queen, proves not to be one. [Book II. chap. 22. Ed. 1632.]

In other respects the two stories are so different, that we have just reason to suppose this Ballad was written before that romance was translated into English.

As for queen Guenever, she is here represented no otherwise than as we find her in old histories and romances. Hollingshed observes, that “ she was evil reported of
“ as noted of incontinence and breach of faith to her
“ husband.” Vol. i. p. 93.

*** SUCH READERS, AS HAVE NO RELISH FOR PURE ANTIQUITY, WILL FIND A MORE MODERN COPY OF THIS BALLAD AT THE END OF THE VOLUME.

I N the third day of may,
To Caerleil did come

A kind

A kind curteous child,
That cold much of wifdome.

A kirtle and a mantle
This child had uppon,
With ' brooches' and ringes
Full richelye bedone.

He had a fute of filke
About his middle drawne;
Without he cold of curtesye
He thought itt much shame.

God speede thee, king Arthur,
Sitting at thy meate:
And the goodly queene Guénever,
I cannott her forgett.

I tell you, lords, in this hall;

I hett you all to ' heede';
Except you be the more surer
Is for you to dread.

He plucked out of his poterver,
And longer wold not dwell,
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,
Betweene two nut-shells.

Have thou heere, king Arthur;
Have thou heere of mee:
Give itt to thy comely queene
Shapen as itt is alreadye.

It shall never become that wiffe,
That hath once done amiffe.

B 2

Then

Ver. 7. Branches, MS. Ver. 11. heate, MS. Ver. 21.

potewer.

Then every knight in the king's court
Began to care for 'his.'

Forth came dame Guénever;
To the mantle shee her 'hied';
The ladye shee was newfangle,
But yett she was affrayd.

35

When shee had taken the mantle;
She stoode as she had beene madd:
It was from the top to the toe
As sheeres had itt shread.

40

One while was it 'gule';
Another while was itt greene;
Another while was itt wadded:
Ill itt did her beseeme.

Another while was itt blacke;
And bore the worst hue:
By my troth, quoth king Arthuri,
I thinke thou be not true.

45

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
Fast with a rudd redd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

50

She curst the weaver, and the walker,
That clothe that had wrought;
And bade a vengeance on his crowne,
That hither hath itt brought.

55

I had rather be in a wood,
Under a green tree;

Than

Ver. 32. his wiffe, MS.

Ver. 41. gaule. MS.

AND BALLADS.

5

Than in king Arthur's court
Shamed for to bee.

60

Kay called forth his ladye,
And bade her come neere ;
Saies, Madam, and thou be guiltie,
I pray thee hold thee there.

Forth came his ladye
Shortly and anon ;
Boldlye to the mantle
Then is shee gone.

65

When she had tane the mantle,
And cast it her about ;
Then was she bare
‘ Before all the rout.’

70

Then every knight,
That was in the king's court,
Talked, laughed, and showed
Full oft at that sport.

75

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee ;
Fast, with a red rudd,
To her chamber can she flee.

80

Forth came an old knight
Pattering ore a creede,
And he proffered to this litle boy
Twenty markes to his meede ;

And all the time of the Christmasse
Willinglye to ffeede ;

85

For why this mantle might
Do his wiffe some need.

When she had tane the mantle,
Of cloth that was made,
She had no more left on her,
But a tassell and a threed :
Then every knight in the kings court
Bade evill might shee speed.

90

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee ;
And fast, with a redd rudd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

95

Craddocke called forth his ladye,
And bade her come in :
Saith, winne this mantle, ladye,
With a little dinne.

100

Winne this mantle, ladye,
And it shal be thine,
If thou never did amisse
Since thou wast mine.

105

Forth came Craddocke's ladye
Shortlye and anon ;
But boldye to the mantle
Then is shee gone.

110

When shee had taine the mantle,
And cast itt her about,
Upp att her great toe
It began to crinkle and crowt :

Shee

Shee said, bowe downe, mantle,
And shame me not for nought. 115

Once I did amisse,
I tell you certainlye,
When I kist Craddocke's mouth
Under a greene tree ; 120
When I kist Craddocke's mouth
Before he married mee.

When shee had her shreeven,
And her sinnes shee had tolde ;
The mantle stood about her 125
Right as she wold :

Seemelye of coulour
Glittering like gold :
Then every knight in Arthurs court
Did her behold. 130

Then spake dame Guénever
To Arthur our king ;
She hath tane yonder mantle
Not with right, but with wronge.

See you not yonder woman,
That maketh her self ' cleane' ? 135
I have seene tane out of her bedd
Of men five teene ;

Prieste, clarkes, and wedded men
From her bedeene : 140
Yett shee taketh the mantle,
And maketh her self cleane,

B 4

Then

Ver. 136, cleare, MS. Ver. 139, by deene, MS.

8 ANCIENT SONGS

Then spake the litle boy,
That kept the mantle in hold;
Sayes, king, chasten thy wiffe,
Of her words shee is too bold: 145

Shee is a bitch and a witch,
And whore bold:
King in thine owne hall,
Thou art a cuckold. 150

The litle boy stoode
Looking out a dore;
' And there as he was lookinge
' He was ware of a wyld bore.'

He was ware of a wyld bore, 155
Wold have werryed a man:
He pulled forth a wood kniffe,
Fast thither that he ran:
He brought in the bores head,
And quitted him like a man. 160

He brought in the bores head,
And was wonderous bold:
He said there were never a cuckolds kniffe
Carve itt that cold.

Some rubbed their knives 165
Upon a whetstone:
Some threw them under the table,
And said they had none.

King Arthur, and the child
Stood looking upon them; 170
All

Ver. 170. them upon MS.

All their knives edges
Turned backe againe.

Craddocke had a litle knife
Of iron and of steele;
He britled the bores head 175
Wonderous weele;
That every knight in the kings court
Had a morsell.

The litle boy had a horne,
Of red gold that ronge: 180
He said, there was noe cuckold
Shall drinke of my horne;
But he shold itt sheede
Either behind or beforne.

Some shedd on their shoulder, 185
And some on their knee;
He that cold not hitt his mouthe,
Put it in his eye:
And he that was a cuckold
Every man might him see. 190

Craddocke wan the horne,
And the bores head:
His ladie wan the mantle
Unto her meede
Everye such lovely ladye 195
God send her well to speede.

FO ANCIENT SONGS

II.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE

—Is chiefly taken from the fragment of an old ballad in the Editor's MS. which he has reason to believe more ancient than the time of CHAUCER, and what furnished that bard with his Wife of Bath's Tale. The original was so extremely mutilated, half of every leaf being torn away, that without large supplements, &c. it would have been improper for this collection: these it has therefore received, such as they are. They are not here particularly pointed out, because the FRAGMENT itself will some time or other be given to the public.

PART THE FIRST.

KING Arthur lives in merry Carleile,
And seemely is to see;

And there with him queene Guenever,
That bride soe bright of blee.

And there with him queene Guenever,
That bride so bright in bowre:

And all his barons about him stoode,
That were both stiffe and stowre.

The king a royale Christmasse kept,
With mirth and princelye cheare;

To him repaired many a knyghte,
That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner sette,
And cups went freely round;

Before them came a faire damselle,
And knelt upon the ground.

A boone,

A boone, a boone, O kinge Arthùre,
I beg a boone of thee;
Avenge me of a carlish knight,
Who hath shent my love and mee. 20

In Tearne-Wadling his castle stands,
All on a hill foe hye,
And proudye rise the battlements,
And gaye the streameres flye.

Noe gentle knighte, nor ladye faire, 25
May pass that castle-walle:
But from that foule discourteous knighte,
Mishappe will them befall.

Hee's twyce the size of common men,
Wi' thewes, and sinewes stronge, 30
And on his backe he bears a clubbe,
That is both thicke and longe.

This grimme baròne 'twas our harde happe,
But yester morne to see;
When to his bowre he bore my love, 35
And fore misused mee.

And when I told him king Arthùre,
As lyttle shold him spare;
Goe tell, sayd hee, that cuckold kinge, 40
To meete mee if he dare.

Upp then sterted king Arthùre,
And sware by hille and dale,
He ne'er wolde quitt that grimme baròne
Till he had made him quail.

12 ANCIENT SONGS

Goe fetch my sword Excalibar: 45

Go saddle mee my steede;

Nowe, by my faye, that grimme barone

Shall rue this ruthfulle deede.

And when he came to Tearne-Wadlinge

Benethe the castle walle: 50

"Come forth; come forth; thou proude barone,

Or yielde thyself my thralle."

On magicke grounde that castle stode,

And fenc'd with many a spelle:

Noe valiant knighte could tread thereon, 55

But straite his courage felle.

Forth then rush'd that carlish knight,

King Arthur felte the charme:

His sturdy sinewes lost their strengthe,

Downe funke his feeble arme. 60

Nowe yield thee, yield thee, kinge Arthure,

Now yield thee, unto mee:

Or fighte with mee, or lose thy lande,

Noe better termes maye bee.

Unlesse thou sweare upon the rood, 65

And promise on thy faye,

Here to returne to Tearne-Wadling,

Upon the new-yeare's daye:

And bringe me word what thing it is

All women mooste desyre: 70

This is thy ransome, Arthur, he sayes,

Ile have noe other hyre.

King

King Arthur then held up his hande,
 And sware upon his faye,
 Then tooke his leave of the grimme barone 75
 And faste hee rode awaye.

And he rode east, and he rode west,
 And did of all inquire,
 What thing it is all women crave,
 And what they most desyre. 80

Some told him riches, pompe, or state;
 Some rayment fine and brighte;
 Some told him mirth; some flatterye;
 And some a jollye knighte.

In letteres all king Arthur wrote, 85
 And seal'd them with his ringe:
 But still his minde was helde in doubt,
 Each tolde a different thinge.

As ruthfulle he rode over a more,
 He sawe a ladye sette 90
 Betweene an oke, and a greene holléye,
 All clad in riche scarlette.

Her nose was crookt and turnd outwarde,
 Her chin stoode all awrye;
 And where as sholde have been her mouthe, 95
 Lo! there was set her eye:

Her haire, like serpents, clung aboute
 Her cheeks of deadlie hewe:
 A worse-form'd ladye than she was,
 No man mote ever viewe. 100

14 A N C I E N T S O N G S

To hail the king in seemlye sorte
 This ladye was fulle faine;
 But king Arthùre all fore amaz'd,
 No aunswere made againe.

What wight art thou, the ladye sayd, 105
 That wilt not speake to mee;
 Sir, I may chance to ease thy paine,
 Though I bee foule to see.

If thou wilt ease my paine, he sayd,
 And helpe me in my neede; 110
 Ask what thou wilt, thou grimme ladye,
 And it shall bee thy meede.

O sweare mee this upon the roode,
 And promise on thy faye;
 And here the secrette I will telle, 115
 That shall thy ranfome paye.

King Arthur promis'd on his faye,
 And sware upon the roode;
 The secrette then the ladye told,
 As lightlye well she coude. 120

Now this shall be my paye, fir king,
 And this my guerdon bee,
 That some yong, fair and courtlye knight,
 Thou bringe to marrye mee.

Fast then pricked king Arthùre 125
 Ore hille, and dale, and downe:
 And soone he founde the barone's bowre;
 And soone the grimme baroune.

He bare his clubbe upon his backe,
 Hee stoode bothe stiffe and stronge;
 And, when he had the letters reade,
 Awaye the lettres flunge.

Nowe yelde thee, Arthur, and thy lands,
 All forfeit unto mee;
 For this is not thy paye, sir king,
 Nor may thy ransome bee.

Yet hold thy hand, thou proude barone,
 I praye thee hold thy hand;
 And give mee leave to speake once moe
 In reskewe of my land.

This morne, as I came over a more,
 I saw a ladye sette
 Betwene an oke, and a greene hollèye,
 All clad in riche scarlèt.

Shee sayes, all women will have their wille,
 This is their chief desyre;
 Now yeld, as thou art a barone true,
 That I have payd mine hyre.

An earlye vengeaunce light on her!
 The carlish barone swore:
 She was my sifter tolde thee this,
 And shee's a mishapen whore.

But here I will make mine avowe,
 To do her as ill a turne:
 For an ever I may that foule theefe gette,
 In a fyre I will her burne.

16 ANCIENT SONGS

PART THE SECOND.

HOmewarde pricked king Arthure,
 And a wearye man was hee;
 And soone he mette queene Guenever,
 That bride so bright of blee.

What newes! what newes! thou noble king,
 Howe, Arthur, hast thou sped?
 Where hast thou hung thy carlish knight?
 And where bestow'd his head?

The carlish knight is safe for mee,
 And free fro mortal harme:
 On magicke grounde his castle stands,
 And fenc'd with many a charme.

To bowe to him I was fulle faine,
 And yelde mee to his hand:
 And but for a lothly ladye, there
 I thold have lost my land.

And nowe this fills my hearte with woe,
 And sorrowe of my life;
 I swore a yonge, and courtly knight,
 Sholde marry her to his wife.

Then bespake him sir Gawaine,
 That was ever a gentle knight:
 That lothly ladye I will wed;
 Therefore be merrie and lighte.

Nowe naye, nowe naye, good sir Gawaine,
 My sister's sonne yee bee:

This

This lothlye ladye's all too grimme,
And all too foule for yee.

Her nose is crookt and turned outwârde,
Her chin stands all awrye : 30
A worse form'd ladye than shee is
Was never seen with eye.

What though her chin stand all awrye,
And shee be foule to see :
I'll marry her, uncle, for thy sake, 35
And I'll thy ransome bee.

Nowe thanks ! now thanks ! good sir Gawaine,
And a blessing thee betyde !
To-morrow wee'll have knights and squires,
And wee'll goe fetch thy bride. 40

And wee'll have hawkes and wee'll have houndes
To cover our intent ;
And wee'll away to the greene forêst,
As wee a hunting went.

Sir Lancelot, sir Stephen bolde 45
They rode with them that daye ;
And foremoste of the companye
There rode the stewarde Kaye :

Soe did sir Banier and sir Bore,
And eke sir Garratte keene, 50
Sir Tristram too, that gentle knight
To the forest freshe and greene.

And when they came to the greene forêst,
Beneath a faire holley tree

There

There fate that ladye in riche scarlèt
That unseemelye was to see.

Sir Kay beheld that lady's face,
And looked upon her sweere ;
Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes,
Of his kisse he stands in feare.

Sir Kay beheld that ladye again,
And looked upon her snout ;
Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes,
Of his kisse he stands in doubt.

Peace, brother Kay, sayde sir Gawaine,
And amend thee of thy life :
For there is a knight amongst us all,
Must marry her to his wife.

What marry this foule queane, quoth Kay,
I the devil's name anone.
Get me a wife wherever I maye,
In sooth shee shall be none.

Then some tooke up their hawkes in haste,
And some tooke up their houndes ;
And sayd they wolde not marry her,
For cities, nor for townes.

Then bespake him king Arthure,
And sware there by this daye ;
For a little foule fighte and mislikinge,
Yee shall not say her naye.

Peace, lordings, peace ; sir Gawaine sayd,
Nor make debate and strife ;

This lothlye ladye I will take,
And marry her to my wife.

Nowe thanks, now thanks, good sir Gawaine,
And a blessinge be thy meede ! 86
For as I am thine owne ladye,
Thou never shalt rue this deede.

Then up they took that lothly dame,
And home anone they bringe : 90
And there sir Gawaine he her wed,
And married her with a ringe.

And when they were in wed-bed laid,
And all were done awaye ;
Come turne to mee, mine owne wed-lord 95
Come turne to mee I praye.

Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,
For sorrowe and for care ;
When, lo ! instead of that lothelye dame,
Hee sawe a young ladye faire. 100

Sweet blushes stayn'd her rud-red cheeke,
Her eyen were blacke as sloe :
The ripening cherrye swellde her lippe,
And all her necke was snowe.

Sir Gawaine kifs'd that lady faire, 105
Lying upon the sheete :
And swore, as he was a true knighte,
The spice was never soe sweete.

Sir Gawaine kifs'd that lady brighte,
Lying there by his side : 110
" The

" The fairest flower is not soe faire,
Thou never can'st bee my bride.

I am thy bride, mine owne deare lorde,
The same whiche thou didst knowe,
That was soe lothlye, and was wont 115
Upon the wild more to goe.

Nowe, gentle Gawaine, chuse, quoth shee,
And make thy choice with care ;
Whether by night, or else by daye
Shall I be foul or faire ? 120

To have thee foule still in the night,
When I with thee should playe ;
I had rather farre, my lady deare,
To have thee foule by daye.

What when gaye ladyes goe with their lordes 125
To drinke the ale and wine ;
Alas! then I must hide myself,
I must not goe with mine ?

My faire ladye, sir Gawaine sayd,
I yield me to thy skille ; 130
Because thou art mine owne ladye
Thou shalt have all thy wille.

Nowe blessed bee thou, sweete Gawaine,
And the daye that I thee see ;
For as thou seeest mee at this time, 135
Soe shall I ever bee.

My father was an aged knighte,
And yet it chanced soe ;

He took to wife a false ladye,
Whiche broughte me to this woe. 140

Shee witch'd mee, being a faire yonge maide,
In the greene forest to dwelle;
And there to abide in lothlye shape,
Most like a fiend of helle.

Midst mores and mosses; woods, and wilds, 145
To lead a lonesome life:
Till some yong faire and courtlye knighte,
Wolde marrye me to his wife:

Nor fully to gain mine owne trewe shape,
Suche was her devilish skille; 150
Until he wolde yelde to be rul'd by mee,
And let mee have all my wille.

Shee witchd my brother to a carlish boore,
And made him stiffe and stronge;
And built him a bowre on magicke ground, 155
To live by rapine and wronge.

But now the spelle is broken throughe,
And wronge is turned righte;
Henceforth I shall bee a faire ladye,
And hee be a gentle knighte. * * 160

III.

KING RYENCE'S CHALLENGE.

This song is more modern than many of those which follow it, but is placed here for the sake of the subject. It was sung before queene Elizabeth at the grand entertainment at Kenelworth-castle in 1575, and was probably

bly composed for that occasion. In a letter describing those festivities, it is thus mentioned; "A minstrel came forth with a sollem song, warranted for story out of K. Arthur's acts, whereof I gat a copy, and is this;

So it fell out on a Pentecost, &c."

After the song the narrative proceeds: "At this the minstrell made a pauze and a curtezy for primus passus. More of the song is thear, but I gatt it not."

The story of Morte Arthur, whence it is taken, runs as follows, "Came a messenger hastily from king Ryence of North-Wales, --- saying, that king Ryence had discomfited and overcomen eleaven kings, and everiche of them did him homage, and that was this; they gave him their beards cleane slayne off,---wherefore the messenger came for king Arthur's beard, for king Ryence had purfeled a mantell with kings beards, and there lacked for one place of the mantell, wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and brenn and slay, and never leave till he have thy head and thy beard. Well, said king Arthur, thou hast said thy message, which is the most villainous and lewdest message that ever man heard sent to a king. Also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet for to make a purfell, but tell thou the king that---or it be long he shall do me homage on both his knees, or else he shall leese his head." [B. 1. c. 24. See also the same Romance, B. 1. c. 92.]

The thought seems to be originally taken from Jeff. Monmouth's hist. B. 10. c. 3. which is alluded to by Drayton in his Poly. Oib. Song 4. and by Spenser in Faer. Qu. 6. 1. 13, 15. See the Observations on Spenser.

The following text is composed of the best readings selected from three different copies. The first in *Enderbic's Cambria Triumphans*, p. 197. The second in the Letter abovementioned. And the third inserted in MS. in a copy of *Morte Arthur*, 1632, in the Bodl. Library.

"N. B. Stow tells us, that king Arthur kept his round table at "diverse places, but especially at
"Carlion,

"Carlion, Winchester, and Camalet in Somersethshire"
 "This Camelet sometime a famous towne or castle"
 "is situate on a very [high] tor or hill, &c." [See an
 exact description in Stowe's Annals, Ed. 1631, p. 55.]

AS it fell out on a Pentecost day,
 King Arthur at Camelot kept his court royall,
 With his faire queene dame Guenever the gay ;
 And many bold barons sitting in hall ;
 With ladies attired in purple and pall ;
 And heraults in hewkes, hooting on high,
 Cryed, *Largeffe, Largeffe, Chevaliers tres-hardie.*

A doughty dwarf to the uttermost deas
 Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee,
 With steven fulle stoute amids all the preas,
 Sayd, Nowe sir king Arthur, God save thee, and see !
 Sir Ryence of North-gales greeteth well thee,
 And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,
 Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle,
 With eleven Kings beards bordered * about,
 And there is room leste yet in kante,
 For thine to stande, to make the twelfth out :
 This must be done, be thou never so stout ;
 This must be done, I tell thee no fable,
 Maugre the teethe of all thy round table.

When this Mortal message from his mouthe past,
 Great was the noyse bothe in hall and in bower :
 The king fum'd ; the queene screecht ; ladies were aghast ;
 Princes puffd ; barons blustred ; lords began lower ;
 Knights stormed ; squires startled, like steeds in a
 [flower ;

Pages

* Perhaps 'broidered : so "purfelled" signifies.

Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall,
Then in came sir Kay, the 'king's' seneschal.

Silence, my soveraignes, quoth this curteous knight,
And in that stound the stowre began still:

'Then' the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was dight,
Of wine and wassel he had his wille;

And, when he had eaten and drunken his fill,
An hundred pieces of fine coyned gold
Were given this dwarf for his message bold.

But say to Sir Ryence, thou dwarf, quoth the king,
That for his bold message I him desye;

And shortlye with basins and pans will him ring
Out of North-gales, where he and I

With swords, and not rasors, quickly shall trye,
Whether he, or king Arthur will prove the best barbor,
And therewith he shook his good sword Excalabor.

IV.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH

A FRAGMENT.

The subject of this ballad is evidently taken from the old romance Morte Arthur, but with some variations, especially in the concluding stanzas; in which the author seems rather to follow the traditions of the old Welsh Bards, who "believed that King Arthur was not dead, "but conveyed away by the Fairies into some pleasant "place, where he should remaine for a time, and then "return againe and reign in as great authority as ever." [Hollingshed B. 5. c. 14.] or as it is expressed in an old Chronicle printed at Antwerp 1493 [by Ger. de Leew,] "The Bretons supposen, that he [K. Arthur]----
"shall

shall come yet and conquere all Bretaigne, for certes this
is the prophycye of Merlyn: He sayd, that his deth shall
be douteous; and sayd soth, for men thereof yet have
doubte, and shullen for ever more,---for men wyt not
whether that he lyveth or is dede." See more ancient
testimonies in Selden's Notes on Polyolbion, Song III.

N. B. This fragment, being very incorrect and imperfect in the original MS. hath received some conjectural emendations and even a supplement, of 3, or 4 Stanzas composed from the romance of Morte Arthur.

ON Trinity Mondaye in the morne,
This fore battayle was doom'd to bee;
Where manye a knyghte cry'd, Well-awaye!
Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke, 5
When as the kinge in his bed laye,
He thoughte sir Gawaine to him came,
And there to him these wordes did saye.

Nowe as you are mine unkle deare,
And as you prize your life; this daye 10
O meet not with your foe in fighte;
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye.

For sir Lancelot is nowe in France,
And with him many an hardye knyghte:
Who will within this moneth be backe, 15
And will assiste yee in the fighte.

The kinge then call'd his nobles all,
Before the breakinge of the daye;
And tolde them howe sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these wordes did saye. 20

His nobles all this counfayle gave,
 That earlye in the morning, hee.
 Shold send away an herauld at armes,
 To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knightes king Arthure chose, 25
 The best of all that with him were :
 To parley with the foe in field,
 And make with him agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hoste,
 In readinesse there for to bee :
 But noe man sholde no weapon sturre,
 Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see. 30

And Mordred on the other parte,
 Twelve of his knights did likewise bringe ;
 The beste of all his companye,
 To hold the parley with the kinge. 35

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste,
 In readinesse there for to bee ;
 But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
 But if a sworde drawne they shold see. 40

For he durste not his unkle truste,
 Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell :
 Alacke! it was a woefulle case,
 As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette, 45
 And both to faire accordance broughte ;
 And a month's league betweene them sette,
 Before the battayle sholde be foughte.

An addere crept forth of a blush,
 Stunge one o' th' king's knightes on the knee : 50
 Alacke ! it was a woefulle chance,
 As ever was in Christentie.

When the knighte found him wounded sore,
 And sawe the wild-worme hanginge there ;
 His sworde he from his scabberde drewe : 55
 A piteous case as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde,
 They joyned battayle instantlye ;
 Till of soe manye noble knightes,
 On one side there were lefte but three. 60

For all were slain that durst abide,
 And but some fewe that fled awaye :
 Ay mee ! it was a bloudye felde,
 As ere was foughte on summer days.

Upon king Arthur's owne partye, 65
 Onlye himselfe escaped there,
 And Lukyn duke of Gloster free,
 And the king's butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes,
 All dead and scattered on the molde ; 70
 The teares fast trickled downe his face ;
 That manlye face in fight so bolde.

Nowe restre yee all, brave knightes, he said,
 Soe true and faithfull to your trust :
 And must yee then, ye valiant hearts, 75
 Be lefte to moulder into dust !

Most loyal have yee been to mee,
 Most true and faithful unto deathe :
 And, oh! to rayse yee up againe,
 How freelye could I yield my breathe ?

But see the traitors yet alive,
 Lo where hee stalkes among the deade !
 Nowe bitterlye he shall aby :
 And vengeance fall upon his head.

O staye, my liege, then sayd the duke ;
 O staye for love and charitie ;
 Remember what the vision spake,
 Nor meete your foe, if it may bee.

O, staye mee not, thou worthy wight,
 This debt my loyal knights I owe :
 Betide me life, betide me death,
 I will avenge them of their foe.

Then straite he grasp'd his trustye speare,
 And on his horse then mounted hee :
 As his butler holpe him to his horse,
 His bowels gushed to his knee.

Alas ! then sayd the noble king,
 That I should live this fight to see !
 To see this good knight here be slaine,
 All for his love in helping mee !

He put his speare into his rest ;
 And to sir Mordred loud gan crye :
 Nowe sette thyself upon thy garde,
 For traitor now thy death is nye.

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde, 105
 And fierce to meet the king ran hee:
 The king his speare he through him thrust;
 A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
 And found that he was wounded foe; 110
 He thruste himselfe upon the speare,
 And strucke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimlye dyed sir Mordred,
 Presentlye upon that tree:
 And bloody streames ranne from the kinge, 115
 Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
 Sir knyghte thou hast beene faithfulle tryde,
 Nowe take my sworde Excalibar,
 That hangs so freelye by my syde. 120

O take my sworde Excalibar,
 And there into the river throwe:
 For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,
 All use of weapons I foregoe.

And fare thee well, thou trustye sword, 125
 A better neer had valiant knyghte,
 With thee full ofte, and manye a daye,
 Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

With this good fauchion in my hand,
 Oft have I reaped the bloody feelde: 130
 But nowe the fatalle houre is come,
 That never more I may thee weelde.

30 A N C I E N T S O N G S

The duke then to the river went,
 And there his owne sword in threwe hee :
 But he kept back Excalibar,
 He kept it back in privitee.

For all of coleyne was the blade ;
 And all the hilde of precious stone :
 And ever alacke ! then sayd the knighte,
 Must suche a sword awaye be throwne !

Then backe he came unto the kinge,
 Who sayd, Sir Lukyn, what did yee see ?
 Nothing, my liege, save that the winde
 Blewe oer the waters faire and free.

O goe, againe, then said the kinge,
 O good, fir Lukyn, goe againe :
 Into the rivere throwe my sworde,
 Nor keepe me lingeringe here in paine.

The duke then to the river went,
 And the kings scabberd in threwe hee ;
 But hee kept backe Excalibar,
 And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,
 Who sayde, Sir Lukyn sawe ye oughte ?
 Nothinge, my liege, save that the winde
 Nowe with the angrie waters fought.

O Lukyn, Lukyn, sayd the kinge,
 Twice hafte thou dealt deceytfullye :
 Alacke, whom may wee ever truste,
 When suche a knighte foe false can bee ?

Saye,

Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead;

All for a sword, that wins thine eye:

Nowe goe againe, and throwe it in,

Or here the tone of us shall dye.

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,

165

No aunswere made unto the kinge:

But to the rivere tooke the sworde,

And threwe it far as he coulde flinge.

A hande and an arme did meete the sworde,

And flourishd three times in the air:

170

Then sunke benethe the renninge streame,

And of the duke was seene noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke;

He stood as still, as still mote be:

Then hastend backe to telle the kinge;

175

But he was gone from benethe the tree.

Unto what place he colde not telle,

For never after he did him spye:

But hee sawe a barge goe from the lande,

And hee heard ladyes howle and crye. * *

180

C 4

And

* *Not unlike that passage in VIRGIL,*

Summoque ulularent vertice nymphæ.

Ladies was the word our old English writers used for Nymphs: As in the following lines of an old song in the Editor's MS collection;

" When scorching Phæbus he did mount,

" Then Lady Venus went to hunt:

" To whom Diana did resort,

" With all the Ladyes of hills, and valleys,

" Of springs, and floodes, &c.

And whether the kinge were there, or not,
 Hee never knewe, nor ever colde :
 For from that sad and direfulle daye,
 Hee never more was seene on molde. * *

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

We have here a short summary of K. Arthur's History as given by Jeff, of Monmouth and the old chronicles, with the addition of a few circumstances from the romance Morte Arthur. — The ancient chronicle of Ger. de Leew, (quoted above in p. 24.) seems to have been chiefly followed: upon the authority of which we have restored some of the names which were corrupted in the MS. and have transposed one stanza, which appeared to be misplaced. [viz. that beginning at v. 49. which in the MS. followed v. 36.]

Printed from the Editor's ancient manuscript.

OF Brutus' blood, in Brittain borne,
 King Arthur I am to name;
 Through Christendome, and Heathynesse
 Well knowne is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I doe beleeve;

5

I am a Christyan bore;

The Father, Sone, and Holy Ghost

One God, I doe adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth yeere,

Ore Brittain I did rayne,

After my savior Christ his byrth:

What time I did maintaine

The

Ver. 1. Bruite his. MS.

Ver. 8. He began his reign A. D. 515, according to the Chronicles.

The fellowship of the table round,
 Soe famous in those dayes ;
 Whereatt a hundred noble knights, 15
 And thirty fate alwayes:

Who for their deeds and martiall feates,
 As bookes done yett record,
 Amongst all other nations
 Wer feared through the world. 20

And in the castle off Tyntagill
 King Uther mee begate
 Of Agyana a bewtyous ladye,
 And come of his estate.

And when I was fifteen yeeres old, 25
 Then was I crowned kinge :
 All Brittain that was att an upròre,
 I did to quiett bringe.

And drove the Saxons from the realme,
 Who had opprest this land ; 30
 All Scotland then throughe manly feates
 I conquered with my hand.

Ireland, Denmarke, ' and' Norwaye,
 These countryes wan I all ;
 Ifeland, Gotheland, and Swetheland ; 35
 I made their kings my thrall.

I conquered all Gallya,
 That now is called France :

C 5

And

Ver. 23. She is named Igerna in the old Chronicles.

And I flew the hardye Froll in feild
My honor to advance.

40

And the ugly gyant Dynabus
Soe terrible to vewe,
That in Saint Barnards mount did lye,
By force of armes I flew :

And Lucyus the emperour of Rome
I brought to deadly wracke ;
And a thousand more of noble knightes
For feare did turne their backe :

45

Five kinges of paynims I did kill
Amidst that bloody strife ;
Besides the Roman emperour
Who alsoe lost his life.

50

Whose carcasfe I did send to Rome
Cladd poorlye on a beere ;
And afterward I past mount Joye
The next approaching yeere.

55

Then I came to Rome, where I was mett
Right as a conquerour,
And by all the cardinalls solempnelye
I was crowned an emperour.

60

One winter there I made abode :
Then word to mee was brought
Howe Mordred had opprest the crowne :
What treason he had wrought,

At

*Ver. 39. Froland field MS. Froll according to the
Chronicles was a Roman knight governor of Gaul.*

Ver. 49. of Pavye. MS. Ver. 51. Grecian. MS.

At home in Brittain with my queene; 65

Therefore I came with speede

To Brittain backe with all my power

To quitt that traiterous deede:

And soone at Sandwiche I arrivde,

Where Mordred me withstoode: 70

But yett at last I landed there,

With effusion of much blood.

For there my nephew sir Gawaine dyed,

Being wounded in that fore,

The whiche sir Lancelot in fight 75

Had given him before.

Thence chas'd I Mordred away,

Who fledd to London ryght,

From London to Winchester, and

To Cornewalle tooke his flight. 80

And still I him pursued with speede

Till at the last we mett;

Wherby an appointed day of fight

Was there agreeed and sett.

Where we did fight, of mortal life 85

Eche other to deprive,

Till of a hundred thousand men

Scarce one was left alive.

There all the noble chivalrye

Of Brittain tooke their end. 90

O see how fickle is their state

That doe on fates depend!

There

There all the traiterous men were flaine
 Not one escape away ;
 And there dyed all my vallyant knightes. 95
 Alas ! that woefull day !

Two and twenty yeere I ware the crowne
 In honor and great fame ;
 And thus by death was suddenlye
 Deprived of the fame. 100

VI.

A D Y T T I E T O H E Y D O W N E.

Copied from an old MS. in the Cotton Library, [Vesp. A. 25.] intituled, "Divers things of Hen. viij's time."

WH O sekes to tame the blustering winde,
 Or cause the floods bend to his wyll,
 Or els against dame natures kinde
 To 'change' things frame by cunning skyll :
 That man I thinke bestoweth paine, 5
 Thoughe that his labour be in vaine.

Who strives to breake the sturdye sleele,
 Or goeth about to staye the sunne ;
 Who thinks to cause an oke to reele,
 Which never can by force be done, 10
 That man likewise bestoweth paine,
 Thoughe that his labour be in vaine.

Who thinks to stryve against the streame,
 And for to sayle without a masse ;
 Unlesse he thinks perhapps to faine, 15
 His travell ys forelorne and waste ;

And

Ver. 4. cauffe. MS.

And so in cure of all his paine,
His travell ys his cheffest gaine.

So he lykewise, that goes about
To please eche eye and every eare, 20

Had nede to have withouten doubt

A golden gyft with hym to beare;
For evyll report shall be his gaine,
Though he bestowe both toyle and paine.

God grant eche man one to amend; 25

God send us all a happy place;

And let us pray unto the end,

That we may have our princes grace:

Amen, amen! so shall we gaine

A dewe reward for all our paine. 30

VII.

GLASGERION.

Printed from the Editor's MS. collection.

Glasgerion was a kinges owne sonne,
And a harper he was goode:

He harped in the kinges chambere,
Where cuppe and caudle stooode.

And soe did he in the queenes chambere, 5

Till ladyes waxed glad.

And then bespake the kinges daughter;

These were the wordes she sayd.

Strike on, strike on, Glasgerion,

Of thy striking doe not blinne: 10

Theres

Theres never a stroke comes oer thy harpe,
But it glads my harte withinne.

Faire might he fall, ladye, quoth hee,
Who taught you nowe to speake!
I have loved you, ladye, seven longe yeare
My minde I never durst breake.

But come to my bower, my Glasgerion,
When all men are att rest:
As I am a ladye true of my promise,
Thou shalt be a welcome guest. 20

Home then came Glasgèrion,
A glad man, lord! was hee.
And, come thou hither, Jacke my boy;
Come hither unto mee.

For the kinges daughter of Normandye 25
Hath granted mee my boone:
And att her chambere must I bee
Beffore the cocke have crowen.

O master, master, then quoth hee, 30
Lay your head heere on this stone:
For I will waken you, master deare,
Afore it be time to gone.

But up then rose that lither ladd,
And hose and shoone did on:
A coller he cast upon his necke, 35
He seemed a gentleman.

And

AND BALLADS.

39

And when he came to the ladyes chambere,

He thrilled upon a pinn.

The lady was true of her promise,

And rose and lett him in.

40

He did not take the lady gaye

To boustler nor to bed :

‘ Nor thoughe he had his wicked wille,

‘ A fingle word he fed.

He did not kisse that ladyes mouthe,

Nor when he came, nor yode :

And sore that ladye did mistrust

He was of some churles blode.

45

But home then came that lither ladd,

And did off his hofe and shoone ;

And cast the coller from off his necke :

He was but a churlès sonne.

50

Awake, awake, my deere master,

The cock hath well-nigh crowen.

Awake, awake, my master deere,

I hold it time to be gone.

55

For I have saddled your horse, master,

Well bridled I have your steede :

And I have served you a good breakfast :

For therof ye have need.

60

Up then rose, good Glasgeriøn,

And did on hofe and shoone ;

And cast a coller about his necke ;

For he was a kinge his sonne.

And

And when he came to the ladyes chambere, 65
 He thrilled upon the pinne :
 The ladye was more than true of promise,
 And rose and let him inn.

O whether have you left with me
 Your bracelet or your glove? 70
 Or are you returned backe againe
 To know more of my love?

Glasgèrion swore a full great othe,
 By oake, and ashe, and thorne ;
 Ladye, I was never in your chambère, 75
 Sith the time that I was borne.

O then it was your lither foot-page,
 He hath beguiled mee.
 Then she pulled forth a little pen-kniffe,
 That hanged by her knee. 80

Sayes, there shall never noe churlès blood
 Within my bodye spring :
 No churlès blood shall eer defile
 The daughter of a kinge.

Home then went Glasgèrion, 85
 And woe, good lord, was hee.
 Sayes, come thou hither, Jacke my boye,
 Come hither unto mee.

If I had killed a man to night,
 Jacke, I would tell it thee : 90
 But if I have not killed a man to night
 Jacke, thou hast killed three.

And

And he pulled out his bright browne fworde
 And dry'd it on his sleeve,
 And he smote off that lither ladd's head, 95
 Who did his ladye grieve.

He sett the swords poynt till his breast,
 The pummil untill a stone:
 Throwe the falseneffe of that lither ladd,
 These three lives all were gone. 100

Ver. 100. werne all. MS.

VIII.

OLD SIR ROBIN OF PORTINGALE.

From an ancient copy in the Editor's MS. collection.

LET never again foe old a man
 Marrye foe yonge a wife,
 As did old 'fir' Robin of Portingale;
 Who may rue all the dayes of his life.

For the mayors daughter of Lin, god wott, 5
 He chose her to his wife,
 And thought with her to have lived in love,
 But they fell to hate and strife.

They scarce were in their wed-bed laid,
 And scarce was hee asleepe, 10
 But upp she rose, and forth shee goes,
 To the steward, and gan to weepe.

Sleepe you, wake you, fair sir Gyles?
 Or be you not withinn?

Sleepe

Sleepe you, wake you, faire sir Cyles, 15
Arise and let me inn.

O, I am waking, sweete, he said,
Sweete ladye, what is your wille?
I have bethought me of a wyle
How my wed-lord weell spille. 20

Twenty-four good knights, shee sayes,
That dwell about this towne,
Even twenty-four of my near cozens,
Shall helpe to ding him downe.

All this beheard his litle footpage, 25
As he watered his masters steed;
And for his masters sad perille
His verry heart did bleed.

He mourned, fighed, and wept full sore:
I sweare by the holy roode 30
The teares he for his master wept
Were blent water and bloode.

All that beheard his deare master
As he stood at his garden pale:
Sayes, Ever alacke, my litle foot-page, 35
What causes thee to wail?

Hath any one done to thee wronge
Any of thy fellowes here?
Or is any 'one' of thy good friends dead,
That thou shedst many a teare? 40

Ver. 32. blend. MS. 45

Or if it be my head bookes-man,
 Aggrieved he shal bee :
 For no man here within my howse,
 Shall doe wrong unto thee.

O, it is not your head bookes-man,
 Nor none of his degree :
 But ' on' to-morrow ere it be noone
 All doomed to die are yee.

And of that bethank your head stewàrd,
 And thank your gay ladèe.
 If this be true, my litle foot-page,
 The heyre of my land thoust bee.

If it be not true, my dear mastèr,
 No good death let me die.
 If it be not true, thou litle foot-page,
 A dead corse shalt thou lie.

O call now downe my faire ladye,
 O call her downe to mee:
 And tell my ladye gay how sicke,
 And like to die I bee.

Downe then came his ladye faire,
 All clad in purple and pall :
 The rings that were on her fingers,
 Cast light throughout the hall.

What is your will, my owne wed-lord?
 What is your will with mee?
 O see, my ladye deere, how sicke,
 And like to die I bee.

And

Ver. 47. or. MS. V. 48. deemed. MS. V. 56. bee. MS.

And thou be ficke, my own wed-lord,
 Soe fore it grieveth mee : 70
 But my five maydens and myselfe
 Will make the bedde for thee :

And at the waking of your first sleepe,
 We will a hot drinke make :
 And at the waking of your first sleepe, 75
 Your sorrowes we will flake.

He put a filke cote on his backe,
 And mail of manye a fold :
 And hee putt a steele cap on his head,
 Was gilt with good red gold. 80

He layd a bright browne sword by his side,
 And another att his feete :
 And twentye good knights he placed at hand,
 To watch him in his sleepe.

And about the middle time of the night, 85
 Came twentye-four traitours inn :
 Sir Giles he was the foremost man,
 The leader of that ginn.

The old knight with his bright browne sword,
 Sir Gyles head soon did winn : 90
 And scant of all those twenty-foure,
 Went out one quick agenn.

None save only a litle foot page,
 Crept forth at a window of stone :
 And he had two armes when he came in, 95
 And he went back with one.

Upp then came that ladie gaye
 With torches burning bright :
 She thought to have brought fir Gyles a drinke,
 Butt she found her owne wedd knight. 100

The first thinge that she stumbled on
 It was fir Gyles his foote :
 Sayes, Ever, alacke, and woe is mee !
 Here lyes my sweete hart-roote.

The next thinge that she stumbled on 105
 It was fir Gyles his heade :
 Sayes, Ever, alacke, and woe is me !
 Heere lyes my true love deade.

He cutt the pappes beside her brest,
 And did her body spille ; 110
 He cutt the eares beside her heade,
 And bade her love her fille.

He called then up his litle foot-page,
 And made him there his heyre ;
 And sayd henceforth my worldly goodes, 115
 And cuntrye I forswear.

He shope the crosse on his right shouldeŕ,
 Of the white ' clothe ' and the redde *,
 And went him into the holy land,
 Whereas Christ was quicke and deade. 120

✱

IX. THE

Ver. 118. flethe. MS.

* Every person, who went on a CROISADE to the Holy Land, usually wore a cross on his upper garment, on the right shouldeŕ, as a badge of his profession. Different

IX.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

Tradition assures us that the author of this song was K. James V. of Scotland; and the subject of it, an adventure he had with a country girl in disguise. It has humour: the old woman's surprise on discovering her loss has been particularly admired. History informs us that James was both amorous and poetical: many of his verses were extant when Drummond of Hawthornden wrote his history.—James V. died Dec. 13, 1542, aged 33.

THE pauky auld Carle came ovir the lee
 Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee
 Saying, Goodwife, for zour courtesie,
 Will ze lodge a filly poer man.

The night was cauld, the carle was wät,
 And down azont the ingle he sat;
 My dochters shoulders he gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this countrie,
 How blyth and merry wad I bee!
 And I wad nevir think lang.

He

ferent nations were distinguished by crosses of different colours: The English wore white; the French red; &c. This circumstance seems to be confounded in the ballad. [Vide Spelmanni Glossar. Chambers's Dict. &c.]

He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slee twa togither were say'n, 15
When wooing they were sa thrang.

And O! quo he, ann ze were as black,
As evir the the crown of your dadyes hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa wi' me thou fould gang. 20

And O! quoth she, ann I were as white,
As evir the snaw lay on the dike,
Ild clead me braw, and lady-like,
And awa with thee Ild gang.

Between the twa was made a plot; 25
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wyliely they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claiths, 30
Syne to the servants bed she gaes
To speir for the filly poor man.

She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cryd, wal-a-day, 35
For some of our geir will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
But nought was stown that could be mist,
She dancid her lane, cryd, praise be blest,
I have lodged a leal poor man. 40

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,
The kirns to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,

And

And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gaed where the dochter lay, 45
 The sheets was cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife can fay,
 Shes aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haft ze find these traitors agen; 50
 For shees be burnt, and hees be slein,

The wearyfou gaberlunzie man.
 Some rade upo horse, some ran a fit,
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;
 She could na gang, nor yet could she fit, 55
 But ay did curse and did ban.

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,
 Fou snug in a glen, where nane could see,
 The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheefe a whang. 60

The priving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
 Quo she, to leave thee, I will be laith,
 My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' zou, 65
 Illfardly wad she crook her mou,
 Sic a poor man sheld nevir trow,
 Aftir the gaberlunzie-mon.

My dear, quo he, zee're zet owre zonge;
 And hae na learnt the beggars tonge, 70
 To follow me frae toun to toun,
 And carrie the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' kauk and keel, Ill win zour bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need;
 Whilk is a gentil trade indeed 75
 To

To carrie the gaberlunzie—o.
 Ill bow my leg and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout owre my ee,
 A criples or blind they will cau mee:

While we fall 'sing and be merrie—o.'

80

Ver. 80. be merrie and sing. Common editions.

X.

CHILD WATERS.

CHILD is frequently used by our old writers, as a Title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the *Fairie Queen*: and the son of a king is in the same poem called Child Tristram. [B. 5. c. 11. st. 8. 13.—B. 6. c. 2. st. 36.—*Ibid.* c. 8. st. 15.] In an old ballad quoted in Shakespeare's *K. Lear*, the hero of Ariosto is called Child Roland. Mr. Theobald supposes this use of the word was received along with their romances from the Spaniards, with whom Infante signifies a Prince. Another critic tells us, that "in the old times of chivalry, the noble youth, who were candidates for knighthood, during the time of their probation were called Infans, Varlets, Damoyseles, Bacheliers. The most noble of the youth, were particularly called Infans." A late commentator on Spenser observes, that the Saxon word *cnihz knight*, signifies also a Child. [See Upton's gloss. to the F. 2.]

The Editor's MS. collection, whence the following piece is taken, affords several other ballads, wherein the word Child occurs as a title: but in none of these It signifies "Prince." See the song intituled Gil Morrice, in this volume.

CHilde Waters in his stable stode

And stroakt his milke-white steede:

To him a sayré yonge ladye came

As ever ware womans weede.

50 A N C I E N T S O N G S

Sayes, Christ you save, good Childe Waters;

Sayes, Christ you save, and see:

My girdle of gold that was too longe,

Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one child of yours,

I feele sturre at my side:

My gowne of greene it is too straighte;

Before, it was too wide.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,

Be mine as you tell mee;

Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,

Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,

Be mine, as you doe sweare;

Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,

And make that childe your heyre.

Shee sayes, I had rather have one kisse,

Childe Waters, of thy mouth;

Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,

That lye by north and southe.

And I had rather have one twinklinge,

Childe Waters of thine ee:

Then I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both

To take them mine owne to bee.

To morrowe, Ellen, I must forth ryde

Farr into the north countree;

The fayrest ladye that I can finde,

Ellen, must goe with mee.

• Though

Thoughe I am not that lady fayre,
 Yet let me go with thee;
 And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
 Your foot-page let me bee. 35

If you will my foot-page bee, Ellèn,
 As you doe tell to mee;
 Then you must cut your gowne of greene,
 An inch above your knee: 40

Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,
 An inch above your ee:
 You must tell no man what is my name;
 My foot-page then you shall bee.

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode, 45
 Ran barefoote by his syde;
 Yet was he never soe courteous a knight;
 To say, Ellen, will you ryde?

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
 Ran barefoote thorow the broome; 50
 Yet was he never soe courteous a knight,
 To say, put on your shoone.

Ride softlye, shee sayd, O Childe Waters,
 Why doe you ryde so fast?
 The childe, which is no mans but thine, 55
 My bodye itt will brast.

Hee sayth, seeft thou yond water, Ellen,
 That flows from banke to brimme.---
 I truste in God, O Child Waters,
 You never will see me swimme. 60

52 ANCIENT SONGS

But when shee came to the water syde,
 Shee sayled to the chinne :
 Nowe the Lord of heaven be my speede,
 For I must learne to swimme.

The salt waters bare up her clothes ;
 Our Ladye bare up her chinne :
 Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
 To see faire Ellen swimme.

And when shee over the water was
 Shee then came to his knee.
 Hee sayd, Come hither, thou fayre Ellèn,
 Loe yonder what I see.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn ?
 Of red gold shines the yate :
 Of twenty foure faire ladyes there
 The fairest is my mate.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn ?
 Of red golde shines the towre :
 There are twenty four fayre ladyes there,
 The fayrest is my paramoure.

I see the hall nowe, Childe Waters,
 Of red golde shines the yate :
 God give you good now of yourselfe,
 And of your worthye mate.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
 Of red golde shines the towre :
 God give you good now of yourselfe,
 And of your paramoure.

There

Ver. 84. worldye. MS.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were
 A playing at the ball : 90
 And Ellen the fayrest ladye there,
 Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were,
 A playinge at the chesse ;
 And Ellen the fayrest ladye there, 95
 Must bring his horse to grasle.

And then bespake Childe Waters sifter,
 These were the wordes sayd shee :
 You have the prettyest page, brother, 100
 That ever I did see.

But that his bellye it is foe bigge,
 His girdle stands foe hye :
 And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
 Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot page, 105
 That has run throughe mosse and myre,
 To lye in the chamber of any ladye,
 That weares foe riche attyre.

It is more meete for a little foot page,
 That has run throughe mosse and myre, 110
 To take his supper upon his knee,
 And lye by the kitchen fyre.

Now when they had supped every one,
 To bedd they tooke theyr waye :
 He sayd, come hither, my little foot-page, 115
 And hearken what I saye.

Goe thee downe into yonder towne,
 And lowe into the streete ;
 The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde,
 Hyre in mine armes to sleepe,
 And take her up in thine armes twaine,
 For filing * of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
 And lowe into the streete :
 The fayrest ladye that shee colde finde,
 She hyred in his armes to sleepe ;
 And tooke her up in her armes twayne,
 For filing of her feete.

I praye you nowe, good Childe Waters,
 Let mee lye at your feet :
 For there is noe place about this house,
 Where I may faye a sleepe.

‘ He gave her leave, and faire Ellen
 ‘ Down at his beds feet laye :
 This done the nighte drove on apace,
 And when it was neare the daye,

Hee sayd, Rise up, my little foot-page,
 Give my steede corne and haye ;
 And give him nowe the good black oats,
 To carry mee better awaye.

Up then rose the fayre Ellen
 And gave his steede corne and haye :
 And soe shee did the good black oats,
 To carry him the better awaye.

* i. e. *defiling*.

Ver. 132. i. e. *essay, attempt*.

She leaned her back to the manger side, 145
And grievously did groane :

Shee leaned her back to the manger side,
And there shee made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,
Shee heard ' her woefull woe.' 150

Shee sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Waters,
And into thy stable goe.

For in thy stable is a ghoff,
That grievously doth grone :
Or else some woman laboures with childe, 155
Shee is so woe-begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,
And did on his shirte of filke ;
And then he put on his othere clothes,
On his bodye as white as milke. 160

And when he came to the stable dore,
Full still there hee did stand,
That hee mighte heare his fayre Ellèn,
Howe shee made her monànd.

Shee sayd, Lullabye, mine own dear childe, 165
Lullabye, deare childe, deare :
I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mothere layd on a biere.

Peace nowe, hee sayd, good faire Ellèn,
Bee of good cheere, I praye ; 170
And the bridall and the churchinge bothe
Shall bee upon one daye.

D 4

XI. PHIL-

Ver. 164. i. e. moaning, bemoaning, &c.

XI.

*PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

From a small quarto MS. in the editor's possession, written in the time of Q. Elizabeth: Its author unknown.

IN the merrie moneth of Maye,
In a morne by break of daye ;
With a troope of damselles playing
Forthe ' I yode' forsooth a maying :

When anon by a wood side,
Where that Maye was in his pride,
I espied all alone
Phillida and Corydon.

Muche adoe there was, god wot :

He wold love, and she wold not. 10

She sayde, never man was trewe :

He sayes, never false to you.

He

Ver. 4. the wode. MS.

* A copy of this sonnet, containing some variations, is reprinted in the *Muses Library*, page 295. from an ancient miscellany, intituled, *England's Helicon* 1600. 4to. The author was Nicholas Breton, a writer of some fame in the reign of Elizabeth, who also published an Interlude, intituled, "An old man's Lesson, and a young man's Love," 1605. 4to. And many other little pieces in prose and verse, the titles of which may be seen in *Winstanley*, *Ame's*, *Typog.* and *Osborne's Harl. catalog.* &c. — He is mentioned with great respect by *Meres*, in his 2d. part of *Wit's commonwealth*, 1598, f. 283. and is alluded to in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady*, Act 2d. and again in *Wit without Money*, A. 3d. — See *Whalley's Ben. Johnson*, Vol. 3. p. 103.

He sayde, hee had lovde her longe :

She sayes, love cold have no wronge.

Corydon wold kisse her then :

15

She sayes, maydes must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all:

When she made the shepperde call

All the heavens to wytnes truthe,

Never livde a truer youthe.

20

Then with manie a prettie othe,

Yea and nay, and, faith and trothe ;

Suche as feelie shepperdes use

When they do not love abuse,

Love that had bene long deluded,

25

Was with kisses sweete concluded ;

And the mayde with garlands gaye

‘Crownde’ the lady of the Maye.

XII.

LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD.

This ballad is ancient, and has been popular : we find it quoted in many old plays. See Beaum. and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle. 4to. 1613. Act 5. The Varietie, a comedy, 12mo. 1649. Act 4. Sc. In Sir William Davenant's play, The Witts, A. 3, a gallant thus boasts of himself,

“ Limber and sound ! besides I sing Musgrave,

“ And for Chevy-chace no lark comes near me.

In the Pepys collection is an imitation of this old song, in a different measure, by a more modern pen, with many alterations, but evidently for the worse.

D 5

This

Ver. 28. Was the. MS.

*This is given from an old printed copy corrected in part
by the Editor's folio manuscript.*

AS it fell out on a highe holye daye,
As many bee in the yeare,
When yong men and maides together do goe
Their masses and mattins to heare.

Little Musgrave came to the church door,
The priest was at the mass,
But he had more mind of the fine women
Then he had of our Ladyes grace.

And some of them were clad in greene,
And others were clad in pall,
And then came in my lord Barnardes wife,
The fairest among them all.

Shee cast an eye on little Musgrave,
As bright as the summer sunne :
O then bethought him little Musgrave,
This ladyes heart I have wonne.

Quoth she, I have loved thee, little Musgrave,
Fulle long and manye a daye.
So have I loved you, ladye faire,
Yet word I never darst saye.

I have a bower at Bucklesford-Bury,
Full daintilye bedight,
If thoult wend thither, my little Musgrave,
Thoult lig in mine armes all night.

Quoth hee, I thanke yee, ladye faire,
This kindness yee shew to mee ;

And

And whether it be to my weale or woe,
This night will I lig with thee.

All this beheard a tiney foot-page,
By his ladyes coach as he ranne : 30

Quoth he, thoughe I am my ladyes page,

Yet Ime my lord Barnardes manne

My lord Barnard shall knowe of this

Although I lose a limbe.

And ever whereas the bridges were broke 35

He layd him downe to fwimme.

Asleep or awake; thou lord Barnard,

As thou art a man of life,

Lo ! this same night at Bucklesford-Bury

Little Musgraves abed with thy wife. 40

If it be trewe; thou tiney foot-page,

This tale thou hast told to mee,

Then all my lands in Bucklesford-Bury

I freelye will give to thee.

But and it be a lye, thou tiney foot-page; 45

This tale thou hast told to mee,

On the highest tree in Bucklesford-Bury

All hanged shalt thou bee.

Rise up, rise up, my merry men all,

And saddle me my steede, 50

This night must I to Bucklesford-Bury ;

God wott, I had never more neede.

[Then some they whistled, and some they sang,

And some did loudlye saye,

Whenever

60 A N T I E N T S O N G S

Whenever lord Barnardes horne it blewe 55
 Awaye, Musgràve, awaye.

Methinkes I hear the throstle cocke,
 Methiakes I hear the jaye,
 Methinkes I heare lord Barnardes horne,
 I would I were awaye. 60

Lye still, lye still, thou little Musgràve,
 And huggle me from the cold,
 For it is but some shephardes boye
 A whistling his sheepe to the fold.

Is not thy hawke upon the pearche 65
 Thy horse eating corne and haye ?
 And thou a gaye ladye within thine armes :
 And wouldst thou be awaye ?

With that lord Barnard came to the dore,
 And lighted upon a stone ; 70
 And he pulled out three silver keyes,
 And opened the dores eche one.

He lifted up the coverlett,
 He lifted up the sheete ;
 How now, how now, thou little Musgràve, 75
 Dost find my gaye ladye sweete ?

I find her sweete, quoth little Musgràve,
 The more is my grieve and paine ;
 Ide gladlye give three hundred poundes
 That I were on yonder plaine. 80

Arise, arise, thou little Musgràve,
 And put thy cloathes nowe on,

It

AND BALLADS. 61

It shall never be said in my countree,
That I killed a naked man.

I have two swordes in one scabbarde, 85
Full deare they cost my purse;
And thou shalt have the best of them,
And I will have the worse.

The first stroke that little Musgrave stricke,
He hurt lord Barnard sore; 90
The next stroke that lord Barnard stricke,
Little Musgrave never stricke more.

With that bespake the ladye faire,
In bed whereas she laye,
Althoughe thou art dead, my little Musgrave, 95
Yet for thee I will praye:

And wishe well to thy soule will I,
So long as I have life;
So will I not do for thee, Barnard,
Thoughe I am thy wedded wife. 100

He cut her pappes from off her brest;
Great pitye it was to see
Some drops of this faire ladyes bloode
Run trickling downe her knee.

Wo worth, wo worth ye, my merrie men all, 105
You never were borne for my goode:
Why did you not offer to stay my hande,
When you see me wax so woode?

For I have slaine the fairest sir knight
That ever rode on a steede; 110
So

62 ANTIEN T SONGS

So have I done the fairest ladye,
That ever ware womans weede.

A grave, a grave, lord Barnard cryde,
To putt these lovers in,
But lay my ladye o' the upper hande,
For shee comes o' the better kin.

115

XIII

THE EW-BUGHTS MARION.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

This sonnet is said to be of great antiquity: that and it's simplicity of sentiment have recommended it to a place here.

WILL ze gae to the ew-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheip wi' mee?

The sun shines sweit, my Marion,
But nae half sae sweit as thee.

O Marions a bonnie lass;
And the blyth blinks in her ee:
And fain wad I marrie Marion,
Gin Marion wad marrie mee.

5

Theires gowd in zour garters, Marion;
And silk on zour white haufs-bane.

10

Fou faine wad I kisse my Marion
At eene quhan I cum hame.

Theires braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Quha gape and glowr wi' their ee

At kirk, quhan they see my Marion,
Bot nane of them lues like mee.

15

Ive

za
as
Hi
Fle

Ive nine milk-ews, my Marion,

A cow and a brawney quay :

He gie tham au to my Marion,

Just on her bridal day.

20

And zees get a grein sey apron,

And waistcote o' London broun ;

And wow bot ze will be vaporin,

Quhaneer ze gang to the toun.

Ime yong and stout, my Marion,

25

Nane dance lik mee on the greine,

And gin ze forsak mee, Marion,

Is e'en gae draw up wi' Jeane.

Sae put on zour pearlins, Marion,

And kirtle oth cramasie ;

30

And fune as my chin has nea haire on,

I fall cum west, and see zee.

XIV.

*THE KNIGHT AND SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

From an old printed copy in the Editor's possession.

THERE was a shepherds daughter

Came tripping on the waye,

And there by chance a knighte shee mett,

Which caused her to staye.

Good morrowe to you, beauteous maide,

5

These words pronounced hee :

O I

* This ballad was popular, in the time of Q. Elizabeth, being usually Printed with her picture before it, as Hearne, informs us, in his Preface to Gul. Neubrig. Hist. Oxon. 1719. 8vo. Vol. 1. p. 70: it is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of the Pilgrim. Act. 4. sec. 1.

64 ANCIENT SONGS

O I shall dye this daye, he sayd,
If I've not my wille of thee.

The Lord forbid, the maide replyde,
That you shold waxe so wode ! 10
But for all that shee could do or saye
He wold not be withstood.

Sith you have had your will of mee,
And put me to open shame,
Now, if you are a curteous knighte, 15
Tell me what is your name ?

Some do call mee Jacke, sweet heart,
And some do call mee Jille ;
But when I come to the kings faire courte
They call me Wilfulle Wille. 20

He sett his foot into the stirrup,
And awaye then he did ride ;
She tuckt her girdle about her middle
And ranne close by his side.

But when she came to the brode water, 25
She sett her brest and swamme,
And when she was got out againe,
Shee tooke to her heels and ranne.

He never was the curteous knighte,
To saye, faire maide, will you ryde ? 30
Nor she was never so loving a maide
To saye, sir knighte abide.

When she came to the kings faire courte,
She knocked at the ring

So

So readye was the king himself 35
To let this faire maide in.

Now Christ you save, my gracious liege,
Now Christ you save and see,
You have a knighte within your courte
This daye hath robbed mee. 40

What hath he robbed thee of, sweet heart ?
Of purple or of pall ?
Or hath he took thy gaye gold ring
From off thy finger small ?

He hath not robbed mee, my leige, 45
Of purple nor of pall :
But he hath gotten my maiden head,
Which grieves mee worst of all.

Now if he be a batchelor,
His bodye Ile give to thee ; 50
But if he be a married man,
High hanged hee shall bee.

He called downe his merrie men all,
By one, by two, by three ;
Sir William used to bee the first, 50
But nowe the last came hee.

He brought her downe full fortye pounce,
Tyed up withinne a glove,
Faime maid, Ile give the same to thee,
And seeke thee another love. 60

O Ile

*Ver. 50. His bodye Ile give to thee.] This was agree-
able to the feudal Customs : The Lord had a right to give
a wife to his vassals. See Shakespear's " All's well that
ends well."*

66 A N C I E N T S O N G S

O Ile have none of your gold, she sayde,
Nor Ile have none of your fee,
But your faire bodye I must have:
The king hath granted mee.

Sir William ranne and feteht her then 65
Five hundred pound in golde,
Saying, faire maide, take this to thee,
Thy fault will never be tolde.

Tis not the gold that shall mee tempt,
These words then answered shee, 70
But your own bodye I must have,
The king hath granted mee.

Would I had dranke the water cleare,
When I did drinke the wine,
Rather than any shepherds brat 75
Shold bee a ladye of mine!

Would I had drank the puddle foule,
When I did drink the ale,
Rather than ever a shepherds brat
Shold tell me such a tale! 80

A shepherds brat even as I was,
You mote have let me bee,
I never had come to the kings faire courte,
To crave any love of thee.

He sett her on a milk-white steede, 85
And himself upon a graye;
He hung a bugle about his necke,
And soe they rode awaye.

But

But when they came unto the place,
Where marriage-rites were done,
She proved herself a dukes daughter
And he but a squires sonne.

90

Nowe marrye me, or not, sir knight,
Your pleasure shall be free :
If you make me ladye of one good towne,
Ile make you lord of three.

95

Ah ! curfed bee the gold, he sayd,
If thou hadst not been trewe,
I shold have forsaken my sweet love,
And have changed her for a newe.

100

And now their hearts being linked fast,
They joyned hand in hand :
Thus he had both purse, and person too,
And all at his commande.

XV.

THE SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS TO HIS MUSE.

From the small MS. volume, mentioned above in page 56.

GOOD Muse, rocke me aslepe
With some sweete harmony :
This wearie eyes is not to kepe
Thy wary company.

Sweete Love, begon a while,
Thou seest my heavines :
Butie is borne but to beguyle
My harte of happines.

5

See

See howe my little flocke,
 That lovde to feed on highe, 10
 Doe headlonge tumble downe the rocke,
 And in the valley dye:

The bushes and the trees,
 That were so freshe and greene,
 Doe all their deintie colors leese, 15
 And not a leafe is seene.

The black birde and the thrushe,
 That made the woodes to ringe,
 With all the rest, are now at hulhe,
 And not a note do finge. 20

Swete Philomene, the birde
 That hath the heavenly throte,
 Doth nowe, alas ! not once afforde
 Recordinge of a note.

The flowers have had a frost, 25
 The herbs have losse their favoure ;
 ' For haples Corydon' hath lost
 ' His lovelye Phyllis' favoure.

And therefore, my sweete Muse,
 That knowest what helpe is best, 30
 Doe nowe thy heavenlie conninge use
 To sett my harte at rest :

And in a dreame bewraie
 What fate shal be my frende ;
 Whether my life shall still decaye, 35
 Or soone my sorrowes ende.

XVI.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLINOR.

From an ancient copy in black letter, in the Pepys collection, intituled, "A tragical ballad on the unfortunate love of lord Thomas and faire Ellinor, together with the downfall of the browne girl."—In the same collection may be seen an attempt to modernize this old song, and reduce it to a different measure. A proof of it's popularity.

LORD Thomas he was a bold forrester,
And a chafer of the king's deere;
Faïre Ellinor was a fine woman,
And lord Thomas he loved her deare.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, he sayd, 5
And riddle us both as one;
Whether I shall marrye with faïre Ellinor,
And let the browne girl alone?

The browne girl she has got houses and lands,
Faïre Ellinor she has got none, 10
And therefore I charge thee on my blessing,
To bring me the browne girl home.

And as it befelle on a high holidaye,
As many there are beside,
Lord Thomas he went to faïre Ellinor, 15
That should have been his bride.

And when he came to faïre Ellinors bower,
He knocked there at the ring,
And who was so readye as faïre Ellinor,
To lett lord Thomas withinn. 20

What

What newes, what newes, lord Thomas, she sayd ?

What newes dost thou bring to mee ?

I am come to bid thee to my wedding,

And that is bad newes for thee.

O God forbid, lord Thomas, she sayd,

25

That such a thing should be done ;

I thought to have been thy bride my selfe,

And thou to have been the bridegrome.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, she sayd,

And riddle it all in one ;

30

Whether I shall goe to lord Thomas his wedding,

Or whether shall tarry at home ?

There are manye that are your friendes, daughter,

And manye that are your foe,

Therefore I charge you on my blessing,

35

To lord Thomas his wedding don't goe.

There are manye that are my friendes, mother,

But if thousands there were my foe,

Betide me life, betide me death,

To lord Thomas his wedding Ild goe.

40

She cloathed herself in gallant attire,

And her merriye men all in greene,

And as they rid through everye towne,

They took her to be some queene,

But when she came to lord Thomas his gate,

45

She knocked there at the ring :

And who was so readye as lord Thomas,

To lett faire Ellinor in.

Is this your bride, fair Ellinor sayd?
Methinks she looks wonderous browne,
Thou mightest have had as faire a woman,
As ever trod on the ground. 50

Despise her not, fair Ellin, he sayd,
Despise her not unto mee;
For better I love thy little finger,
Than all her whole bodée. 55

This browne bride had a little penknife,
That was both long and sharpe,
And betwixt the short ribs and the long,
She prickd faire Ellinor's harte. 60

O Christ thee save, lord Thomas hee sayd;
Methinks thou lookst wonderous wan;
Thou usedst to look with as fresh a colour,
As ever the sun shone on.

Oh, art thou blind, lord Thomas? she sayd, 65
Or canst thou not very well see?
Oh! dost thou not see my owne hearts bloode
Run trickling down my knee.

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side;
As he walked about the halle, 70
He cut off his brides head from her shouldèrs,
And threw it against the walle.

He set the hilt against the ground,
And the point against his harte.
There were never three lovers together did meet, 75
That sooner again did parte.

*** The reader will find a Scottish song on a similar subject to the foregoing one, in vol. 2. pag. 233.—

XVII.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

This elegant little sonnet is found in the third act of an old play intitled, "Alexander and Campaspe," written by John Lilje, a celebrated writer in the time of queen Elizabeth. This play was first printed in 1591: but the song is given from a later edition.

CUPID and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
 His mothers doves, and teame of sparrows,
 Loses them too; then down he throws
 The coral of his lippe, the rose
 Growing on's cheek, (but none knows how)
 With these, the cryстал of his browe,
 And then the dimple of his chinne;
 All these did my Campaspe winne.
 At last he set her both his eyes,
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love: has she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas! become of mee?

XVIII.

THE LADY TURNED SERVING-MAN,

—is given from a written copy, containing some improvements, (perhaps modern ones) upon the old popular ballad, intitled, "The famous flower of Serving-men: or the Lady turned Serving-man."

YOU

YOU beauteous ladyes, great and small,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffered in the land.

I was by birth a lady faire,
An ancient barons only heire,
And when my good old father dyed,
Then I became a young knightes bride.

And there my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower;
A braver bower you ne'er did see
Then my true-love did build for mee.

And there I livde a ladye gay,
Till fortune wrought our loves decay;
For there came foes so fierce a band,
That soon they over-run the land.

They came upon us in the night,
And brent my bower, and slew my knight;
And trembling hid in mans array,
I scant with life escap'd away.

In the midst of this extremitie,
My servants all did from me flee:
Thus was I left myself alone,
With heart more cold than any stone.

Yet though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not suffer me to dispaire,
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name
From faire Elise, to sweet Williame:

And therewithall I cut my haire,
 Resolv'd my mans attire to weare;
 And in my beaver, hose and band,
 I travell'd far through many a land.

At length all wearied with my toil,
 I fate me downe to rest a while;
 My heart it was so fill'd with woe,
 That downe my cheeke the teares did flow.

It chanc'd the king of that same place
 With all his lords a hunting was,
 And seeing me weepe, upon the same
 Askt who I was, and whence I came.

Then to his grace I did replye,
 I am a poore and friendlesse boye,
 Though nobly borne, nowe forc'd to bee
 A serving-man of lowe degree.

Stand up, faire youth, the king reply'd,
 For thee a service I'll provyde;
 But tell me first what thou canst do,
 Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be usher of my hall,
 To wait upon my nobles all?
 Or wilt be taster of my wine,
 To 'tend on me when I shall dine?

Or wilt thou be my chamberlaine,
 About my person to remaine?
 Or wilt thou be one of my guard,
 And I will give thee great reward?

Chuse, gentle youth, said he, thy place.
 Then I reply'd, if it please your grace,
 To shew such favour unto mee,
 Your chamberlaine I faine would bee.

60

The king then smiling gave consent,
 And straitwaye to his court I went ;
 Where I behavde so faithfullie,
 That hee great favour showd to mee.

Nowe marke what fortune did provide :
 The king he would a hunting ryde
 With all his lords and noble traine,
 Sweet William must at home remaine.

65

Thus being left alone behind,
 My former state came in my mind,
 I wept to see my mans array,
 No longer now a ladye gay.

70

And meeting with a ladies vest,
 Within the same myself I drest
 With silken robes, and jewels rare,
 I deckt me as a ladye faire.

75

And taking up a lute straitwaye,
 Upon the same I strove to play,
 And sweetly to the same did sing,
 As made both hall and chamber ring.

80

" My father was as brave a lord,
 " As ever Europe did afford ;
 " My mother was a lady bright ;
 " My husband was a valiant knight :

" And I myself a ladye gay, 85
 " Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array ;
 " The happieſt lady in the land,
 " Had not more pleasure at command.

" I had my muſicke every day
 " Harmonious leſſons for to play ; 90
 " I had my virgins fair and free,
 " Continually to wait on mee.

" But now, alas ! my husband's dead,
 " And all my friends are from me fled,
 " My former days are paſt and gone, 95
 " And I am now a ſerving-man."

And fetching many a tender ſigh,
 As thinking no one then was nigh,
 In penſive mood I laid me lowe,
 My heart was full, the tears did flowe. 100

The king, who had a huntinge gone,
 Grewe weary of his ſport anone,
 And leaving all his gallant traine,
 Turn'd on the ſudden home againe:

And when he reach'd his ſtatelye tower, 105
 Hearing one ſing within his bower,
 He ſtopt to liſten, and to ſee
 Who ſung there ſo melodiouſſie.

Thus heard he everye word I ſed,
 And ſawe the pearlye teares I ſhed, 110
 And found to his amazement there,
 Sweete William was a ladye faire.

Then

AND BALLADS.

77

Then steping in, Faire ladye, rise,
And dry, said he, those lovelye eyes,
For I have heard thy mournful tale,
The which shall turne to thy availe.

115

A crimson dye my face orespred,
I blusht for shame, and hung my head,
To find my sex and story knowne,
When as I thought I was alone.

120

But to be brieft, his royall grace
Grew so enamour'd of my face,
The richest gifts he proffered mee,
His mistress if that I would bee.

Ah! no, my liege, I firmlye sayd,
I'll rather in my grave be layd,
And though your grace hath won my heart,
I ne'er will act soe base a part.

125

Faire ladye, pardon me, sayde hee,
Thy virtue shall rewarded bee,
And since it is soe fairly tryde
Thou shalt become my royal bride.

130

Then strait to end his amorous strife,
He tooke sweet William to his wife;
The like before was never seene,
A serving-man became a queene.

135

XX.

GIL MORRICE.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

The following piece has lately run thro' two editions in Scotland: the second printed at Glasgow in 1755. 8vo. Prefixed to them both is an advertisement, setting forth that

that the preservation of this poem was owing "to a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses;" And "any reader that can render it more correct or complete," is desired to oblige the public with such improvements. In consequence of this advertisement sixteen additional verses have been produced and banded about in manuscript, which are here inserted in their proper places: (these are from ver. 109. to ver. 121. and from ver. 124. to ver. 129.)

As this poem lays claim to a pretty high antiquity, we have assigned it a place among our early pieces: though, after all, there is reason to believe it has received very considerable modern improvements: for in the Editor's ancient MS. collection is a very old imperfect copy of the same ballad: wherein though the leading features of the story are the same, yet the colouring here is so much improved and heightened, and so many additional strokes are thrown in, that it is evident the whole has undergone a revision.

N. B. The Editor's MS. instead of "lord Barnard", has "John Stewart"; and instead of "Gil Morrice", CHILD MORRICE, which last is probably the original title. See above p. 49.

G I L Morrice was an erlès son
 His name it waxed wide;
 It was nae for his great richès,
 Nor zet his mickle pride;
 Bot it was for a lady gay,
 That livd on Carron side.

Quhair fall I get a bonny boy,
 That will win hose and shoen;
 That will gae to lord Barnards ha',
 And bid his lady cum?

And ze maun rin errand Willie;
And ze may rin wi' pride;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
On horse-back ze fall ride.

O no! O no! my master dear! 15
I dare nae for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
For to triest fourth his wife.
My bird Willie, my boy Willie;
My dear Willie, he sayd: 20
How can ze strive against the stream?
For I shall be obeyd.

Bot, O my master dear! he cryd,
In grene wod ze'er zour lain;
Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ze rede, 25
For fear ze should be tain.
Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
Bid hir cum here wi' speid:
If ze refuse my heigh command,
Ill gar zour body bleid. 30

Gae bid hir take this gay mantel;
'Tis a' gowd but the hem;
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
And bring nane bot hir lain:
And there it is, a silken sarke, 35
Hir ain hand sewd the sleive;
And bid hir cum to Gil Morice,
Speir nea bauld barons leave.

Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
Though it be to zour cost; 40
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd
In it ze fall find frost.

E 4

The

Ver. 11. something seems wanting here.

80 ANCIENT SONGS

The baron he's a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt,
As ze will see before its nicht,
How sma' ze hae to vaunt. 45

And sen I maun zur errand rin
Sae fair against my will,
I'fe mak a vow and keip it trow,
It fall be done for ill. 50
And quhen he came to broken brigus,
He bent his bow and swam;
And quhen came to grafs growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnards ha', 55
Would neither chap nor ca':
Bot set his bent bow to his breist,
And lichtly lap the wa':
He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
Though he stude at the gait; 60
Bot straiht into the ha' he ran,
Quhair they were set at meit.

Hail! hail! my gentle fire and dame!
My message winna waite;
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod 65
Before that it be late.
Ze'er bidden tak this gay mantel,
Tis a' gowd bot the hem:
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
Ev'n by your sel alane. 70

And their it is, a filken farke,
Your ain hand sewd the sleive;
Ze maun gae speik to Gil Morice;
Speir nae bauld barons leave.

The

AND BALLADS. 81

The lady stamped wi' hir foot,
And winked wi' her ee;
Bot a' that she coud say or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

Its surely to my bowr-woman;
It neir could be to me.
I brocht it to lord Barnards lady;
I trowe that ze be she.
Then up and spack the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon hir knee)
If it be cum frae Gill Morice
It's deir welcum to mee.

Ze leid, Ze leid, ye filthy nurse,
Sae loud's I heire ze lee;
I brocht it to lord Barnards lady;
I trow ze be nae shee.
Then up and spack the bauld baron,
An angry man was hee;
He's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee;
Till filler cup end ezar dish
In flinders he gard flee.

Gae bring a robe of zour cliding,
That hings upon the pin:
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speik wi' zour lemmân.
O bide at hame, now lord Barnard,
I warde ze bide at hame;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate ze wi' nane.

E 5

Gil

Ver. 88. *Perbaps*, loud say I heire.

Gil Morice fate in gude grene wode, 105

He whistled and he sang:

O what mean a' the folk coming,

My mother tarries lang.

His hair was like the threads of gold,

Drawne frae Minervas loome: 110

His lipps like roses drapping dew,

His breath was a' perfume.

Hls brow was like the mountain snae

Gilt by the morning beam:

His cheeks like living roses glow: 115

His een like azure stream.

The boy was clad in robes of grene,

Sweet as the infant spring:

And like the mavis on the bush,

He gart the vallies ring. 120

The baron came to the grene wode,

Wi' mickle dule and care,

And there he first spied Gill Morice

Kameing his zellow hair:

That sweetly wafd around his face, 125

That face beyond compare:

He sang sae sweet it might dispel,

A' rage but fell despair.

Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,

My lady loed thee weel, 130

The fairest part of my body

Is blacker than thy heel.

Zet

Ver. 128. So Milton,

Vernal delight and joy: able to drive

All sadness but despair. B. iv. v. 155.

Zet neir the less now, Gill Morice,
For a' thy great bewty,
Ze's rew the day ze eir was born;
'That head fall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaited on the strae;
And thro' Gill Morice' fair body
He's gar cauld iron gae.
And he has tain Gill Morice' head
And set it on a speir:
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gill Morice up,
Laid him acrofs his steid,
And brocht him to his painted bowr
And laid him on a bed.
The lady sat on castil wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
And there she saw Gill Morice' head
Cum trailing to the toun.

Far better I loe that bluidy head,
Bot and that zellow hair,
Than lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
As they lig here and thair.
And she has tain her Gill Morice,
And kisd baith mouth and chin:
I was once as fow' of Gill Morice,
As the hip is o' the stean.

I got ze in my father's house,
Wi' mickle sin and shame;

Ibrocht

62. ANCIENT SONGS

I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
Under the heavy rain :
Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
And fondly seen the sleip :
Bot now I gae about thy grave,
The faut tears for to weip.

165

And syne she kisd his bluidy cheik,
And syne his bluidy chin :
O better I loe my Gill Morice
Than a' my kith and kin !
Away, away, ze ill woman,
And an il deith mait ze dee :
Gin I had kend he'd bin zour son,
He'd neir bin slain for mee.

170

175

Obraid me not, my lord Barnard !
Obraid me not, for shame !
Wi that sailm speir O pierce my heart !
And put me out o' pain.
Since nothing but Gill Morice head
Thy jealous rage could quell,
Let that sailm hand now take hir life,
That neir to thee did ill.

180

To me nae after days nor nichts
Will eir be saft or kind ;
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
And greet till I am blind.
Enouch of blood by me's bin spilt,
Seek not zour death frae mee ;
I rather lourd it had been my sel
Than eather him or thee.

185

190

With

With waefo wae I hear zour plaine ;

Sair, fair I rew the deid,

That eir this cursed hand of mine

195

Had gard his body bleid.

Dry up zour tears, my winsom dame,

Ze neir can heal the wound ;

Ze see his head upon the speir,

His heart's blude on the ground.

200

I curse the hand that did the deid,

The heart that thocht the ill ;

The feet that bore me wi' sik speid,

The comely zouth to kill.

I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,

205

As gin he were my ain ;

I'll neir forget the dreiry day

On which the zouth was slain.*

* *The foregoing ballad is said to have furnished the plot to the tragedy of DOUGLAS.*

It may be proper to mention that other copies read ver. 110. thus

" Shot frae the golden sun."

And ver. 116. as follows,

" His een like azure sheene."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ANCIENT SONGS AND BALLADS, &c.

SERIES THE THIRD. BOOK II.

I.

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUY

— contains a short summary of the exploits of this famous champion, as recorded in the old story books ; and is commonly intitled, “ A pleasant song of the valiant
“ deeds of chivalry atchieved by that noble knight sir
“ Guy of Warwick, who for the love of fair Phelis,
“ became a hermit, and dyed in a cave of craggy rocke,
“ a mile distant from Warwick.”

The history of sir Guy, tho’ now very properly resigned to children, was once admired by all readers of wit and taste : for taste and wit had once their childhood. Tho’ of English growth, it was early a favourite with other nations : it appeared in French in 1525 : and is alluded to the old Spanish romance *Tirante el blanco*, which it is believed was written not long after the year 1430. See advertisement to the French translation, 2 vols. 12mo.

The original whence all these stories are extracted is a very ancient romance in old English verse, which is quoted by Chaucer as a celebrated piece even in his time, (viz.)

“ Men

" Men spoken of romances of price,

" Of Horne childe and Ippotis,

" Of Bewis, and sir Guy, &c. R. of Thop.)

and was usually sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and brideales, as we learnt from Puttenham's art of poetry, 4to. 1589.

This ancient romance is not only lost. An imperfect copy in black letter, " Imprynted at London ---- for " Wylliam Copland." in 34 sheets 4to. without date, is still preserved among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays. As a specimen of the poetry of this antique rhymmer, take his description of the dragon mentioned in ver. 105 of the following ballad,

--- " A messenger came to the king,

" Syr king, he sayd, lysten me now,

" For bad tydinges I bring you,

" In Northumberlande there is no man,

" But that ther be slayne every chone :

" For there dare no man route,

" By twenty myle rounde aboute,

" For doubt of a fowle dragon,

" That sleath men and beastes downe.

" He is blacke as any cole,

" Rugged as a rough sole ;

" His bodye from the navill upwarde

" No man way it pierce it is so harde ;

" His neck is great as any summere

" He renneth as swifte as any distrere ;

" Pawes he bath as a lyon :

" All that he toucheth he sleath dead downe.

" Great winges he bath to flight,

" That is no man that bare him might.

" There may no man fight him agayne,

" But that he sleath him certayne :

" For a fowler beast then is he,

" Twis of none never heard ye."

The accurate Dugdale is of opinion that the story of Guy is not wholly apocryphal, tho' he acknowledges the monks have sounded out his praises too hyperbolically. In particular, he gives the duel fought with the Danish champion

champion as a real historical truth, and fixes the date of it in the year 929. Ætat. Guy, 70. See his Warwickshire.

The following is written upon the same plan, as ballad V. Book I. but which is the original and which the copy, cannot be decided. This song is ancient, as may be inferred from the idiom preserved in the margin, ver. 94. 102: and was once popular, as appears from Fletcher's Knight of the burning pestle, act. 2. sc. ult.

Printed from an ancient MS. copy in the Editor's old folio volume, collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black letter in the Pepys collection.

WAS ever knight for ladyes sake
 Soe toft in love, as I fir Guy
 For Phelis fayre, that lady bright
 As ever man beheld with eye?

Shee gave me leave myself to try, 5
 The valiant knight with sheeld and speare,
 Ere that her love shee wold grant me;
 Which made mee venture far and neare.

Then proved I a baron bold,
 In deeds of armes the doughtyest knight 10
 That in those dayes in England was,
 With sworde and spear in feild to fight.

An English man I was by birthe:
 In faith of Christ a christyan true:
 The wicked lawes of infidells 15
 I fought by prowesse to subdue.

• Nine' hundred twenty yeere and odde
 After our Saviour Christ his birthe,

When

Ver. 9. The proud fir Guy. P. Ver. 17. Two hundred. MS. and P.

When king Athelstone wore the crowne,
I lived heere upon the earthe. 20

Sometime I was of Warwicke erle,
And, as I sayd, of very truthe
A ladies love did me constraîne
To seeke strange ventures in my youthe.

To win me fame by feates of armes 25
In strange and sundry heathen lands;
Where I atchieved for her sake
Right dangerous conquests with my hands.

For first I sayled to Normandye,
And there I stoutlye wan in fight 30
The emperours daughter of Almayne,
From manye a vallyant worthye knight.

Then passed I the seas to Greece
To helpe the emperour in his right;
Against the mightye souldans hoaste 35
Of puissant Persians for to fight.

Where I did slay of Sarazens,
And heathen pagans, manye a man;
And slew the souldans cozen deare,
Who had to name doughtye Coldran. 40

Esclendered a famous knight
To death likewise I did pursue:
And Elmayne king of Tyre alsoe,
Most terrible in fight to viewe.

I went into the souldans hoast, 45
Being thither on embassage sent,
And

90 A N C I E N T S O N G S

And brought his head away with mee,
I having slaine him in his tent.

There was a dragon in that land
Most fiercelye mett me by the way 50
As hee a lyon did pursue,
Which I myself did alsoe slay.

Then soon I past the seas from Greece,
And came to Pavye land aright :
Where I the duke of Pavye killd, 55
His hainous treason to requite.

To England then I came with speede,
To wedd faire Phelis ladye bright :
For love of whome I travelled farr
To try my manhood and my might. 60

But when I had espoused her,
I staid with her but fortye dayes,
Ere that I left this ladye faire,
And went from her beyond the seas.

All cladd in gray, in pilgrim fort, 65
My voyage from her I did take
Unto the blessed Holy-land,
For Jesus Christ my Saviours sake.

Where I erle Jonas did redeeme,
And all his sonnes which were fiftene, 70
Who with the cruell Sarazens
In prision for long time had beene.

I slew the gyant Amarant
In battel fiercelye hand to hand :
And

AND BALLADS. 91

And doughty Barknard killed I, 75
A treacherous knight of Pavye land.

Then I to England came againe,
And here with Colbronde fell I fought:
An ugly gyant, which the Danes
Had for their champion hither brought. 80

I overcame him in the feild,
And slewe him soone right valliantlye;
Wherebye this land I did redeeme
From Danish tribute utterlye.

And afterwards I offered upp 85
The use of weapons solemnlye
At Winchester, whereas I fought,
In fight of manye farr and nye.

'But first,' near Winsor, I did slaye
A bore of passing might and strength; 90
Whose like in England never was
For hugeness both in bredth, and length.

Some of his bones in Warwicke yet,
Within the castle there doe lye:
One of his sheild-bones to this day 95
Hangs in the citie of Coventrye.

On Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe
A monstrous wyld and cruell beast,
Called the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath;
Which manye people had opprest. 100

Some of her bones in Warwicke yett
Still for a monument doe lye;
Which

Ver. 94. 102. doth lye. MS.

Which unto every lookers viewe
As wonderous strange, they may espye.

A dragon in Northumberland,
I alsoe did in in fight destroye,
Which did bothe man and beast oppresse,
And all the countrye fore annoye.

105

At length to Warwicke I did come,
Like pilgrime poore and was not knowne ;
And there I lived a hirmites life
A mile and more out of the towne.

110

Where with my hands I hewed a house
Out of a craggy rocke of stone ;
And lived like a palmer poore
Within that cave myself alone :

115

And daily came to begg my bread
Of Phelis at my castle gate ;
Not knowne unto my loving wife,
Who dailye mourned for her mate.

120

Till at the last I fell fore sicke,
Yea sicke soe sore that I must die ;
I sent to her a ringe of golde,
By which she knewe me presentlye:

Then shee repairing to the cave
Before that I gave up the ghost ;
Herself closd up my dying eyes :
My Phelis faire, whom I lovd most.

125

Thus dreadful death did me arrest,
To bring my corpes unto the grave ;

130

And

And like a palmer dyed I,
Whereby I sought my soul to save.

My body that endured this toyle,
Though now it be consumed to mold;
My statue faire engraven in stone, 135
In Warwicke still you may behold.

II.

GUY AND AMARANT.

Though the following is not so properly a song, as a regular poem, yet as the Editor found it in his ancieat folio manuscript among the old ballads, he was willing it should still accompany them; and as it is not altogether devoid of merit, such a small deviation from his plan may be pardoned.

Although this piece seems not imperfect, there is reason to believe that it is only a part of a much larger poem, which contained the whole history of sir Guy: for upon comparing it with the common story book 12mo, we find the latter to be nothing more than this poem reduced to prose: which is only effected by now and then altering the rhyme, and throwing out some few of the poetical ornaments. The disguise is so slight that it is an easy matter to pick complete stanzas in any page of that book.

The author of this poem has shewn some invention. Though he took the subject from the old romance quoted before, he has adorned it afresh, and made the story entirely his own.

25 GUY journeyed ore the sanctified ground,
Whereas the Jews sayre citey sometimes stood,
Wherein our Saviours sacred head was crowned,
And where for sinfull man he shed his blood:
To see the sepulcher was his intent, 5
The tombe that Joseph unto Jesus lent.

With

94 A N C I E N T S O N G S

With tedious miles he tyred his wearye feet,
 And passed defart places full of danger,
 At last with a most woeful wight * did meet,
 A man that unto sorrow was noe stranger :
 For he had fifteen sonnes, made captives all
 To slavish bondage, in extremest thrall.

10

A gyant called Amarant detaind them,
 Whom noe man durst encounter for his strength :
 Who in a castle, which he held, had chaind them :
 Guy questions, where? and understands at length
 The place not farr.—Lend me thy sword, quoth hee,
 Ile lend my Manhood all thy sonnes to free.

15

With that he goes, and lays upon the doore,
 Like one, he says, that must, and will come in :
 The gyant he was nere soe rowzd before ;
 For noe such knocking at his gate had bin :
 Soe takes his keyes, and clubb, and goeth out
 Staring with ireful countenance about.

20

Sirra, fayer hee, whot busines hast thou heere?
 Art come to feast the crowes about my walls?
 Didst never heare, no ransome told him cleere,
 That in the compas of my furye falls :
 For making me to take a porters paines,
 With this same clubb I will dash out thy braines.

25

30

Gyant, fayer Guy, y'are quarrelsome I see,
 Choller and you are something neere of kin :
 Most dangerous at a clubb belike you bee,
 I have bin better armd, though nowe goe thin:
 But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy spight,
 Keene is my weapon, and must doe me right.

35

Soe

* Earl Jonas, mentioned in the foregoing ballad:

Soe takes his sword, salutes him with the same
About the head, the shoulders, and the sides :
Whilst his erected clubb doth death proclaime,
Standinge with huge Coloffus' spacious strides, 40
Putting such vigour to his knotted beame,
That like a furnace he did smoake extreame.

But on the ground he spent his stroakes in vaine,
For Guy was nimble to avoyde them still,
And ere he cold recover his clubb againe, 45
Did beate his plated coat against his will :
Att such advantage Guy wold never sayle,
To beat him soundlye in his coate of mayle.

Att last through ' lack of strength hee feeble grewe,
And sayd to Guy, as thou'rt of human race, 50
Shew itt in this, give natures wants their dewe,
Let me but goe, and drinke in yonder place :
Thou canst not yeeld to ' me' a smaller thing,
Than to grant life, thats given by the spring.

I give thee leave, sayes Guye, goe drinke thy last, 55
Go pledge the dragon, and the savage bore * ;
Succeed the tragedyes that they have past,
But never thinke to drinke cold water more :
Drinke deepe to Death and unto him carouse :
Bid him receive thee in his earthen house. 60

Soe to the spring he goes, and flakes his thirst ;
Takeing the water in extremely like
Some wracked shipp that on some rocke is burst,
Whose forced hulke against the stones does stryke ;
Scoping it in soe fast with both his hands, 65
That Guy admiring to behold him stands.

Come

* Which Guy had slain before. Ver. 64. bulke. MS

96 ANTIEN T SONGS

Come on, quoth Guy, lets to our worke againe,
 Thou stayest about thy liquor overlong;
 The fish, which in the river doe remaine,
 Will want thereby; thy drinking doth them wrong:
 But I will 'have' their satisfaction made, 71
 With gyants blood they must, and shall be payd.

Villaine, quoth Amarant, Ile crush thee streight;
 Thy life shall pay thy daring rongs offence:
 This clubb, which is about some hundred weight, 75
 Has deathes commission to dispatch thee hence:
 Dresse thee for ravens dyett I must needes;
 And breake thy bones, as they were made of reedes.

Incensed much att this bold pagans bostes,
 Which worthye Guy cold ill endure to heare, 80
 He hewes upon those bigg supporting postes,
 Which like two pillars did his body beare:
 Amarant for those wounds in choller growes,
 And desperately att Guy his clubb he throwes.

Which did directly on his body light, 85
 Soe heavy, and so weighty there-withall,
 That downe to ground on sudden came the knight;
 And, ere he cold recover from his fall,
 The gyant gott his clubb againe in fist,
 And aimed a blowe that wonderfullie mist. 90

Traytor, quoth Guy, thy fallhood Ile repay,
 This coward act to intercept my bloodde;
 Sayes Amarant, Ile murder any way,
 With enemyes all vantages are good:
 O cold I poyson in thy nostrills blowe, 95
 Before of it I wold destroy thee foe.

Its well, said Guy, thy honest thoughts appeare,
 Within that beaſtlye bulke where devills dwell,
 Which are thy tenants while thou liveſt heare,
 But will be landlords when thou comeſt in hell: 100
 Vile miſcreant, prepare thee for their den,
 Inhumane monſter, hurtfull unto men.

But breathe thyſelf a time, while I goe drinke,
 For flameing Phœbus with his fyerye eye
 Torments me ſoe with burning heat, I thinke 105
 My thirſt wold ſerve to drinke an ocean drye:
 Forbear a litle, as I delt with thee.
 Quoth Amarant, thou haſt noe ſoole of mee:

Noe, ſillye wretch, my father taught more witt,
 How I ſhold uſe ſuch enemyes as thou, 110
 By all my gods I doe rejoyce at itt,
 To underſtand that thirſt conſtraines thee now;
 For all the treaſure, that the world containes,
 One drop of water ſhall not coole thy vaines.

Relieve my foe! why, 'twere a madmans part: 125
 Refresh an adverſarye to my wronge:
 If thou imagine this, a child thou art:
 Noe, fellow, I have known the world too long
 To be foe ſimple: now I know thy want,
 A minutes ſpace to thee I will not grant. 120

And with theſe words heaving aloft his clubb
 Into the ayre, he ſwings the ſame about:
 Then ſhakes his lockes, and doth his temples rubb,
 And, like the Cyclops, in his pride doth ſhout,
 I ſay, hee, I have you at a liſt, 125
 Now you are come unto your lateſt ſhift.

98 A N C I E N T S O N G S

Perish forever: with this stroke I send thee
 A medicine, will doe thy thirst much good ;
 Take noe more care of drinke before I end thee,
 And then wee le have caroufes of thy blood : 130
 Heres at thee with a butchers downright blow,
 To please my furye with thine overthrow.

Infernall, false, obdurate feend, said Guy,
 That seemst a lump of crueltye from hell ;
 Ungratefull monster, since thou dost deny 135
 The thing to me wherein I used thee well :
 With more revenge, than ere my sword did make,
 On thy accursed head revenge Ile take.

Thy gyants longitude shall shorter shrinke,
 Except thy sun scorcht skin be weapon proof: 140
 Farewell my thirst ; I doe disdaine to drinke,
 Streames keepe your waters to your own behoof ;
 Or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto ;
 With those pearle drops I will not have to do.

Here, tyrant, take a taste of my good-will, 145
 For thus I doe begin my bloodye bout ;
 You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill ;
 It is not that same clubb will bear you out ;
 And take this payment on thy shaggye crowne.—
 A blowe that brought him with a vengeance downe.

Then Guy sett foot upon the monsters brest, 151
 And from his shoulders did his head divide,
 Which with a yawning mouth did gape unblest,
 Noe dragons jawes were ever seene soe wide
 To open and to shut, till life was spent. 155
 Then Guy tooke keyes and to the castle went.

Where

Where manye woefull captives he did find,
Which had beene tyred with extremitye,
Whom he in friendly manner did unbind,
And reasoned with them of their miserye: 160
Eche told a tale with teares, and sighes, and cryes,
All weeping to him with complaining eyes.

There tender ladyes in darke dungeon lay,
That were surpris'd in the desert wood,
And had noe other dyett everye day, 165
Than flesh of humane creatures for their food:
Some with their lovers bodyes had beene fed,
And in their wombes their husbands buried.

Now he be:hinks him of his being there, 169
To enlarge the wronged brethren from their woes;
And, as he searched, doth great clamours heare,
By which sad sounds direction on he goes,
Untill he findes a darksome obscure gate,
Armd strongly ouer all with iron plate.

That he unlockes, and enters, where appears 173
The strangest object that he ever saw;
Men that with famishment of many yeares,
Were like deathes picture, which the printers draw;
Divers of them were hanged by eche thumb:
Others head-downward: by the middle some. 180

With diligence he takes them from the walls,
With lybertye their thraldome to acquaint:
Then the perplexed knight the father calls,
And sayes, Receive thy sonnès though poore and faint:
I promis'd you their lives, accept of that; 185
But did not promise you they shold be fat.

The castle I doe give thee, heeres the keyes,
 Where tyranye for many yeeres did dwell :
 Procure the gentle tender ladies ease,
 For pittyes sake, use wronged women well : 190
 Men easlye revenge the wrongs men do :
 But poore weake women have no strength thereto.

The good old man, even overjoyed with this,
 Fell on the ground, and wold have kist Guys feete :
 Father, quoth he, refraine foe base a kifs, 195
 For age to honor youth I hold unmeete :
 Ambitious pryde hath hurt mee all it can,
 I goe to mortifie a sinfull man.

** * The foregoing poem on GUY AND AMARANT has been discovered to be a fragment of, "The famous historie of Guy earl of Warwick, by SAMUEL ROWLANDS. London, printed by J. Bell, 1649. 4to." in xii cantos, beginning thus,*

"When dreadful Mars in armour every day."

Whether the edition in 1649, was the first, does not appear, but the author SAM. ROWLANDS was one of the minor poets, who lived in the reigns of Q. Elizabeth, and James I. and perhaps later. His other poems are chiefly of the religious kind, which makes it probable that the hist. of Guy was one of his earliest performances.—There are extant of his (1.) "The betraying of Christ, Judas in dispaire, the seven words of our Saviour on the Crosse, with other poems on the Passion, &c. 1598. 4to. [Ames Typ. p. 428.]—(2.) A Theatre of delightful Recreation. Lond. printed for A. Johnson. 1605." 4to. (Penes editor.) This is a book of poems on subjects chiefly taken from the old Testament. (3.) "Memory of Christ's Miracles, in verse. Lond. 1618. 4to." (4.) "Heaven's Glory, earth's vanity, and Hell's horror." Lond. 1638. 8vo. [These 2 in Bod. Cat.]

III.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

This beautiful old song is given from a very ancient copy in the editor's folio MS. In the same copy was an additional stanza, but so inferior to the rest, that it was evidently spurious. In that small collection called "The golden garland of princely delights," may be seen five such spurious stanzas tagged to this sonnet. A proof how much it has been the favourite of the publick.

SHALL I, wasting in dispayre,
Dye because a womans fayre?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
Because anothers rosy are?
Be she fayrer than the daye,
Or the flowerye meades in Maye,
If she think not well of mee,
What care I howe fayre she bee?

5

Shall a womans goodnesse move
Mee to perish for her love?
Or her worthy merits knowne
Make mee quite forget my owne?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove, or pelican,
If she bee not soe to mee,
What care I how kind shee bee?

10

15

Be she good, or kind, or fayre,
I will never more dispayre.
If she love mee, this believe,
I will dye ere she shall grieve:

20

F 3

If

If she slight mee, when I woe,
 I will scorne and let her goe:
 If she be not made for mee,
 What care I for whom she bee?

IV.

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

This seems to be the old song quoted in Fletcher's "Knight of the burning pestle," Acts 2d and 3d; altho' the six lines there preserved are somewhat different from those in the ballad, as it stands at present. The Reader will not wonder at this, when he is informed that this is only given from a modern printed copy picked up on a stall. It's full title is "Fair Margaret's Misfortunes; or Sweet William's frightful dreams on his wedding night, with the sudden death and burial of those noble lovers."——

The lines preserved in the play are this distich,

"You are no love for me, Margaret,

"I am no love for you."

And the following stanza,

"When it was grown to dark midnight,

"And all were fast asleep,

"In came Margarets grimly ghost

"And stood at Williams feet."

These lines have acquired an importance by giving birth to one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any language. See the song intituled MARGARET'S GHOST, at the end of this volume.

AS it fell out on a long summer's day
 Two lovers they sat on a hill;
 They sat together that long summer's day,
 And could not talk their fill.

I see no harm by you, Margarèt, 5
 And you see none by mee
 Before to-morrow at eight o' clock
 A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margaret sate in her bower-windòw,
 A combing of her hair ; 10
 She spyed sweet William and his bride,
 As they were a riding near.

Downe she layd her ivory combe,
 And up she bound her hair ;
 She went her way forth of the bower, 15
 But never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,
 And all men fast asleep,
 There came the spirit of fair Marg'ret,
 And stood at Williams feet. 20

God give you joy, you lovers true,
 In bride-bed fast asleep ;
 Lo ! I am going to my green-grass grave,
 And I'm in my winding-sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone, 25
 And all men wak'd from sleep,
 Sweet William to his lady sayd,
 My dear, I have cause to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear lady,
 Such dreames are never good. 30
 I dreamt my bower was full of red swine,
 And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured Sir,
 They never do prove good ;
 To dream thy bower was full of ' red' swine, 35
 And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called up his merry men all,
 By one, by two, and by three ;
 Saying, I'll away to fair Marg'rets bower,
 By the leave of my lady'. 40

And when he came to fair Marg'rets bower,
 He knocked at the ring ;
 So ready were her seven breth'rèn
 To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet, 45
 Pray let me see the dead :
 Methinks she does look pale and wan,
 She has lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margarèt,
 Than any of thy kin ; 50
 For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
 Though a smile I cannot win.

With that bespake the seven breth'rèn,
 Making most piteous mone :
 You may go kiss your jolly brown bride, 55
 And let our sifter alone.

If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
 I do but what is right ;
 For I made no vow to your sifter dear,
 By day, nor yet by night. 60

Pray tell me then how much you'll deal,
Of your white bread and your wine;
So much as is dealt at her funeral to-day,
To morrow shall be dealt at mine.

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day, 65
Sweet William dyed the morrow:
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,
And Willyam in the higher: 70
Out of her brest there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church-top,
Till they could grow no higher;
And there they grew in a true lovers knot, 75
Made all the folke admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
As you this truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

V.

BARBARA ALLEN's CRUELTY.

*Given, with some corrections from an old printed copy
in the editor's possession, intituled "Barbara Allen's cruel-
ty, or the young man's tragedy."*

IN Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
There was a faire maid dwellin,

F 5

Made

106 ANCIENT SONGS

Made every youth crye, wel-awaye!

Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrie month of May,

When greene buds they were swellin,

Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,

For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,

To the town, where shee was dwellin ;

You must come to my master deare,

Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face

And ore his heart is stealin :

Then haste away to comfort him,

O lovely Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,

And ore his hearte is stealin

Yet little better shall he bee,

For bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up,

And slowly she came nye him ;

And all she sayd, when there she came,

Yong man, I think y' are dying.

He turned his face unto her strait,

With deadlye sorrow sighing ;

O lovely maid, come pity mee,

Ime on my death-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,

What needs the tale you are tellin ?

I cannot

I cannot keep you from your death ;
Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,
As deadlye pangs he fell in :
Adieu ! adieu ! adieu to you all, 35
Adieu to Barbara Allen.

As she was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bell a knellin ;
And every stroke did seem to saye,
Unworthy Barbara Allen. 40

She turnd her body round about t,
And spied the corps a coming :
Laye down, laye downe the corps, she sayd,
That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she looked downe, 45
Her cheeke with laughter swellin ;
That all her friends cryd out amaine,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

When he was dead and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrowe, 50
O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall dye to morrowe.

Hard harted creature him to sight,
Who loved me so dearlye :
O that I had beene more kind to him, 55
When he was live and neare me !

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
Beg'd to be buried by him :

And

And fore repented of the daye,
That she did ere denye him.

60

Farewell, she sayd, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

**

VI.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

From Allan Ramsay's Tea Table miscellany. The concluding stanza of this piece seems modern.

THERE came a ghost to Margaret's door,
With many a grievous grone,
And ay he tirl'd at the pin;
But answer made she none.

Is this my father Philip?
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willie,
From Scotland new come home?

5

Tis not thy father Philip;
Nor yet thy brother John:
But tis thy true love Willie
From Scotland new come home.

10

O sweet Margret! O dear Margret!
I pray thee speak to mee:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.

15

Thy

Thy faith and troth thou'lt nevir get,
 ' Of me shalt nevir win,'
 Till that thou come within my bower,
 And kifs my cheek and chin. 20

If I should come within thy bower,
 I am no earthly man:
 And should I kifs thy rosy lipp,
 Thy days will not be lang.

O sweet Margret, O dear Margret, 25
 I pray thee speak to mee:
 Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
 As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'lt nevir get,
 ' Of me shalt nevir win,' 30
 Till thou take me to yon kirk yard,
 And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in a kirk yard
 A far beyond the sea,
 And it is but my sprite, Margret, 35
 That's speaking now to thee.

She stretched out her lilly-white hand,
 As for to do her best:
 Hae there your faith and troth, Willie, 40
 God send your soul good rest.

Now she has kilted her robes of green,
 A piece below her knee:
 And a' the live-lang winter night
 The dead corps followed thee.

110 ANTIEN T SONGS

Is there any room at your head, Willie? 45
 Or any room at your feet?
 Or any room at your side, Willie,
 Wherein that I may creep?

There's nae room at my head, Margret,
 There's nae room at my feet, 50
 There's nae room at my side, Margret,
 My coffin is made so meet.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
 And up then crew the gray:
 Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret, 55
 That you were gane away.

No more the ghost to Margret said,
 But, with a grievous grone,
 Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
 And left her all alone. 60

O stay, my only true love, stay,
 The constant Margret cried:
 Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
 Stretch'd her fast limbs, and died.

VII.

SIR JOHN GREHME AND BARBARA ALLAN.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

*Printed, with a few conjectural emendations, from a
 written copy.*

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
 When the greene leaves wer a fallan;

That

That Sir John Grehme o' the west countrie,
Fell in luv wi' Barbara Allen.

He sent his man down throw the towne,
To the plaice wher she was dwellan :
O haste and cum to my maister deare,
Gin ye bin Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly, raise she up,
To the plaice wher he was dyan ;
And whan she drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think ye're lyan.

O its Im sick, and very very sick,
And its a' for Barbara Allan :
O the better for me ye'se never be,
Though your harts blude wer spillan.

Remember ye nat in the tavern, fir,
Whan ye the cups were fillan ;
How ye maide the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan ?

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealan ;
Adiew ! adiew ! my dear friends a',
Be kind to Barbara Allan.

Then hooly, hooly, raise she up,
And hooly, hooly left him ;
And fighan said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had rest him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
Whan she heard the deid-bell knellan ;

And

And everye jow the deid-bell geid,
Cried, wae to Barbara Allan!

O mither, mither, mak my bed,
O mak it fast and narrow :
Since my luve died for me to day,
Ile die for him to morrowe.

35

VIII.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.*

From an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, with some improvements communicated by a lady as she heard the same repeated in her youth. The full title is, "True love requited : Or, The Bailiffes daughter of Islington,"

THere was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a squire's son :
He loved the bayliffes daughter deare,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye and would not believe
That he did love her soe,
Noe nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him shewe.

5

But when his friendes did understand
His fond and foolish minde,
They sent him up to faire London
An apprentice for to binde.

10

And

* ISLINGTON in Norfolk is probably the place here meant.

And when he had been seven long yeares,
And never his love could see :
Many a tear have I shed for her sake, 15
When she little thought of mee.

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and playe,
All but the bayliffes daughter deare ;
She secretly stole awaye. 20

She pulled off her gowne of greene,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would goe
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high-road, 25
The weather being hot and drye,
She sat her downe upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a colour soe redd,
Catching hold of his bridle-reine ; 30
One penny, one penny, kind sir, she sayd,
Will ease me of much paine.

Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Praye tell me where you were borne.
At Islington, kind sir, sayd shee, 35
Where I have had many a scorne.

I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,
O tell me, whether you knowe
The bayliffes daughter of Islington.
She is dead, sir, long agoe. 40

H

If she be dead, then take my horse,
 My saddle and my bowe ;
 For I will into some farr countrie,
 Where noe man shall me knowe.

O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe,
 She standeth by thy side ;
 She is here alive, she is not dead,
 And readye to be thy bride.

O farewell grieve, and welcome joye,
 Ten thousand times therefore ;
 For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,
 Whom I thought I should never see more.

IX.

THE WILLOW-TREE.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

From the small black-letter collection, intituled, "The Golden Garland of princely delights;" collated with two other copies and corrected by conjecture.

WILLY.

HOW now, shepherde, what meanes that ?
 Why that willowe in thy hat ?
 Why thy scarffes of red and yellowe
 Turn'd to branches of greene willowe ?

CUDDY.

They are chang'd, and so am I ;
 Sorrowes live, but pleasures die :
 Phillis hath forsaken mee,
 Which makes me weare the willow-tree.

WILLY.

WILLY.

Phillis ! shee that lov'd thee long ?
Is shee the las that hath done thee wrong ? 10
Shee that lov'd thee long and best,
Is her love turn'd to a jest ?

CUDDY.

Shee that long true love profest,
She hath robb'd my heart of rest :
For she a new love loves, not mee ; 15
Which makes me wear the willow-tree.

WILLY.

Come then, shepherde, let us joine,
Since thy happ is like to mine :
For the maid I thought most true
Mee hath also bid adieu. 20

CUDDY.

Thy hard happ doth mine appease,
Companye doth sorrowe ease :
Yet, Phillis, still I pine for thee,
And still must weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Shepherde, be advis'd by mee, 25
Cast off grief and willowe-tree :
For thy grief brings her content,
She is pleas'd if thou lament.

CUDDY.

Herdsmen, I'll be rul'd by thee,
There lyes grief and willowe-tree : 30
Henceforth I will do as they,
And love a new love every day. * *

X.

THE LADY'S FALL.

*From the editor's ancient folio MS. collated with two printed copies in black letter; one in the British Museum, the other in the Pepys collection. Its old title is "A lamentable ballad of the Lady's fall. * To the tune of, "In Pescod Time, &c."*

MARKE well my heavy dolefull tale,
You loyall lovers all,

And heedfully beare in your brest,

A gallant ladyes fall.

Long was she woo'd, ere she was wonne,

To lead a wedded life,

But follye wrought her overthrowe

Before she was a wife.

Too soone, alas ! shee gave consent

And yeelded to his will,

Though he protested to be true,

And faithfull to her still.

Shee felt her body altered quite,

Her bright hue waxed pale,

Her

** To the tune of, "In Pescod Time, &c.]"—The ballad here referred to is preserved in the MUSES Library, 8vo. p. 281. It is an allegory or vision, intitled, "THE SHEPHERD'S SLUMBER," and opens with some pretty rural images, viz.*

"In Pescod Time when bound to horn

"Gives eare till buck be killed,

"And little lads with pipes of corne

"Sate keeping beasts a field,

"I went to gather strawberries

"By woods and groves full fair, &c.

Her lovely cheeks chang'd color white, 15
Her strength began to fayle.

Soe that with many a sorrowful sigh,
This beauteous ladye milde,
With greeved hart, perceiv'd herselfe
To have conceiv'd with childe. 20
Shee kept it from her parents sight
As close as close might bee,
And soe put on her silken gowne
None might her swelling see.

Unto her lover secretly 25
Her greefe shee did bewray,
And walking with him hand in hand,
These words to him did say ;
Behold, quoth shee, a maids distresse
By love brought to thy bowe, 30
Behold I goe with childe by thee,
But none thereof doth knowe.

The little babe springs in my wombe
To heare its fathers voyce,
Lett it not be a bastard call'd, 35
Sith I made thee my choyce :
Come, come, my love, perform thy vowe
And wed me out of hand ;
O leave me not in this extreame,
In grieve alwayes to stand. 40

Thinke on thy former promises,
Thy oathes and voves eche one ;
Remember with what bitter teares
To mee thou madest thy moane.

Convey

Convey me to some secrett place,
 And marry we with speede ;
 Or with thy rapyer end my life,
 Ere further shame procede.

Alacke ! my dearest love, quoth hee,
 My greatest joye on earthe,
 Which waye can I convey thee hence,
 Without a sudden death ?
 Thy friends are all of hye degree,
 And I of meane estate ;
 Full hard it is to gett thee forth
 Out of thy fathers gate.

Dread not thy life to save my fame,
 For if thou taken bee,
 My selfe will step betweene the swords,
 And take the harme on mee :
 Soe shall I scape dishonor quite ;
 And if I should be slaine
 What could they say, but that true love
 Had wrought a ladies bane.

And feare not any further harme ;
 My selfe will soe devise,
 That I will ryde away with thee
 Unknowne of mortal eyes ;
 Disguised like some pretty page,
 Ile meete thee in the darke,
 And all alone Ile come to thee,
 Hard by my fathers parke.

And there, quoth hee, Ile meete my deare
 If God soe lend me life,

On this day month without all faile 75
I will make thee my wife.

Then with a sweet and loving kisse,
They parted presentlye,
And at their partinge brinish teares
Stoode in eche others eye. 80

Att length the wished day was come,
On which this beauteous mayd,
With longing eyes, and strange attire,
For her true lover stayd : 85

When any person shee espyed
Come ryding ore the plaine,
She hop'd it was her owne true love :
But all her hopes were vaine.

Then did shee weepe and fore bewayle
Her most unhappy fate ; 90

Then did shee speake these woefull words,
As succourless shee fate :
O false, forsworne, and faithlesse man,
Disloyall in thy love,

Hast thou forgott thy promise past, 95
And wilt thou perjur'd prove ?

And hast thou now forsaken mee
In this my great distresse,

To end my dayes in open shame,
Which thou mightst well redresse ? 100

Woe worth the time I eer believ'd
That flattering tongue of thine ;
Would God that I had never seene
The teares of thy false eyne.

And

And thus with many sorrowful sighs, 105

Homewards she went againe ;

Noe rest came in her waterye eyes,

She felt such privye paine.

In travail strong shee fell that night,

With many a bitter throwe ; 110

What woefull pangs shee then did feel,

Doth eche good woman knowe.

Shee called up her waiting mayd,

That lay at her bedds feete,

Who musing at her mistresse woe, 115

Began full fast to weepe.

Weepe not, said shee, but shutt the dores,

And windowes round about,

Let none bewray my wretched state,

But keepe all persons out. 120

O mistresse, call your mother deare,

Of women you have neede,

And of some skilful midwifes helpe,

That better you may speed.

Call not my mother for thy life, 125

Nor fetch no women here,

The midwifes helpe comes all too late,

My death I doe not feare.

With that the babe sprang from her wombe

No creature being nye, 130

And with one sigh, which brake her heart,

This gallant dame did dye.

The lovely little infant yonge,

The mother being dead,

Resigned its new received breath 135

To him that had it made.

Next

Next morning came her own true love,
 Affrighted at the newes,
 And he for sorrow slew himselfe,
 Whom eche one did accuse. 140
 The mother with her new borne babe,
 Were both laid in one grave,
 Their parents overcome with woe,
 No joy thenceforth cold have.

Take heed, you daintye damselles all, 145
 Of flattering words beware,
 And of the honour of your name
 Have an especial care.
 Too true, alas ! this story is,
 As many one can tell. 150
 By others harmes learne to be wise,
 And you shall do full well.

XI.

WALY WALY, LOVE BE BONNY.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

This is a very ancient song, but we could only give it from modern copies. Some editions instead of the four last lines in the second stanza have these, which have too much merit to be wholly suppressed,

“ Whan cockle shells turn filler bells,

“ And muscles grow on every tree,

“ Whan frost and snaw fall warm us aw’,

“ Than fall my love prove true to me.”

See the Orpheus Caledonius, &c., Arthur-seat mentioned in ver. 17. is a hill near Edinborough. St. Anthony’s well is also in the neighbourhood of Edinborough.

O Waly waly up the bank,
 And waly waly down the brae,
 And waly waly yon burn side,
 Where I and my love wer wont to gae.
 I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree ;
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonny,
 A little time while it is new,
 But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,
 And fades awa' like morning dew.
 O wherfore shuld I busk my head ?
 Or wherfore shuld I kame my hair ?
 For my true love has me forlook,
 And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat fall be my bed,
 The sheets fall neir be fyl'd by me :
 Saint Anton's well fall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
 Marti'mas wind, whan wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
 O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum ?
 For of my life I am weale.

Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaws inclemencie :
 Tis not sic cauld, that makes me cry,
 But my loves heart grown cauld to me.
 Whan we came in by Glasgowe-town,
 We were a comely sight to see,
 My love was cled i' th' black velvet,
 And I my sell in cramasie.

But

But had I wist, before I kist,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd, 35
 And pinnd it with a filler pin.
 Oh oh ! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurfes knee,
 And I my sell were dead and gane !
 For a maid again Ise never be. 40

XII.

THE WANTON WIFE OF BATH.

From an ancient copy in black-print, in the Pepys collection. Mr. Addison has pronounced this an excellent ballad : See the Spectator, No. 248.

IN Bath a wanton wife did dwelle,
 As Chaucer he doth write ;
 Who did in pleasure spend her dayes,
 And many a fond delight.

Upon a time fore sicke she was
 And at the length did dye ;
 And then her soul at heaven gate,
 Did knocke most mightilye.

First Adam came unto the gate :
 Who knocketh there? quoth hee. 10
 I am the wife of Bath, she sayd,
 And faine would come to thee.

Thou art a sinner, Adam sayd,
 And here no place shalt have.

And so art thou, I trowe, quoth shee, 15
Now gip you doting knave.

I will come in, in spight, she sayd,
Of all such churles as thee ;
Thou wert the causer of our woe,
Our paine and misery : 20

And first broke Gods commandiments,
In pleasure of thy wife.
When Adam heard her tell this tale,
He ranne away for life.

Then down came Jacob at the gate, 25
And bids her packe to hell,
Thou false deceiving knave, quoth shee,
Thou mayst be there as well.

For thou deceiv'dst thy father deare,
And thine own brother too. 30
Away ' flunk' Jacob presently,
And made no more adoo.

She knockes again with might and maine,
And Lot he chides her fraite.
How now, quoth she, thou drunken asf, 35
Who bade thee here to prate ?

With thy two daughters thou didst lye,
On them two bastardes got.
And thus most tauntingly she chaft
Against poor silly Lot. 40

*Ver. 16. Gip, gep, or guep, is a common interjection
of contempt in our old poets. See Gray's Hudibras, pt. 1.
canto 3. v. 202. note.*

Who calleth there, quoth Judith then,
 With such shrill sounding notes?
 This fine minckes surely came not here,
 Quoth she, for cutting throats.

Good Lord, how Judith blush'd for shame, 45
 When she heard her say foe!
 King David hearing of the same,
 He to the gate would goe.

Quoth David, who knockes there so loud,
 And maketh all this strife? 50
 You were more kinde, good Sir, she sayd,
 Unto Uriah's wife.

And when thy servant thou didst cause
 In battle to be slaine;
 Thou causedst far more strife than I, 55
 Who would come here so faine.

The woman's mad, quoth Solomon,
 That thus doth taunt a king.
 Not half so mad as you, she sayd,
 I trowe, in manye a thing. 60

Thou hadst seven hundred wives at once,
 For whom thou didst provide;
 And yet, god wot, three hundred whores
 Thou must maintaine beside:

And they made thee forsake thy God, 65
 And worship stockes and stones;
 Besides the charge they put thee to
 In breeding of young bones.

Hadst thou not bin beside thy wits,
 Thou wouldst not thus have ventur'd ; 70
 And therefore I do marvel much,
 How thou this place hast enter'd.

I never heard, quoth Jonas then,
 So vile a scold as this.
 Thou whore-son run-away, quoth she, 75
 'Thou diddest more amiss.

'They say', quoth Thomas, womens tongues
 Of aspen-leaves are made.
 Thou unbelieving wretch, quoth she,
 All is not true that's sayd. 80

When Mary Magdalen heard her then,
 She came unto the gate.
 Quoth she, good woman, you must think
 Upon your former state.

No sinner enters in this place 85
 Quoth Mary Magdalene. Then
 'Twere ill for you, fair mistress mine,
 She answered her agen :

You for your honestye, quoth she,
 Had once been ston'd to death ; 90
 Had not our Saviour Christ come by,
 And written on the earth.

It was not by your occupation,
 You are become divine :
 I hope my soul in Christ his passion, 95
 Shall be as safe as thine.

Uprose

Ver. 77. I think. P.

Up rose the good apostle Paul,
 And to this wife he cryed,
 Except thou shake thy sins away,
 Thou here shalt be denyed.

100

Remember, Paul, what thou hast done,
 All through a lewd desire :
 How thou didst persecute God's church,
 With wrath as hot as fire.

Then up starts Peter at the last,
 And to the gate he hies :
 Fond fool, quoth he, knock not so fast,
 Thou weariest Christ with cries.

105

Peter, said she, content thyselfe,
 For mercye may be won,
 I never did deny my Christ,
 As thou thyselfe hast done.

110

When as our Saviour Christ heard this,
 With heavenly angels bright,
 He comes unto this sinful soul,
 Who trembled at his sight.

115

Of him for mercye she did crave.

Quoth he, thou has refus'd
 My profferd grace, and mercy both,
 And much my name abus'd.

120

Sore have I sinned, Lord, she sayd,
 And spent my time in vaine,
 But bring me like a wandring sheepe
 Into thy flocke againe.

O Lord my God, I will attend
My former wicked vice :
The thief for one poor silly word,
Past into paradise. 125

My lawes and my commandiments,
Saith Christ, were knowne to thee :
But of the same in any wise,
Not yet one word did yee. 130

I grant the same, O Lord, quoth she :
Most lewdly did I live :
But yet the loving father did
His prodigal son forgive. 135

So I forgive thy soul, he sayd,
Through thy repenting crye ;
Come enter then into my joy,
I will not thee denye. 140

XIII.

THE AULD GOOD-MAN.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

We have not been able to meet with a more ancient copy of this humorous old song, than that printed in the Tea-Table miscellany, &c. which seems to have admitted some corruptions.

LATE in an evening forth I went
A little before the sun gade down,
And there I chanc't, by accident,
To light on a battle new begun :

A man

A man and his wife wer fawn in a strife, 5
 I canna weel tell ye how it began;
 But aye she wail'd her wretched life,
 And cryed evir, alake, mine auld good man!

HE.

Thy auld goodman, that thou tells of,
 The country kens where he was born, 10
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn:
 For he did spend and make an end
 Of gear 'his fathers nevir' wan,
 He gart the poor stand frae the door; 15
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake; is liken to break,
 Whan I think on my winsome John,
 His blinkan ee, and gait fae free,
 Was naithing like thee, thou dosend drone; 20
 Wi' his rosie face, and flaxen hair,
 And a skin as white as ony swan,
 He was large and tall, and comely withall,
 Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou plein? I thee maintein, 25
 For meal and mawt thou disna want;
 But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now whan our gear gins to grow scant.
 Of household stuff, thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan; 30
 Of sicklike ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

G 5

SHE

SHE.

Yes I may tell, and fret my fell,
 To think on those blyth days I had,
 Whan I and he, together ley
 In armes into a well-made bed :
 But now I sigh and may be sad,
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
 Thou falds thy feet and fa's asleep :
 Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman.

Then coming was the night fae dark,
 And gane was a' the light of day ?
 The earle was fear'd to miss his mark,
 And therefore wad nea longer stay :
 Then up he gat, and ran his way,
 I trowe, the wife the day she wan,
 And aye the owreward of the fray
 Was evir, alake ! mine auld goodman.

XIV.

THE LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY.

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, collated with another in the British Museum, H. 263. folio. It is there entitled, "The Lady Isabella's Tragedy, or The Step-Mother's Cruelty : being a relation of a lamentable and cruel murther, committed on the body of the Lady Isabella, the only daughter of a noble duke, &c.—To the tune of the Lady's Fall."

THERE was a lord of worthy fame,
 And a hunting he would ride,
 Attended by a noble traine
 Of gentrye by his side.

And

And while he did in chaise remaine,
To see both sport and playe;
His ladye went, as she did feigne,
Unto the church to praye. 5

This lord he had a daughter faire,
Whose beauty shone so bright, 10
She was belov'd, both far and neare,
Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Isabella was she call'd,
A creature faire was shee;
She was her fathers only joye;
As you shall after see. 15

Therefore her cruel step-mother
Did envye her so much;
That day by day she sought her life,
Her malice it was such. 20

She bargain'd with the master-cook;
To take her life awaye;
And taking of her daughters book,
She thus to her did saye.

Go home, sweet daughter, I thee praye, 25
Go hasten presentlie;
And tell unto the master-cook,
These wordes that I tell thee:

And bid him dresse to dinner streight,
That faire and milk-white doe; 30
That in the parke doth shine so bright,
There's none so faire to showe.

This ladye fearing of no harme,
 Obey'd her mothers will:
 And presentlye she hasted home,
 Her pleasure to fulfill. 35

She streight into the kitchen went,
 Her message for to tell;
 And there she spied the master-cook,
 Who did with malice swell. 40

Nowe, master-cook, it must be soe,
 Do that which I thee tell:
 You needes must dresse the milk-white doe,
 Which you do knowe full well.

Then streight his cruell bloodye hands,
 He on the ladye layd;
 Who quivering and shaking stands,
 While thus to her he sayd: 45

Thou art the doe, that I must dresse;
 See here, behold my knife;
 For it is pointed presentlye,
 To ridd thee of thy life. 50

O then, cried out the scullion-boye,
 As loud as loud might bee:
 O save her life, good master-cook,
 And make your pyes of mee! 55

For pityes sake do not destroye
 My ladye with your knife;
 You know she is her father's joye,
 For Christes sake save her life. 60

I will

I will not save her life, he sayd,
Nor make my pyes of thee;
Yet if thou dost this deed bewraye,
Thy butcher I will bee.

Now when this lord he did come home 65
For to sit downe and eat;
He called for his daughter deare,
To come and carve his meat.

Now sit you downe, his ladye sayd,
O sit you downe to meat: 70
Into some nunnery she is gone;
Your daughter deare forget.

Then solemnlye he made a vowe,
Before the companie:
That he would neither eat nor drinke, 75
Until he did her see.

O then bespake the scullion-boye,
With a loud voice so hye:
If now you will your daughter see,
My lord, cut up that pye: 80

Wherein her fleshe is minced small,
And parched with the fire;
All caused by her step-mother,
Who did her death desire.

And cursed bee the maister-cook, 85
O cursed may he bee!
I proffered him my own hearts blood,
From death to set her free.

Then

Then all in blacke this lord did mourne;

And for his daughters sake,

He judg'd her cruell step-mother

To be burnt at a stake.

90

Likewise he judg'd the master-cook

In boiling lead to stand;

And made the simple scullion-boye

The heir of all his land.

95

XV.

A HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID.

From Ben Jonson's Masque at the marriage of lord viscount Hadington, on Shrove-Tuesday 1608. One stanza full of dry mythology we have omitted, as we found it dropt in a copy of this song printed in a small volume called "Le Prince d'amour. Lond. 1660."

8vo.

BEAUTIES, have yee seen a toy,

Called Love, a little boy,

Almost naked, wanton, blinde;

Cruel now; and then as kinde?

If he be amongst yee, say,

He is Venus' run-away.

5

Shee, that will but now discover

Where the winged wag doth hover,

Shall to-night receive a kisse,

How and where herselfe would wish:

10

But; who brings him to his mother,

Shall have that kisse, and another.

Markes he hath about him plentie

You may know him, among twentie.

All

90 All his body is a fire, 15
And his breath a flame entire :
Which being shot, like lightning, in
Woundes the heart, but not the skin.

95 Wings he hath, which though yee clip, 20
He will leape from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
Yet not stay in any part.
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himselfe in kisses.

ord
ne
we
a
0." He doth beare a golden bow, 25
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrowes, which outbrave
Dian's shafts ; where, if he have
Any head more sharpe than other,
With that first he strikes his mother. 30

5 Still the fairest are his fuell,
When his daies are to be cruell,
Lovers hearts are all his food,
And his bathes their warmest blood :
Nought but wounds his hand doth season, 35
And he hates none like to Reason.

10 Trust him not : his words, though sweet,
Seldome with his heart doe meet,
All his practice is deceit ;
Everie gift is but a bait. 40
Not a kisse, but poyson beares ;
And most treason in his teares.

Idle minutes are his raigne ;
Then the straggler makes his gaine,

By

By presenting maids with toyes 45
 And would have yee thinke hem joyes:
 'Tis the ambition of the elfe,
 To have all childish, as himselfe.

If by these yee please to know him,
 Beauties, be not nice, but shew him. 50
 Though yee had a will to hide him,
 Now, we hope, yee'le not abide him,
 Since yee heare this falser's play,
 And that he is Venus' run-away.

XVI.

THE KING OF FRANCE'S DAUGHTER.

From the Editor's ancient folio MS. collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, intituled, "An excellent Ballad of a prince of England's courtship to the king of France's daughter, &c. To the tune of "Crimson Velvet."

Many breaches having been made in this old song by the hand of time, principally (as might be expected) in the quick returns of the rhyme; we have attempted to repair them.

IN the dayes of old,
 When faire France did flourish,
 Storyes plaine have told,
 Lovers felt annoye.
 The queene a daughter bare, 5
 Whom beautyes queene did nourish:
 She was lovely faire,
 She was her fathers joye.
 A prince of England came,
 Whose deeds did merit fame, 10

But

But he was exil'd, and outcast :
 Love his soul did fire,
 Shee granted his desire,
 Their hearts in one were linked fast.
 Which when her father proved, 15
 Sorelye he was moved,
 And tormented in his minde.
 He sought for to prevent them ;
 And to discontent them
 Fortune crossed ' these' lovers kinde. 20
 When these princes twaine,
 Were thus barr'd of pleasure,
 Through the kings disdaine,
 Which their joyes withstoode :
 The lady soone prepar'd 25
 Her jewells and her treasure ;
 Having no regard
 For state and royall bloode ;
 In homelye poore array,
 She went from court away, 30
 To meet her joye and hearts delight ;
 Who in the forrest great
 Had taken up his seat,
 To wayt her coming in the night,
 But, lo ! what suddan danger, 35
 To this princely stranger
 Chanced, as he fate alone !
 By outlawes he was robbed,
 And with ponyards stabbed,
 Uttering many a dying grone. 40
 The princeesse, arm'd by love,
 And by chaste desire,
 All

All the night did rove

Without dread at all :

Still unknowne she past

In her strange attire ;

Coming at the last

Within echoes call,

You faire woods, quoth shee ;

Honoured may you bee,

Harbouring my hearts delight ;

Which encompass here

My joye and only deare,

My truistye friend, and comelye knight.

Sweete, I come unto thee,

Sweete, I come to woo thee,

That thou mayst not angrie bee

For my long delaying :

For thy curteous staying

Soone amendes Ile make to thee.

Passing thus alone

Through the silent forrest,

Many a grievous grone

Sounded in her eares :

She heard one complayne

And lament the forest,

Seeming all in payne,

Shedding deadly teares.

Farewell, my deare, quoth hee,

Whom I must never see,

For why my life is att an end,

Through villaines crueltye :

For thy sweet sake I dye,

To show I am a faithfull friend.

Here

Here I lye a bleeding, 75

While my thoughts are feeding

On the rarest beautye found.

O hard happ, that may be!

Little knowes my ladye

My heartes blood lyes on the ground. 80

With that a grone he sends

Which did burst in sunder

All the tender 'bands'

Of his gentle heart.

She, who knewe his voice,

At his wordes did wonder; 85

All her former joyes

Did to grieve convert.

Straight she ran to see,

Who this man shold bee,

That soe like her love did seeme: 90

Her lovely lord she found

Lye slaine upon the ground,

Smear'd with gore a ghastlye streame,

Which his lady spying,

Shrieking, fainting, crying, 95

Her sorrows cold not uttered bee:

Fate, she cryed, too cruell!

For thee—my dearest jewell,

Would God! that I had dyed for thee. 100

His pale lippes, alas!

Twentye times she kissed,

And his face did wash,

With her trickling teares:

Every gaping wound

Tenderlye she pressed,

And

And did wipe it round
 With her golden haire,
 Speake, faire love, quoth shee,
 Speake, faire prince, to mee, 110
 One sweete word of comfort give,
 Lift up thy deare eyes,
 Listen to my cryes,
 Thinke in what sad griefe I live.
 All in vaine shee sued, 115
 All in vaine shee wooed,
 The princes life was fled and gone:
 There stood shee still mourning,
 Till the suns retourning,
 And bright day was coming on. 120

In this great distresse
 Weeping, wayling ever,
 Oft shee cryed, alas!
 What will become of mee?
 To my fathers court 125
 I returne will never:
 But in lowlye fort
 Will a servante bee.
 While thus shee made her mone,
 Weeping all alone, 130
 In this deepe and deadlye feare:
 A for'ter all in greene,
 Most comelye to be seene,
 Ranging the woods did find her there.
 Moved with her sorrowe, 135
 Maid, quoth he, good morrowe,
 What hard happ has brought thee here?
 Harder happ did never

Two kinde hearts dissever :
Here lyes slaine my brother deare. 140

Where might I remaine,
Gentle for'ster, shew me,
Till I could obtaine
A service in my neede?
Paines I will not spare. 145

This kinde favour doe me,
It will ease my care ;
Heaven shall be thy meede.
The for'ster all amazed,
On her beautye gazed, 150
Till his heart was set on fire.

If, faire maid, quoth hee,
You will goe with mee,
You shall have your hearts desire.
He brought her to his mother, 155
And above all other

He sett forth this maidens praise.
Long was his heart inflamed,
At length her love he gained,
And fortune crown'd his future dayes. 160

Thus unknowne he wedde
With a kings faire daughter ;
Children seven they had,
Ere she told her birth.
Which when once he knew, 165
Humblye he besought her
He to the world might shew,
Her rank and princely worth.
He cloath'd his children then,
(Not like other men) 170
In

In partye-colours strange to see;
 The right side cloth of gold,
 The left side to behold,

Of wollen cloth still framed hee.
 Men thereatt did wonder;
 Golden fame did thunder

175

This strange deede in every place:
 The king of France came thither,
 Being pleasant weather,

In these woods the hart to chase.

180

The children then they bring,
 So their mother will'd it,

Where the royall king,

Must of force come bye:

Their mothers riche array,

185

Was of crimson velvet:

Their fathers all of gray,

Seemelye to the eye.

Then this famous king,

Noting every thing,

190

Askt how he durst be so bold

To let his wife foe weare,

And decke his children there,

In costly robes of pearl and gold.

The forrester replying,

195

And the cause descrying *,

To the king these words did say,

Well may they, by their mother,

Weare rich clothes with other,

Being by birth a princeffe gay.

200

* i. e. describing. See Gloss.

The

The king aroused thus,
 More heedfully beheld them,
 Till a crimson blush
 His remembrance crost.
 The more I fix my mind 205
 On thy wife and children,
 The more methinks I find
 The daughter which I lost.
 I am that child, quoth shee,
 Falling on her knee, 210
 Pardon mee, my soveraine liege.
 The king perceiving this,
 His daughter deare did kifs,
 While joyfull teares did stopp his speeche.
 With his traine he tourned, 215
 And with them sojourned.
 Strait he dubb'd her husband knight,
 Then made him erle of Flanders,
 And chiefe of his commanders,
 Thus were their sorrowes put to flight. 220

* *

XVII.

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

This little madrigal is in imitation of a Latin poem printed at the end of the variorum Edit. of Petronius, beginning "Semper munditias, semper Basilissa, decoras, &c." See Whalley's Ben Jonson, vol. 2. p. 420.

From Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, Act. 1. Sc. 1. First acted in 1609.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
 As you were going to a feast;

Still

Still to be pou'dred, still perfum'd:
 Lady, it is to be presum'd,
 Though arts hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face;
 That makes simplicitie a grace;
 Robes loosely flowing, haire as free:
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
 Than all th' adulteries of art,
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

XVIII.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

The subject of this very popular ballad (which has been set in so favourable a light by the Spectator, N^o 85.) seems to be taken from an old play, intitled, "Two lamentable Tragedies, The one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thames-streete, &c. The other of a young child murthured in a wood by two ruffins, with the consent of his unkle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601. 4to." Our ballad-maker has strictly followed the play in the description of the father and mother's dying charge: in the uncle's promise to take care of their issue: his hiring two ruffians to destroy his ward, under pretence of sending him to school: their chusing a wood to perpetrate the murder in: one of the ruffians relenting, and a battle ensuing, &c. In other respects he has departed from the play. In the latter the scene is laid in Padua: there is but one child: which is murdered by a sudden stab of the unrelenting ruffian: he is slain himself by his less bloody companion, but ere he dies gives the other a mortal wound: the latter living but just long enough to impeach the uncle: who in consequence of this impeachment is arraigned and executed by the hand of justice, &c. Whoever compares the play with the ballad,

will

will have no doubt but the former is the original: the language is far more obsolete, and such a vein of simplicity runs thro' the whole performance, that had the ballad been written first, there is no doubt but every circumstance of it would have been received into the drama: whereas this was probably built on some Italian novel.

Printed from two ancient copies one of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection. Its title at large is, "The Children in the Wood: or, The Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament: To the tune of Rogero, &c."

NOW ponder well, ye parents deare,
These wordes, which I shall write;

A doleful story you shall heare,
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman of good account, 5
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save: 10
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possesse one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde,
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed, 15
And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years olde;
The other a girl more young than he,
And fram'd in beautyes molde: 20
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane 25
 Five hundred poundes in gold,
 To be paid downe on marriage-day,
 Which might not be controll'd;
 But if the children chance to dye,
 Ere they to age should come, 30
 Their uncle should possesse their wealth
 For so the wille did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
 Look to my children deare,
 Be good unto my boy and girl, 35
 No friendes else have they here:
 To God and you I recommend
 My children deare this daye,
 But little while be sure we have
 Within this world to staye. 40

You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle all in one;
 God knowes what will become of them,
 When I am dead and gone.
 With that bespake their mother deare, 45
 O brother kinde, quoth shee,
 You are the man must bring our babes
 To wealth or miserie.

And if you keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward; 50
 But if you otherwise should deal,
 God will your deeds regard.
 With lippes as cold as any stone,
 They kist their children small:
 God blefs you both, my children deare; 55
 With that the teares did fall.

These

These speeches then their brother spake,
 To this sicke couple there,
 The keeping of your children sinall,
 Sweet sister, do not feare ; 60
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children deare,
 When you are layd in grave.

The parents being dead and gone, 65
 The children home he takes,
 And brings them straite unto his house,
 Where much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a daye, 70
 But, for their wealth, he did devise
 To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take these children young, 75
 And slay them in a wood :
 And told his wife and all he had,
 He did the children send
 To be brought up in fair London,
 With one that was his friend. 80

Away then went these pretty babes,
 Rejoycing at that tide,
 Rejoycing with a merry minde,
 They should on cock-hörse ride.

H 2

They

148 A N C I E N T S O N G S

They prate and prattle pleasantly, 85
 As they rode on the waye,
 To those that should their butchers be,
 And work their lives decaye.

So that the pretty speeche they had,
 Made murthers heart relent, 90
 And they that undertooke the deed,
 Full sore did now repent.
 Yet one of them more hard of heart,
 Did vowe to do his charge,
 Because the wretch, that hired him, 95
 Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
 So here they fell to strife,
 With one another they did fight,
 About the childrens life: 100
 And he that was of mildest mood,
 Did slaye the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood,
 While babes did quake for feare,

He took the children by the hand, 105
 Teares standing in their eye,
 And bad them straitwaye follow him,
 And look they did not crye:
 And two long miles he ledd them on,
 While they for bread complaine; 110
 Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you some,
 When I come back againe.

These

85 These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and downe;
 But never more could see the man 115
 Approaching from the town:
 Their prettye lippes with black-berries,
 Were all besmear'd and dyed,
 And when they sawe the darksome night,
 90 They sat them downe and cryed. 120

Thus wandered these two little babes,
 Till death did end their grief,
 In one anothers armes they dyed,
 95 As babes wanting relief:
 No burial 'this' pretty 'pair' 125
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin-red-breast painfully
 Did cover them with leaves.

100 And now the heavy wrathe of God
 Upon their uncle fell; 130
 Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt an hell:
 His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,
 His landes were barren made,
 105 His cattle dyed within the field, 135
 And nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal,
 Two of his sonnes did dye;
 110 And to conclude, himselfe was brought
 To want and miserye: 140

Ver. 125. these . . babes. P. P.

150 ANTIEN T SONG

He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven yeares came about.

And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand

145

These children for to kill,

Was for a robbery judged to dye,

Such was Gods blessed will;

Who did confesse the very truth,

As here hath been display'd:

150

Their uncle having dyed in gaol,

Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,

And overseers eke

Of children that be fatherless,

155

And infants mild and meek;

Take you example by this thing,

And yield to each his right,

Lest God with such like miserye

Your wicked minds requite.

160

XIX.

A LOVER OF LATE

From the Editor's folio Manuscript.

A Lover of late was I,
For Cupid would have it foe,

The boye that hath never an eye,

As everye man doth knowe:

I sigh'd and sobbed, and cryed, alas!

5

For her that laught, and call'd me afs.

Then

Then knew not I what to doe,
 When I saw it was all in vaine
 A ladye so coy to woe,
 Who gave me the asse so plaine: 10
 Yet would I her asse freelye bee,
 Soe shee would helpe and beare with mee.

An' I were as faire as shee,
 Or shee were as fond as I,
 What paire cold have made, as wee, 15
 So prettye a sympathye:
 I was as fond as shee was faire,
 But for all this we could not paire.

Paire with her that will for mee,
 With her I will never paire; 20
 That cunningly can be coy,
 For being a little faire.
 The asse I'll leave to her disdaine;
 And now I am myselfe againe.

XX.

THE KING AND MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have K. Edward IV. and the Tanner; K. Henry and the Soldier; K. James I. and the Tinker, &c. Of the latter sort, are K. Alfred and the Shepherd; K. Henry VIII. and the Cobler, &c.—A few of the best of these we have admitted into this collection. Both the author of the following ballad, and others who have written on the same plan, seem to have copied a very ancient poem, intitled JOHN THE REEVE, which is

built on an adventure of the same kind, that happened between K. Edward Longshanks, and one of his Reeves or Bailiffs. This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV. and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it. The editor has a copy in his ancient folio MS. but its length rendered it improper for this work, it consisting of more than 900 lines. It contains also some corruptions, and the editor chuses to defer its publication in hopes that some time or other he shall be able to remove them.

The following is printed from the editor's ancient folio MS. collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, intituled "A pleasant ballad of K. Henry II. " and the Miller of Mansfield, &c."

PART THE FIRST.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting
 To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;
 To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping:
 To merry Sherwood his nobles reparaire:
 Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
 For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day, rode the king pleasantlie,
 With all his princes and nobles eche one;
 Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
 Till the dark evening enforc'd hem turne home. 10
 Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
 All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,
 With a rude miller he mett at the last:
 Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham; 15
 Sir, quoth the miller, I meane not to jest,

Yet

Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,
You doe not lightlŷe goe out of your way.

Why, what dost thou think of me, quoth our king merrily,
Passing thy judgment upon me so brieŷe? 20

Good faith, sayd the miller, I mean not to flatter thee;

I guesŷe thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe:
Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,
Lest that I presentlŷe cracke thy knaves crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king, saying thus;
I am a gentleman; lodging doe lacke. 26

Thou hast not, quoth th' miller, one groat in thy purse;
All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe.

I have gold to discharge all that I call;
If it be forty pence, I will pay all. 30

If thou beest a true man, then quoth the miller,
I sweare by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night.

Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever.

Nay, soft, quoth the miller, thou mayst be a sprite.
Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake; 35
With none but honest men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the millers house;

Where they were seething of puddings and souŷe:
The miller first enter'd in, after him went the king;
Never came hee in ŷoe smoakŷe a house. 40

Now, quoth hee, let me ŷee here what you are?

Quoth our king, looke your fill, and doe not spare.

I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face;
With my ŷon Richard this night thou shalt lŷe.

Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth, 45
Yet is best, husband, to deal warilŷe.

Art thou noe run-away, prythee, youth, tell?
Shew me thy passport, and all shal be well.

Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye,
With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say; 50
I have noe passport, nor never was servitor,
But a poor courtyer, rode out of my way:
And for your kindness here offered to mee,
I will requite you in everye degree:

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye, 55
Saying, it seemeth, this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin.
Yea, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace,
When he doth speake to his betters in place. 60

Well, quo' the millers wife, young man, y'ere welcome
And, though I say it, well lodged shall bee: [here;
Fresh straw will I have, laid on thy bed so brave,
Good brown sheetes hempen likewise, quoth shee.
Aye, quoth the good man; and when that is done, 65
Thou shalt lye with no worse, than our own sonne.

Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true?
Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose?
Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?
I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are those? 70
Art thou not lowfy, nor scabby, quoth hee?
If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee.

This caus'd the king, suddenlye, to laugh most heartilye,
Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.
Then to their supper were they set orderlye, 75
With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes;

Nappy

Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,
Which did about the board merrilye trôwle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellowe, I'll drinke to thee,
And to all 'cuckolds, wherever they bee. 80

I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee heartily,
For my good welcome in everye degree.

And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne:
Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth lightfoote, 85
That we of his sweetnesse a little may taste;

A faire ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye;
Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no waste.

Here's dainty lightfoote, in faith, sayd the king,
I never before eate so daintye a thing. 90

I wis, quoth Richard, no daintye at all it is,
For we doe eate of it everye day.

In what place, sayd our king, may be bought like to this?
We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:

From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here; 95
Now and then we make bold with our kings deer.

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venison.

Eche fool, quoth Richard, full well may know that:
Never are wee without two or three in the roof,

Very well fleshed, and excellent fat: 100
But, prythee, say nothing wherever thou goe;

We wold not, for two pence, the king should it knowe.

Ver. 80. courtnalls, that courteous be. MS. and P.

Doubt

Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promist secrefye;
 The king shall never know more on't for mee.
 A cupp of lambs wool they dranke unto him then, 105
 And to their bedds they past presentlie.
 The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
 For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers 'cott', soone they espy'd him out,
 As he was mounting upon his faire steede; 110
 To whom they came presently, falling down on their
 Which made the millers heart wofully bleede: [knee;
 Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
 Thinking he should have been hang'd, by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling, 115
 Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed:
 The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,
 Doubting the king would have cut off his head:
 But he his kind courtesye for to requite,
 Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight. 120

PART THE SECOND.

WHen as our royal king came home from Notting-
 And with his nobles at Westminster lay; [ham
 Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,
 In this late progress along on the way;
 Of them all, great and small, he did protest, 5
 The miller of Mansfield liked him best.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I am determin'd
 Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,
 That this old miller, our new confirmed knight,
 With his son Richard, shal here be my guest: 10
 For

For in this merriment, 'tis my desire
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire.

When as the noble lords saw the kinges pleasantness,
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts;
A pursuivant there was sent straight on the business, 15
The which had often-times been in those parts.
When he came to the place, where they did dwell,
His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.

God save your worshippe, then said the messenger,
And grant your ladye her owne hearts desire; 20
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happines;
That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
You must come to the court on St. Georges day:

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place. 25

I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest:
What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe afraid.

I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the least.
Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake. 30

Then sayd the miller, by my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.

Hold here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness,
For these happy tydings, which thou dost tell.
Let me see, hear thou mee; tell to our king, 35
We'll wayt on his masterhipp in everye thing.

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitie,
And, making many leggs, tooke their reward;
And taking then his leave with great humilitie,
To the kings court againe he againe he repair'd; 40
Shewing

Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knightes most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say,
Here come expences and charges indeed;
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we have;
For of new garments we have great need: 46
Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twentye things more.

Tushe, sir John, quoth his wife, never here frett nor
You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee, [frowne;
For I will turne and trim up my old russet gowne, 51
With everye thing else as fine as may bee;
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,
With pillowes and pannells as we shall provide.

In this most statelye sort, rode they unto the court, 55
Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all;
Who set up by good hap, a cocks feather in his cap,
And so they jetted downe to the kings hall;
The merry old miller with hands on his side;
His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide. 60

The king and his nobles that heard of their coming,
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine;
Welcome, sir knight, quoth he, with your gay lady:
Good sir John Cockle, once welcome againe:
And so is the squire of courage so free. 65
Quoth Dicke, abots on you; doe you know mee?

Quoth our king gentlye, how should I forget thee?
That wast my owne bed-fellow, well it I wot.
Yea, sir, quoth Richard, and by the same token,
Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot. 70
Thou

Thou whore-son unhappy knave, then quoth the knight,
Speake cleanly to our king, or else go shite.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand;
With ladyes and their maids, like to the queen of spades,
The millers wife did foe orderly stand, 76
A milk-maids courtesye at every word;
And downe the folkes were set to the board:

Where the king royally, in princelye majesty,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight: 80
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
Taking a bowle of wine, dranke to the knight:
Heres to you both, in wine, ale and beer;
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle, 85
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:
But then said our king, now I think of a thing;
Some of your lightfoote I would we had here.
Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it. 90

Why art thou angry? quoth our king merrilye;
In faith, I take it very unkind: [heartily.
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine
Quoth Dicke, you are like to stay till I have din'd:
You feed us with twatling dishes foe small; 95
Zounds, a blacke-pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our king, that were a daintye thing;
Could a man get but one here for to eate.
With that Dicke straite arose, and pluckt one forth his
Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate. [hose,
The

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The king made a proffer to snatch it away :— 101
 'Tis meat for your master : good sir, you must stay.

Thus in great merriment, was the time wholly spent ;
 And then the ladies prepared to dance :
 Old sir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent 105
 Unto their paces the king did advance :
 Here with the ladies such sport they did make,
 The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Many thanks for their paines did the king give them,
 Asking young Richard, if he would wed ; 110
 Among these ladies free, tell me which liketh thee ?
 Quoth he, Jugg Grumball, with the red head :
 She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed ;
 She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.

Then sir John Cockle the king call'd unto him, 115
 And of merry Sherwood made him o'er-seer ;
 And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye ;
 Now take heede you steale no more of my deer :
 And once a quarter let's here have your view ;
 And now, sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu. 120

XXI.

D U L C I N A

The song of DULCINA is quoted as very popular in Walton's compleat angler, chap. 2. It is more ancient than the song of ROBIN-GOOD-FELLOW, p. 169. which yet is supposed to have been written by Ben Jonson.

Given from two ancient copies, one in black-print, in the Pepys collection ; the other in the editor's folio MS. The fourth stanza is not found in MS. and seems redundant.

AS at noone Dulcina rested
 In her sweete and shady bower,
 Came a shepherd, and requested
 In her lappe to sleep an hour :
 But from her looke a wounde he tooke 5
 So deepe that for a further boone
 The nymphe he prayes : whereto she sayes,
 Foregoe me now, come to me soone.

But in vayne shee did conjure him
 To depart her presence soe, 10
 Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
 And but one to bid him goe :
 Where lippes invite, and eyes delight,
 And cheekes, as fresh as rose in june,
 Persuade delay, what boots to say, 15
 Foregoe me now, come to me soone.

He demands, what time for pleasure
 Can there be more fit than now ?
 She sayes, night gives love that leisure,
 Which the day doth not allow. 20
 He sayes, the sight ' improves delight :
 ' Which shee denies ; nights mirkie noone
 In Venus' playes makes bold, she sayes ;
 Foregoe me now, come to mee soone.

But what promise or profession 25
 From his hands could purchase scope ?
 Who would sell the sweet possession
 Of such beautye for a hope ?
 Or for the sight of lingering night
 Forego the present joyes of noone ? 30
 Though ne'er so faire her speeches were,
 Foregoe me now, come to me soone.

How,

How, at last, agreed these lovers ?

Shee was fayre and he was young :

The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers ; 33

Joyes unseene are never sung.

Did shee consent, or he relent ;

Accepts hee night, or grants shee noone ;

Left he her mayd, or not ; she sayd

Foregoe me now, come to me soone. 40

XXII.

THE WANDERING PRINCE OF TROY.

This excellent old ballad, which perhaps ought to have been placed earlier in the volume, is given from the editor's folio MS. collated with two different printed copies, both in black letter in the Pepys collection.

The reader will smile to observe with what natural and affecting simplicity, our ancient ballad-maker has engrafted a Gothic conclusion on the classic story of Virgil, from whom however, it is probable he had it not. Nor can it be denied, but he has dealt out his poetical justice with a more impartial hand, than that celebrated poet.

WHEN Troy towne had, for ten yeares 'past,
Withstood the Greeks in manful wise,

Then did their foes increase so fast,

That to resist nought could suffice :

Wast lye those walls, that were foe good, 5

And corn now grows where Troy towne stood.

Æneas, wandering prince of Troy,

When he for land long time had sought,

At length arriving with great joy,

To mighty Carthage walls was brought ; 10

Where

Ver. 1, 21. war. MS and PP.

Where Dido queen, with sumptuous feast,
Did entertaine this wandering guest.

And as in hall at meate they fate,
The queen desirous newes to hear,
'Says, of thy Troys unhappy fate' 15

Declare to me thou Trojan dear :
The heavy hap and chance so bad,
Which thou poore wandering prince hast had.

And then anon this comely knight,
With words demure, as he could well, 20
Of their unhappy ten yeares 'fight',
So true a tale began to tell,
With words so sweet, and sighs so deepe,
That oft he made them all to weepe.

And then a thousand sighes he fet, 25
And everye fighe brought teares amaine,
That where he fate the place was wet,
As though he had seene those warrs againe ;
Soe that the queene, with ruth therefore,
Sayd, worthye prince, enough, no more. 30

And now the darksome night drew on,
And twinkling starres the sbye bespred,
When he his dolefull tale had done,
And everye one was laid in bed ;
Where they full sweetlye took their rest, 35
Save only Dido's boyling breast.

This feely woman never slept,
But in her chamber all alone,
As one unhappy, alwaies wept,
And to the walls shee made her mone ; 40
That

That shee should so desire in vaine
The thing, that shee could ne'er obtaine.

And thus in griefe shee spent the night;
Till twinkling starres the skye were fled,
And Phœbus with his glistering light, 45
Through misty cloudes appeared red;
Then tidings came to her anon,
How that the Trojan shippes were gone.

And then the queene against her life
Did arme her heart as hard as stone, 50
Yet, ere she bared the bloody knife,
In woefull wise shee made her mone,
And rolling on her carefull bed,
With sighes and sobs, these words shee fed :

O wretched Dido queene ! quoth shee, 55
I see thy end approacheth neare ;
For he is fled away from thee,
Whom thou didst love and hold so deare.
What is he gone, and passed bye ?
O heart, prepare thyself to dye. 60

In vaine thou pleadst I should forbear,
And stay my hand from bloody stroke ;
Thee, treacherous heart, I must not spare,
Which fettered me in Cupids yoke.
Come death, quoth shee, resolve my smart : 65
And with those words she pierc'd her heart.

When death had pierc'd the tender heart
Of Dido Carthaginian queene ?
Whose bloody knife did end the smart,
Which shee sustain'd in mournfull teene ; 70
Æneas

Æneas being shipt and gone,
Whose flattery caused all her mone ;

Her funerall most costlly made,
And all things finisht mournfullye ;
Her bodye fine in mold was laid ;
Where it consumed speedilye :

Her sisters teares her tombe bestrew'd :
Her subjects grieve their kindnesse shew'd.

Then was Æneas in an ile
In Grecia, where he stay'd long space,
Whereatt her sister in short while,
Writt to him to his vile disgrace ;
In speeches bitter to his minde,
Shee told him plaine, hee was unkinde:

Falſe-hearted wretch, quoth ſhee, thou art,
And traiterouſlye thou haſt betraid
Unto thy lure a gentle heart,
Which unto thee much welcome made ;
My ſiſter deare, and Carthage joy,
Whoſe folly bred her dere annoy.

Yet on her death-bed when ſhee laye,
She prayed for thy proſperitye,
Beſeeching god that every day
Might breed thee great felicitye:
Thus by thy meanes I loſt a friend ;
Heaven ſend thee ſuch untimely end.

When he theſe lines, full fraught with gall,
Peruſed had, and weighed them right,
His lofty courage 'gan to fall ;
And ſtraight appeared in his ſight.

Queene

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Queene Dido's ghost, both grim and pale;
Which made this valliant souldier quail.

Æneas, quoth this ghastly ghost,
My whole delight while I did live,
Thee of all men I loved most; 105
To thee my fancy I did give;
And for the welcome I thee gave,
Unthankfullye thou didst me grave.

Therefore prepare thy fleeting soule
To wander with me in the ayre; 110
Where deadlye griefe shall make it howle,
Because of me thou tookst no care:
Delay not time, thy glasse is run,
Thy date is past, thy death is come.

O stay a while, thou lovelye spright, 115
Be not so hasty to convay
My soule into eternal night,
Where it shall ne'er behold bright day.
O doe nor frown, thy angry looke
Hath all my soule with horror shooke. 120

But, woe is me! all is in vaine,
And bootlesse is my dismall crye;
Time will not be recall'd againe,
Nor thou surcease before I dye.
O let me live, and make amends 125
To some of thy most dearest friends.

But seeing thou obdurate art,
And wilt no pitye on me showe,
Because from thee I did depart,
And left unpaid what I did owe: 130
I must

I must content myself, to take
What lott to me thou wilt partake.

And thus, as one being in a trance,

A multitude of ugly fiends

About this woefull prince did dance; 135

He had no helpe of any friends:

His body then they tooke away,

And no man knew his dying day.

XXIII.

THE WITCHES' SONG.

— From Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, presented at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

The editor thought it incumbent on him to insert some old pieces on the popular superstition concerning witches, hobgoblins, fairies, and ghosts. The last of these make their appearance in most of the tragical ballads; and in the following songs will be found some description of the former.

It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classic antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wiseacres had just before busied themselves on this subject, with our British Solomon James I. at their head: and these had so ransacked all writers ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished.

By good luck the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins could furnish no pretences for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to us pure and unsophisticated.

I WITCH.

1 WITCH.

I Have been all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter ;
And soone as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

2 WITCH.

I have been gathering wolves haire,
The mad dogges foame, and adders eares ;
The spurning of a deadmans eyes :
And all since the evening starre did rise.

3 WITCH.

I last night lay all alone
O' the ground, to hear the mandrake grone ;
And pluckt him up, though he grew full low :
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

4 WITCH.

And, I ha' beene chusing out this scull,
From charnell houses that were full ;
From private grots, and publike pits :
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 WITCH.

Under a cradle I did creepe,
By day ; and, when the childe was a-sleepe,
At night, I suck'd the breath ; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 WITCH.

I had a dagger : what did I with that ?
Killed an infant to have his fat,
A piper it got, at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile.

7 WITCH.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines,
The sunne and the wind had shrunke his veines.
I bit off a sinew ; I clipp'd his haire ;
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i' the ayre.

8 WITCH.

8 WITCH.

The scritch-owles egges, and the feathers blacke,
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his backe,
I have been getting; and made of his skin 31
A purset, to keepe fir Cranion in.

9 WITCH.

And I ha' beene plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,
Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards-bane; 35
And twise by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 WITCH.

I from the jawes of a gardiner's bitch
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
Yet went I back to the house againe,
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine. 40

11 WITCH.

I went to the toad, breedes under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before,
I tore the batts wing: what would you have more?

DAME.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows, 45
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,
The fig-tree wild, that growes on tombes,
And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,
The basiliskes bloud, and the vipers skin:
And, now, our orgies let's begin. 50

XXIV.

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW,

*—alias PUCKE, alias HOBGOBLIN, in the creed
of ancient superstition, was a kind of merry sprite,
whose character and achievements are recorded in this
Vol. III. I ballad,*

ballad, and in those well-known lines of Milton's *L'Allegro*, which the antiquarian Peck supposes to be owing to it ;

" Tells how the drudging GOBLIN sweet
 " To earn his cream-bowle duly set ;
 " When in one night, ere glimpse of morne,
 " His shadowy flail bath thresh'd the corn
 " That ten day-labourers could not end ;
 " Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
 " And stretch'd out all the chimneys length,
 " Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 " And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 " Ere the first cock his matins rings."

The reader will observe that our simple ancestors had reduced all these whimsies to a kind of system, as regular, and perhaps more consistent, than many parts of classic mythology : a proof of the extensive influence and vast antiquity of these superstitions. Mankind, and especially the common people, could not every where have been so unanimously agreed concerning these arbitrary notions, if they had not prevailed among them for many ages. Indeed, a learned friend in Wales, assures the editor, that the existence of Fairies and Goblins is alluded to by the most ancient British Bards, who mention them under various names, one of the most common of which signifies, " The spirits of the mountains." See also Preface to Song XXV.

This song (which Peck attributes to Ben Jonson, tho' it is not found among his works) is given from an ancient black letter copy in the British Museum. It seems to have been originally intended for some Masque.

FROM Oberon, in fairye land,
 The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
 Mad Robin I, at his command,
 Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.
 What revell rout
 Is kept about,
 In every corner where I go,

I will

I will o'ersee,
And merry bee,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho! 10

More swift than lightening can I flye
About this aery welkin soone,
And, in a minutes space, descrye
Each thing that's done belowe the moone.
There's not a hag 15
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, ware Goblins! where I go;
But Robin I
Their feates will spy,
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho! 20

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sports they trudge home;
With counterfeiting voice I greeete
And call them on, with me to roame
Thro' woods, thro' lakes, 25
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
Or else, unseene, with them I go,
All in the nicke,
To play some tricke,
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho! 30

Sometimes I meete them like a man;
Sometimes an ox; sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can;
To trip and trot about them round.
But if, to ride, 35
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,

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Ore hedge and lands,
Thro' pools and ponds,
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho! 40

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with juncates fine;
Unseene of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
And, to make sport, 45
I fart and snort;
And out the candles I do blow.
The maids I kifs;
They shrieke—Who's this?
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho! 50

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wooll;
And while they sleepe, and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill 55
Their malt up still;
I drefs their hemp, I spin their tow.
If any 'wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho! 60

When house or harth doth fluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bed pull I,
And lay them naked all to view.
'Twixt sleepe and wake, 65
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw.
If

If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho! 70

When any need to borrowe ought;
We lend them what they do require;
And for the use demand we nought;
Our owne is all we do desire.
If to repay, 75
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night,
I them affright
With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho! 80

When lazie queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lye;
To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretlye:
I marke their gloze, 85
And it disclose,
To them whom they have wronged so:
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho! 90

When men do traps and engins set
In loop-holes, where the vermine creepe,
Who from their foldes and houses, get
Their duckes and geese, and lambes asleep:
I spy the gin, 95
And enter in,
And seeme a vermine taken so.
But when they there
Approach me neare,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho! 100
I 3 By

By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,
 We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
 And to our fairye king, and queene,
 We chant our moon-light harmonies.

When larks 'gin sing, 105

Away we fling;

And babes new-borne steal as we go,

An elfe in bed

We leave instead,

And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho! 110

From hag-bred Merlins time have I

Thus nightly revell'd to and fro;

And for my pranks men call me by

The name of Robin Good-fellow.

Fiends, ghosts, and sprites, 115

Who haunt the nightes,

The hags and goblins do me know;

And beldames old

My feates have told,

So *Vale, Vale*; ho, ho, ho! 120

XXV.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

We have here a short display of the popular belief concerning FAIRIES. It will afford entertainment to a contemplative mind to trace these whimsical opinions up to their origin. Whoever considers, how early, how extensively, and how uniformly they have prevailed in these nations, will not readily assent to the hypothesis of those, who fetch them from the east so late as the time of the Croisades. Whereas it is well known that our Saxon ancestors long before they left their German forests, believed the existence of a kind of diminutive demons, or
 middle

middle species between men and spirits, whom they called DUERGAR or DWARFS, and to whom they attributed many wonderful performances, far exceeding human art. Vid. Herwarer Saga Olaf Verelj. 1675. Hickes Thesaur. &c.

COME, follow, follow mee,
Ye, fairye elves that bee :
Come follow Mab your queene,
And trip it o'er the greene :
Hand in hand, we'll dance around,
Because this place is fairye ground.

5

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest ;
Unheard, and un-esp'y'd,
Through key-holes we do glide ;
Over tables, stooles, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairye elves.

10

And, if the house be foull
With platter, dish or bowl,
Up staires we nimbly creep,
And find the fluts asleep :

15

Then we pinch their armes and thighs :
None us heares, nor none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duely she is paid :

20

Every night before we goe,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroomes head
Our table-cloth we spread ;

25

A 4

A grain

A grain of rye, or wheat,
 The diet that we eat ;
 Pearly drops of dew we drink
 In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

30

The braines of nightingales,
 With unctuous fat of snailles,
 Between two cockles stew'd,
 Is meat that's easily chew'd ;
 Braines of wormes, and marrow of mice
 Do make a dish that's wonderous nice.

35

The grasshopper, gnat and fly,
 Serve for our minstrelsy,
 Grace said, we dance a while,
 And so the time beguile :
 And if the moon doth hide her head,
 The glow-worm lightes us home to bed.

40

O'er tops of dewy grasse
 So nimble we do passe,
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends where we do walk :
 Yet in the morning may be seene
 Where we the night before have beene.

45

XXVI.

THE FAIRIES FAREWELL.

This humourous old song fell from the hand of the facetious bishop Corbet (probably in his youth) and is printed from the third edition of his poems, Lond. 1672. 12mo. It is there called, "A proper new Ballad, intituled, "The Fairies Farewell, or Gad-a-mercy Will, to be sung

" or

" or whistled to the tune of the Meadows brown, by the
" learned: by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune."

The departure of Fairies is here attributed to the abolition of monkery: Chaucer has, with equal humour, assigned a cause the very reverse.

" In the old days of king Artour
" (Of which the Britons speken grete honour)
" All was this lond fulfilled of fayry;
" The elf-quene, with her jolly company,
" Daunsed full oft in many a grene mede.
" This was an old opinion as I rede:
" I speke of many hundred yere agoe:
" But now can no man see no elves moe:
" For now the grete charite, and prayeres
" Of Limitours, and other holy freres,
" That serchen every lond, and every streme,
" As thick as motes in the sunne beme,
" Blessing halles, chambers, kitchins, and bowres,
" Cities, borowes, castelles, and hie toures,
" Thropes, and bernies, shepens, and dairies,
" This maketh that there ben now no fairies:
" For there as wont to walken was an elfe,
" There walketh now the Limitour himselfe,
" In undermeles and in morrownynges,
" And saieth his mattins and his holie thinges,
" As he goeth in his limitacioun.
" Wyemen may now go safely up and downe,
" In every bush, and under every tree,
" There is none other incubus but he:
" And he ne will don hem no dishonour."

Wife of Bath's Tale.

Dr. Richard Corbet, having been bishop of Oxford about three years, and afterwards as long Bp. of Norwich, died in 1635, Ætat. 52.

Farewell rewards and fairies!
Good housewives now may say:
For now foul sluts in dairies,
Do fare as well as they:

178 ANTIEN T SONGS

And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds six-pence in her shoe?

5

Lament, lament old abbies,
The fairies last command;
They did but change priests babies,
But some have chang'd your land:
And all your children stoln from thence
Are now grown Puritans,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demains.

10

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep and sloth,
These pretty ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

20

Witness those rings and round-delays
Of theirs, which yet remain;
Were footed in queene Maries dayes
On many a grassy plain.
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in;
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time hath bin.

25

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession:
Their songs were *Ave Maries*,
Their dances were procession.

30

35

But

But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or further for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease. 40

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure:
And who so kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure:
It was a just and christian deed 45
To pinch such black and blue:
O how the common-wealth doth need
Such justices, as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A register they have, 50
Who can preserve their charters;
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store, con twenty thanks 55
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meal can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true: 60
To William all give audience,
And pray you for his noddle:
For all the fairies evidence
Were lost, if it were addle.

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

ANCIENT
SONGS AND BALLADS, &c.

SERIES THE THIRD.

BOOK III.

I.

THE BIRTH OF ST. GEORGE.

The incidents in this, and the other ballad of St. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, are chiefly taken from the old story-book of the Seven Champions of Christendome; which, tho' now the play-thing of children, was once in high repute. Bp. Hall in his satires, published in 1597, ranks

“ St. George's sorell, and his cross of blood,” among the most popular stories of his time: nor did Spenser himself disdain to borrow hints from it, as an ingenious critic has lately shewn. See Mr. Warton's new edit. of his Observations.

The author of this romance was one Richard Johnson, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, as we collect from his other publications: viz.—“ The nine worthies of London: 1592. 4to.—“ The pleasant walks of Moor-fields: 1607. 4to.—“ A crown garland of Goul-den Roses, gathered, &c. 1612. 8vo.—“ The life and death of Rob. Cecill, E. of Salisbury: 1612. 4to.—“ The hist. of Tom of Lincoln, 4to.” is also by R. J. who likewise reprinted “ Don Flores of Greece, 4to.”

The Seven Champions, tho' written in a wild inflated style, contains some strong Gothic painting; which seems, for the most part, copied from the metrical romances of former ages. At least the story of St. George and the fair Sabra, is taken almost verbatim from the old poetical legend of “ Syr Bewis of Hampton.”

This very antique poem was in great fame in Chaucer's time, [see above pag. 87.] and so continued till the introduction

roduction of printing, when it ran thro' several editions; two of which are in black letter, 4to, "imprinted by "Wyllyam Copland" without date; containing great variations.

As a specimen of the poetic powers of this very old rhimist, and as a proof how closely the author of the Seven Champions has followed him, take a description of the dragon slain by sir Bevis.

- " —When the dragon, that foule is,
 " Had a syght of syr Bevis
 " He cast up a loude cry,
 " As it bad thondred in the sky;
 " He turned his bely towarde the son;
 " It was greater than any tonne:
 " His scales was bryghter then the glas,
 " And harder they were than any bras:
 " Betwene his shulder and his tayle,
 " Was forty fete withoute fayle.
 " He waltred out of his denne,
 " And Bevis pricked his stede then,
 " And to hym a spere he thraste
 " That all to shyvers he it braste;
 " The dragon then gan Bevis assayle,
 " And smote syr Bevis with his tayle,
 " Then downe went horse and man,
 " And two rybbes of Bevis brused than.

After a long fight, at length, as the dragon was preparing to fly, sir Bevis

- " Hit him under the wynges
 " As he was in his flyenge,
 " There he was tender without scale,
 " And Bevis thought to be his bale.
 " He smote after, as I you saye,
 " With his good sword Morglaye.
 " Up to the hiltes Morglay yode
 " Through harte, lyver, bone, and bloude;
 " To the grounde fell the dragon,
 " Great joye syr Bevis begon.
 " Under the scales al on hight
 " He smote off his head forth right,
 " And put it on a spere: &c.

Sign. K. iv.
 Sir

Sir Bevis's dragon is evidently the parent of that in the Seven Champions, see Chap. III. viz. "The dragon no
 " sooner had a sight of him [St. George] but he gave
 " such a terrible peal, as though it had thundered in the
 " elements. . . . Betwixt his shoulders and his tail were
 " fifty feet in distance, his scales glistening as bright as
 " silver, but far more hard than brass; his belly of the
 " colour of gold, but bigger than a tun. Thus weltered
 " he from his den, &c. . . . "The champion . . .
 " gave the dragon such a thrust with his spear, that it
 " shivered in a thousand pieces: whereat the furious
 " dragon so fiercely smote him with his venomous tail,
 " that down fell man and horse; in which fall two of
 " St. George's ribs were sore bruised, &c. — At length
 " . . . St. George " smote the dragon under the wing where
 " it was tender, without scale, whereby his good sword
 " Ascalon with an easie passage went to the very hilt
 " through both the dragon's heart, liver, bone and
 " blood—Then St. George—cut off the dragon's head and
 " pitcht it upon the truncheon of a spear, &c."

The History of the Seven Champions being written just before the decline of books of chivalry, was never, I believe, translated into any foreign language: But "Le Roman de Beuves of Hantonne," was published at Paris in 1502, 4to. Let. Gothique.

The learned Selden tells us that about the Norman invasion was Bevis famous with the title of Earl of Southampton, whose residence was at Duncton in Wiltshire; but observes that the monkish enlargements of his story, have made his very existence doubted. See Notes on Poly-Olbion, Song III.

As for the martial History of St. George, it is given up, as entirely apocryphal. The equestrian figure, worn by the knights of the garter, has been understood to be an emblem of the christian warrior, in his spiritual armour, vanquishing the old serpent. But a learned writer has lately shewn that it is neither more nor less, than a charm or amulet borrowed from some eastern hereticks; which having been originally worn as a protection from the malignity of the air, at length was considered, as a preservative from wounds, and a means to insure victory

in battle. For it seems the ancient orientals represented the sun by a man on horseback ; the sun's rays by a spear ; and any noxious exhalation by a serpent. See Petingall's dissertation, 4to.

It cannot be denied, but that a great part of the following ballad is modern : for which reason it would have been thrown to the end of the volume, had not its subject procured it a place here.

LISTEN, lords, in bower and hall,
I sing the wonderous birth
Of brave St. George, whose valorous arm
Rid monsters from the earth :

Distressed ladies to relieve 5
He travell'd many a day ;
In honour of the christian faith,
Which shall endure for aye.

In Coventry sometime did dwell
A knight of worthy fame, 10
High steward of this noble realme ;
Lord Albret was his name.

He had to wife a princelye dame ;
Whose beauty did excell ;
This virtuous lady, being with child, 15
In sudden sadness fell :

For thirty nights no sooner sleepe
Had clos'd her wakeful eyes,
But, to ! a foul and fearful dreame
Her fancy did surprize : 20

She dreamt a dragon fierce and fell
Conceiv'd within her womb ;
Whose

Whose mortal fangs her body rent
Ere he to life could come.

All woe-begone, and sad was she ; 25
She nourisht constant woe :
Yet strove to hide it from her lord,
Left he should sorrow know.

In vain she strove, her tender lord,
Who watch'd her slightest look, 30
Discover'd soon her secret paine,
And soon that paine partook.

And when to him the fearful cause
She weeping did impart,
With kindest speech he strove to heal 35
The anguish of her heart.

Be comforted, my lady deare,
Those pearly drops refraine ;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll try to ease thy paine. 40

And for this foul and fearful dreame,
That causeth all thy woe,
Trust me I'll travel far away
But I'll the meaning knowe.

'Then giving many a fond embrace, 45
And shedding many a teare,
To the weïrd lady of the woods
He purpos'd to repaire.

To the weïrd lady of the woods,
Full long and many a daye, 50
Thro'

Thro' lonely shades, and thickets rough
He winds his weary waye.

At length he reach'd a dreary dell
With dismal yews o'erhung ;
Where cypress spred it's mournful boughes, 55
A pois'nous nightshade sprung.

No chearful gleams here pierc'd the gloome,
He hears no chearful sound ;
But shrill night-ravens yelling screame,
And serpents hiss around. 60

The shriek of fiends and damned ghosts
Ran howling thro' his eare :
A chilling horror froze his heart,
Tho' all unus'd to feare.

Three times he strives to win his waye, 65
And pierce those sickly dewes :
Three times to bear his trembling corse
His knocking knees refuse.

At length upon his beating breast
He signs the holy crosse ; 70
And, rouzing up his wonted might,
He treads th' unhallow'd mosse.

Beneath a pendent craggy cliffe,
All vaulted like a grave,
And opening in the solid rocke, 75
He found the enchanted cave.

An iron grate clos'd up the mouthe,
All hideous and forlorne ;
And,

And, fasten'd by a silver chaine,
Near hung a brazen horne. 80

Then offering up a milk-white lambe
Three times he blowes amaine :
Three times a deepe and hollow sound
Did answer him againe.

" Sir knight, thy lady beares a son, 85
" Who, like a dragon bright,
" Shall prove right dreadful to his foes,
" And terrible in fight.

" His name advanc'd in future times
" On banners shall be worne : 90
" But lo ! thy lady's life must passe
" Before he can be borne."

All fore oppress'd with feare and doubt
Long time lord Albret stood ;
At length he winds his doubtful waye, 95
Back thro' the dreary wood.

Eager to clasp his lovely dame
Then fast he travels backe :
But when he reach'd his castle gate,
His gate was hung with blacke. 100

In every court and hall he found
A fullen silence reigne ;
Save where, amid the lonely towers,
He heard her maidens 'plaine ;

And bitterly lament and weepe, 105
With many a grievous grone :

Then

Then fore his bleeding heart misgave,
His lady's life was gone.

With faltering step he enters in,
Yet half affraid to goe ; 110
With trembling voice asks why they grieve,
Yet feares the cause to knowe.

“ Three times the sun hath rose and set ;
They said, then stopt to weepe :
“ Since heaven hath laid thy lady deare 115
“ In death's eternal sleepe.

“ For, ah ! in travel fore she fell,
“ So fore that she must dye ;
“ Unless some shrewd and cunning leech
“ Could ease her presentlye. 120

“ But when a cunning leech was fet,
“ Too soon declared hee.
“ She, or her babe must lose its life,
“ Both saved could not bee.

“ Now take my life, the lady said, 125
“ My little infant save :
“ And O commend me to my lord,
“ When I am laid in grave.

“ O tell him how that precious babe
“ Cost him a tender wife : 130
“ And teach my son to lisp her name,
“ Who died to save his life.

“ Then calling still upon thy name,
“ And praying still for thee ;
“ Without

“ Without repining or complaint, 135
 “ Her gentle soul did flee.”

What tongue can paint lord Albret's woe,
 The bitter tears he shed,
 The bitter pangs that wrung his heart,
 To find his lady dead ? 140

He beat his breast : he tore his hair :
 And shedding many a teare,
 At length he askt to see his son ;
 The son that cost so deare.

New sorrowe seiz'd the damselfs all : 145
 At length they faltering saye ;
 “ Alas ! my lord, how shall we tell ?
 “ Thy son is stole away.

“ Faire as the sweetest flower of spring,
 “ Such was his infant mien : 150
 “ And on his little body stampt
 “ Three wonderous marks were seen :

“ A blood-red cross was on his arme ;
 “ A dragon on his breast :
 “ A little garter all of gold 155
 “ Was round his leg exprest.

“ Three carefull nurfes we provide
 “ Our little lord to keepe :
 “ One gave him sucke, one gave him food,
 “ And one did lull to sleepe. 160

“ But lo ! all in the dead of night,
 “ We heard a fearful sound :
 “ Loud

" Loud thunder clapt ; the castle shook ;
 " And lightning flasht around.

" Dead with affright at first we lay ; 165

" But rousing up anon,

" We ran to see our little lord :

" Our little lord was gone !

" But how or where we could not tell ;

" For lying on the ground, 170

" In deep and magic slumbers laid,

" The nurses there we found.

O grief on grief ! lord Albret said :

No more his tongue cou'd say,

When falling in a deadly swoone, 175

Long time he lifeless lay.

At length restor'd to life and sense

He nourisht endless woe,

No future joy his heart could taste,

No future comfort knowe. 180

So withers on the mountain top

A fair and stately oake,

Whose vigorous arms are torne away,

By some rude thunder-stroke.

At length his castle irksome grew, 185

He loathes his wonted home ;

His native country he forsakes

In foreign lands to roame.

There up and downe he wandered far,

Clad in a palmer's gowne ; 190

Till

Till his browne locks grew white as wool,
His beard as thistle downe.

At length, all wearied, down in death
He laid his reverend head.
Meantime amid the lonely wilds
His little son was bred.

195

There the weïrd lady of the woods
Had borne him far away,
And train'd him up in feates of armes,
And every martial play.

200

II.

G E O R G E B A R N W E L L .

The subject of this ballad is sufficiently popular from the modern play which is founded upon it. This was written by GEORGE LILLO a jeweller of London, and first acted about 1730.—As for the ballad, it was printed at least as early as the middle of the last century.

It is here given from three old printed copies, which exhibit a strange intermixture of Roman and black letter. It is also collated with another copy in the Ashmole collection at Oxford, which is thus intitled, "An excellent ballad of GEORGE BARNWELL, an apprentice of London, who ... thrice robbed his master and murdered his uncle in Ludlow. The tune is "The Merchant."

This tragical narrative seems to relate a real fact; but when it happened I have not been able to discover.

THE FIRST PART.

ALL youths of fair England
That dwell both far and near,
Regard my story that I tell,
And to my song give ear.

A London

AND BALLADS. 191

A London lad I was, 5
A merchant's prentice bound :
My name George Barnwell ; that did spend
My master many a pound.

Take heed of harlots then, 10
And their enticing trains ;
For by that means I have been brought
To hang alive in chains.

As I upon a day, 15
Was walking through the street
About my master's business,
A wanton I did meet.

A gallant dainty dame, 20
And sumptuous in attire ;
With smiling look she greeted me,
And did my name require.

Which when I had declar'd,
She gave me then a kifs,
And said, if I would come to her,
I should have more than this.

Fair mistress, then quoth I, 25
If I the place may know,
This evening I will be with you,
For I abroad must go,

To gather monies in, 30
That are my master's due :
And ere that I do home return,
I'll come and visit you,

Good

Good Barnwell, then quoth she,
 Do thou to Shoreditch come,
 And ask for Mrs. Millwood's house,
 Next door unto the Gun. 35

And trust me on my truth,
 If thou keep touch with me,
 My dearest friend, as my own heart
 Thou shalt right welcome be. 40

Thus parted we in peace,
 And home I passed right ;
 Then went abroad, and gathered in,
 By six o'clock at night,

An hundred pound and one ; 45
 With bag under my arm
 I went to Mrs. Millwood's house,
 And thought on little harm ;

And knocking at the door,
 Straightway herself came down : 50
 Rustling in most brave attire,
 With hood and filken gown.

Who through her beauty bright,
 So gloriously did shine,
 That she amaz'd my dazzling eyes, 55
 She seemed so divine.

She took me by the hand,
 And with a modest grace,
 Welcome, sweet Barnwell, then quoth she,
 Unto this homely place. 60

And

And since I have thee found
As good as thy word to be;
A homely supper ere we part;
Thou shalt take here with me.

O pardon me, quoth I, 65
Fair mistress, I you pray;
For why, out of my master's house
So long I dare not stay.

Alas, good Sir, she said, 70
Are you so strictly ty'd;
You may not with your dearest friend
One hour or two abide?

Faith, then the case is hard,
If it be so, quoth she;
I would I were a prentice bound, 75
To live along with thee:

Therefore my dearest George, 80
Lift well what I shall say,
And do not blame a woman much,
Her fancy to bewray.

Let not affection's force
Be counted lewd desire;
Nor think it not immodesty,
I should thy love require.

With that she turn'd aside, 85
And with a blushing red,
A mournfull motion she bewray'd
By hanging down her head.

A handkerchief she had,
 All wrought with silk and gold;
 Which she to stay her trickling teares
 Before her eyes did hold,

This thing unto my sight
 Was wondrous rare and strange;
 And in my soul and inward thought,
 It wrought a sudden change:

That I so hardy grew,
 To take her by the hand:
 Saying, Sweet mistress, why do you
 So dull and pensive stand?

Call me no mistress now,
 But Sarah, thy true friend;
 Thy servant, Millwood, honouring thee,
 Until her life hath end.

If thou wouldst here alledge,
 Thou art in years a boy;
 So was Adams, yet was he
 Fair Venus' only joy.

Thus I, who ne'er before
 Of woman found such grace,
 But seeing now so fair a dame
 Give me a kind embrace,

I sapt with her that night,
 With joys that did abound;
 And for the same paid presently,
 In money twice three pound.

An hundred kisses then,
For my farewell she gave;
Crying, Sweet Barnwell, when shall I
Again thy company have ? 120

O stay not hence too long,
Sweet George, have me in mind.
Her words bewitcht my childishness,
She uttered them so kind:

So that I made a vow,
Next Sunday without fail,
With my sweet Sarah once again,
To tell some pleasant tale. 125

When she heard me say so,
The teares fell from her eye ;
O George, quoth she, if thou dost fail,
Thy Sarah sure will dye. 130

Though long, yet loe ! at last,
The appointed day was come,
That I must with my Sarah meet :
Having a mighty sum 335

Of money in my hand,
Unto her house went I,
Whereas my love upon her bed,
In saddest fort did lye. 140

What ails my heart's delight ;
My Sarah dear, quoth I ;
Let not my love lament and grieve,
Nor sighing pine, and die.

But tell me, dearest friend,
 What may thy woes amend,
 And thou shalt lack no means of help,
 Though forty pound I spend.

With that she turn'd her head,
 And sickly thus did say,
 Oh me, sweet George, my grief is great,
 Ten pound I have to pay.

Unto a cruel wretch ;
 And God he knows, quoth she,
 I have it not. Tush, rise, I said,
 And take it here of me.

Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
 Shall make my love decay.
 Then from my bag into her lap,
 I cast ten pound straightway.

All blithe and pleasant then,
 To banqueting we go ;
 She proffered me to lye with her,
 And said it should be so.

And after that same time,
 I gave her store of coyn,
 Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once ;
 All which I did purloyn.

And thus I did pass on ;
 Until my master then
 Did call to have his reckoning in
 Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say :
For well I knew that I was out
Two hundred pound that day.

175

Then from my master straight
I ran in secret sort ;
And unto Sarah Millwood there
My case I did report.

180

But how she us'd this youth,
In this his care and woe,
And all a strumpet's wiley ways,
The SECOND PART may shewe.

THE SECOND PART.

YOUNG Barnwell comes to thee,
Sweet Sarah, my delight :
I am undone unless thou stand
My faithful friend this night.

Our master to accompts,
Hath just occasion found ;
And I am caught behind the hand,
Above two hundred pound :

5

And now his wrath to 'scape,
My love I fly to thee,
Hoping some time I may remaine
In safety here with thee.

10

With that she knit her brows,
And looking all aquoy,
Quoth she, What should I have to do
With any prentice boy ?

15

And feing you have purloyn'd
 Your master's goods away,
 The case is bad, and therefore here
 You shall no longer stay.

Why dear, thou knowst, I said,
 How all which I could get,
 I gave it, and did spend it all
 Upon thee every whit.

Quoth she, Thou art a knave,
 To charge me in this sort,
 Being a woman of credit fair,
 And known of good report.

Therefore I tell thee flat,
 Be packing with good speed,
 I do defie thee from my heart,
 And scorn thy filthy deed.

Is this the friendship that
 You did to me protest?
 Is this the great affection which
 You so to me exprest?

Now fie on subtle shrews!
 The best is, I may speed
 To get a lodging any where
 For money in my need.

Falſe woman, now farewell,
 Whilst twenty pound doth last,
 My anchor in some other haven
 With freedom I will caſt.

When she perceiv'd by this, 45

I had store of money there :

Stay, George, quoth she, thou art too quick :

Why, man, I did but jeer :

Dost think for all my speech,

That I would let thee go ? 50

Faith no, said she, my love to thee

I wifs is more than so.

You scorne a prentice boy,

I heard you just now swear,

Wherefore I will not trouble you. 55

—Nay, George, hark in thine ear ;

Thou shalt not go to-night,

What chance foe're befall ;

But man we'll have a bed for thee,

Or else the devil take all. 60

So I by wiles bewicht,

And snar'd with fancy still,

Had then no power to put away,

Or to withstand her will.

For wine on wine I call'd,

And cheer upon good cheer ;

And nothing in the world I thought

For Sarah's love too dear. 65

Whilst in her company,

I had such merriment ;

All, all too little I did think,

That I upon her spent. 70

A fig for care and thought!
 When all my gold is gone,
 In faith, my girl, we will have more,
 Whoever I light upon.

75

My father's rich, why then
 Should I want store of gold?
 Nay with a father sure, quoth she,
 A son may well make bold.

80

I've a sister richly wed,
 I'll rob her ere I'll want.
 Nay, then quoth Sarah, they may well
 Consider of your scant.

Nay, I an uncle have,
 At Ludlow he doth dwell:
 He is a grazier, which in wealth
 Doth all the rest excell.

85

Ere I will live in lack,
 And have no coyn for thee:
 I'll rob his house, and murder him.
 Why should you not? quoth she:

90

Was I a man, ere I
 Would live in poor estate:
 On fathers, friends, and all my kin,
 I would my talons grate.

95

For without money, George,
 A man is but a beast:
 But bringing money, thou shalt be
 Always my welcome guest.

100

For

For shouldst thou be pursued
 With twenty hues and cryes,
 And with a warrant searched for
 With Argus' hundred eyes,

Yet here thou shalt be safe ;
 Such privy ways there be,
 That if they sought an hundred years
 They could not find out thee.

And so carousing both
 Their pleasures to content :
 George Barnwell had in little space
 His money wholly spent.

Which done, to Ludlow straight
 He did provide to go,
 To rob his wealthy uncle there ;
 His minion would it so.

And once he thought to take
 His father by the way,
 But that he fear'd his master had
 Took order for his stay.

Unto his uncle then
 He rode with might and main,
 Who with a welcome and good cheer
 Did Barnwell entertain.

One fortnight's space he stayed,
 Until it chanced so,
 His unele with his cattle did
 Unto a market go.

202 ANTIENT SONGS

His kinsman rode with him,
Where he did see right plain, 130
Great store of money he had took :
When coming home again,

Sudden within a wood,
He struck his uncle down,
And beat his brains out of his head ; 135
So fore he crackt his crown.

Then seizing fourscore pound,
To London straight he hyed,
And unto Sarah Millwood all
The cruell fact descryed. 140

Tush, 'tis no matter, George,
So we the money have
To have good cheer in jolly fort,
And deck us fine and brave.

Thus lived in filthy fort, 145
Until their store was gone :
When means to get them any more,
I wis, poor George he had none.

Therefore in railing fort,
She thrust him out of door : 150
Which is the just reward of those,
Who spend upon a whore.

O! do me not disgrace
In this my need, quoth he.
She call'd him thief and murderer, 155
With all the spight might be :
To

To the constable she sent,
 To have him apprehended;
 And shewed how far in each degree,
 He had the laws offended. 160

When Barnwell saw her drift,
 To sea he got straightway;
 Where fear and sting of conscience
 Continually on him lay. 165

Unto the lord mayor then,
 He did a letter write;
 In which his own and Sarah's fault:
 He did at large recite. 170

Whereby she seized was,
 And then to Ludlow sent: 175
 Where she was judg'd, condemn'd and hang'd;
 For murder incontinent.

There dyed this gallant quean,
 Such was her greatest gains:
 For murder in Polonia, 175
 Was Barnwell hang'd in chains.

Lo! here's the end of youth,
 That after harlots haunt;
 Who in the spoil of other men,
 About the streets do flaunt. 180

III.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

*The following ballad is given (with some corrections)
 from*

from two ancient black-letter copies in the Pepys Collection: one of which is in 12mo, the other in folio.

OF Hector's deeds did Homer sing;
 And of the sack of stately Troy,
 What griefs fair Helena did bring,
 Which was sir Paris' only joy:
 And by my pen I will recite
 St. George's deeds, an English knight.

Against the Sarazens so rude
 Fought he full long and many a day;
 Where many gyants he subdu'd,
 In honour of the christian way:
 And after many adventures past
 To Egypt land he came at last.

Now, as the story plain doth tell,
 Within that countrey there did rest
 A dreadful dragon fierce and fell,
 Whereby they were full sore oppress:
 Who by his poisonous breath each day,
 Did many of the city slay.

The grief whereof did grow so great
 Throughout the limits of the land,
 That they their wise-men did intreat
 To shew their cunning out of hand;
 What way they might this fiend destroy,
 That did the countrey thus annoy.

The wise-men all before the king
 This answer fram'd incontinent:
 The dragon none to death might bring
 By any means they could invent:

His skin more hard than brasse was found,
That sword nor spear, could pierce nor wound. 30

When this the people understood,

They cryed out most piteously,

The dragon's breath infects their blood,

That every day in heaps they dye:

Among them such a plague it bred, 35

The living scarce could bury the dead.

No means there were, as they could hear,

For to appease the dragon's rage,

But to present some virgin clear,

Whose blood his fury might asswage; 40

Each day he would a maiden eat,

For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wise-men found,

Which truly must observed be;

Wherefore throughout the city round, 45

A virgin pure of good degree

Was by the kings commission still

Taken up to serve the dragon's will.

Thus did the dragon every day

Untimely crop some virgin flowr, 50

Till all the maids were worn away,

And none were left him to devour:

Saving the king's fair daughter bright,

Her father's only heart's delight.

Then came the officers to the king 55

That heavy message to declare,

Which did his heart with sorrow sting;

She is, quoth he, my kingdom's heir:

O let

O let us all be poisoned here,
Ere she should dye, that is my dear. 60

Then rose the people presently,
And to the king in rage they went;
They said his daughter deare should dye,
The dragon's fury to prevent:
Our daughters all are dead, quoth they, 65
And have been made the dragons prey:

And by their blood we rescued were,
And thou hast sav'd thy life thereby;
And now in sooth it is but faire,
For us thy daughter so should die. 70
O save my daughter, said the king;
And let me feel the dragon's sting:

Then fell fair Sabra on her knee;
And to her father dear did say,
O father, strive not thus for me,
But let me be the dragon's prey; 75
It may be, for my sake alone
This plague upon the land was thrown.

Tis better I should dye, she said,
Than all your subjects perish quite; 80
Perhaps the dragon here was laid,
For my offence to work his spite:
And after he hath suckt my gore,
Your land shall feel the grief no more.

What hast thou done, my daughter dear, 85
For to deserve this heavy scourge?
It is my fault, as may appear,
Which makes the gods our state to purge;

Then

Then ought I die, to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life. 90

Like mad-men, all the people cried,
Thy death to us can do no good;
Our safety only doth abide

In making her the dragon's food.
Lo! here I am, I come, quoth she, 95
Therefore do what you will with me.

Nay stay, dear daughter, quoth the queen,
And as thou art a virgin bright,
That hast for vertue famous been,
So let me cloath thee all in white; 100
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,
An ornament for virgins meet.

And when she was attired so,
According to her mother's mind,
Unto the stake then did she go; 105
To which her tender limbs they bind:
And being bound to stake a thrall
She bade farewell unto them all.

Farewell, my father dear, quoth she,
And my sweet mother meek and mild; 110
Take you no thought nor weep for me,
For you may have another child:
Since for my country's good I dye,
Death I receive most willingly.

The king and queen and all their train 115
With weeping eyes went then their way,
And let their daughter there remain,
To be the hungry dragon's prey:

But

208 A N C I E N T S O N G S

But as she did there weeping lye,
Behold St. George came riding by: 120

And seeing there a lady bright
So rudely tyed unto a stake,
As well became a valiant knight,
He straight to her his way did take:
Tell me, sweet maiden, then quoth he, 125
What caitif thus abuseth thee?

And, lo! by Christ his cross I vow,
Which here is figured on my breast,
I will revenge it on his brow,
And break my lance upon his chest: 130
And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The dragon issued from the wood.

The lady that did first espy
The dreadful dragon coming so,
Unto St. George aloud did cry, 135
And willed him away to go;
Here comes that cursed fiend, quoth she,
That soon will make an end of me.

St. George then looking round about,
The fiery dragon soon espy'd, 140
And like a knight of courage stout,
Against him did most fiercely ride;
And with such blows he did him greet,
He fell beneath his horse's feet.

For with his launce that was so strong, 145
As he came gaping in his face;
In at his mouth he thrust along,
For he could pierce no other place:

And

And thus within the lady's view

88 This mighty dragon straight he slew. 150

The favour of his poisoned breath

Could do this holy knight no harm.

Thus he the lady sav'd from death,

And home he led her by the arm;

88 Which when king Ptolemy did see, 155

There was great mirth and melody.

When as that valiant champion there

Had slain the dragon in the field,

To court he brought the lady fair,

90 Which to their hearts much joy did yield. 160

He in the court of Egypt staid

Till he most falsely was betray'd.

That lady dearly lov'd the knight,

He counted her his only joy; 164

But when their love was brought to light

It turn'd unto their great annoy:

Th' Morocco king was in the court,

Who to the orchard did resort:

Dayly to take the pleasant air,

For pleasure sake he us'd to walk, 170

Under a wall he oft did hear

St. George with lady Sabra talk:

Their love he shew'd unto the king,

Which to St. George great woe did bring.

Those kings together did devise 175

To make the christian knight away,

With letters him in courteous wise

They straightway sent to Persia:

But

But wrote to th' sophy him to kill,
And treacherously his blood to spill. 180

Thus they for good did him reward
With evil, and most subtilly
By much vile meanes they had regard
To work his death most cruelly;
Who, as through Persia land he rode, 185
With zeal destroy'd each idol god.

For which offence he straight was thrown
Into a dungeon dark and deep;
Where, when he thought his wrongs upon,
He bitterly did wail and weep: 190
Yet like a knight of courage stout,
At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the king of Persia
By night this valiant champion flew,
Though he had fasted many a day; 195
And then away from thence he flew
On the best steed the sophy had;
Which when he knew he was full mad.

Towards Christendom he made his flight
But met a gyant by the way, 200
With whom in combat he did fight
Most valiantly a summer's day:
Who yet, for all his bats of steel,
Was forc'd the sting of death to feel.

Back o'er the seas with many bands 205
Of warlike souldiers soon he past,
Vowing upon those heathen lands
To work revenge; which at the last,

Ere

AND BALLADS.

211

Ere thrice three years were gone and spent,
He wrought unto his heart's content. 210

Save onely Egypt land he spar'd
For Sabra bright her only sake,
And, ere for her he had regard,
He meant a tryal, kind to make:
Mean while the king o'ercome in field 215
Unto faint George did quickly yield.

Then straight Morocco's king he slew
And took fair Sabra to his wife,
But meant to try if she were true
Ere with her he would lead his life: 220
And, tho' he had her in his train,
She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then that lovely dame
The brave St. George conducted strait,
An eunuch also with them came, 225
Who did upon the lady wait;
These three from Egypt went alone:
Now mark St. George's valour shown.

When as they in a forest were
The lady did desire to rest, 230
Mean while St. George to kill a deer,
For their repast did think it best;
Leaving her with the eunuch there,
Whilst he did go to kill the deer.

But lo! all in his absence came 235
Two hungry Lyons fierce and fell,
And tore the eunuch on the same
In pieces small, the truth to tell;

Down

Down by the lady then they laid,
Whereby they shew'd, she was a maid. 240

But when he came from hunting back,
And did behold this heavy chance,
Then for his lovely virgin's sake
His courage strait he did advance,
And came into the lions fight, 245
Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit dismay
Who, like a stout and valiant knight,
Did both the hungry lyons slay
Within the lady Sabra's fight : 250
Who all this while sad and demure,
There stood most like a virgin pure.

Now when St. George did surely know
This lady was a virgin true,
His heart was glad, that erst was woe, 255
And all his love did soon renew :
He set her on a palfrey steed,
And towards England came with speed.

Where being in short space arriv'd
Unto his native dwelling place ; 260
Therein with his dear love he liv'd
And fortune did his nuptials grace :
They many years of joy did see,
And led their lives at Coventry.

IV.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

*This excellent song is ancient : but we could only give it
from modern copies.*

OVER the mountains,
And over the waves ;
Under the fountains,
And under the graves ;
Over floods that are deepest, 5
Which Neptune obey ;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lye ; 10
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly ;
Where the midge dares not venture
Left herself fast she lay ;
If love come he will enter, 15
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might ;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight ; 20
But if she, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some

Some think to lose him, 25
 By having him confin'd;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor thing, to be blind;
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
 Do the best that you may, 30
 Blind love, if so ye call him,
 Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist;
 Or you may inveigle 35
 The phenix of the east;
 The lioness, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey;
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover:
 He will find out his way. 40

V.

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT, OR LADY'S POLICY.

Given (with some corrections) from a MS. copy, and collated with two printed ones in Roman character in the Pepys collection.

THERE was a knight was drunk with wine,
 A riding along the way, sir;
 And there he met with a lady fine,
 Among the cocks of hay, sir.

Shall you and I, O lady faire, 5
 Among the grafs lye downe-a;
 And I will have a special care
 Of rumpling of your gowne-a.

Upon the grafs there is a dew,
 Will spoil my damaske gowne, sir: 10
 My

My gown, and kirtle they are newe,
And cost me many a crowne, sir.

I have a cloak of scarlet red,
Upon the ground I'll throwe it;
Then, lady faire, come lay thy head;
We'll play, and none shall knowe it.

O yonder stands my steed so free,
Among the cocks of hay, sir;
And if the pinner should chance to see,
He'll take my steed away, sir.

Upon my finger I have a ring,
Its made of finest gold-a;
And, lady, it thy steed shall bring
Out of the pinner's fold-a.

O go with me to my father's hall;
Fair chambers there are three, sir;
And you shall have the best of all,
And I'll your chamberlain bee, sir.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on her dapple gray, sir;
And there they rode to her father's hall,
Fast pricking along the way, sir.

To her father's hall they arrived strait;
'Twas moated round about-a;
She slipped herself within the gate,
And lockt the knight without-a.

Here is a silver penny to spend,
And take it for your pain, sir.

And

216 ANCIENT SONGS

And two of my father's men I'll send
To wait on you back again, fir. 40

He from his scabbard drew his brand,
And whet it upon his sleeve-a!
And cursed, he said, be every man,
That will a maid believe-a!

She drew a bodkin from her haire,
And whip'd it upon her gown-a!
And curst be every maiden faire,
That will with men lye down-a! 45

A tree there is, that lowly grows,
And some do call it rue, fir: 50
The smallest dunghill cock that crows,
Would make a capon of you, fir

A flower there is, that shineth bright,
Some call it mary-gold-a:
He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wold-a! 55

The knight was riding another day,
With cloak and hat and feather:
He met again with that lady gay,
Who was angling in the river. 60

Now, lady faire, I've met with you,
You shall no more escape me;
Remember, how not long agoe
You falsely did intrap me.

The lady blushed scarlet red,
And trembled at the stranger: 65

How

How shall I guard my maidenhed
From this approaching danger?

He from his saddle down did light,
In all his riche attyer; 70
And cryed, as I am a noble knight,
I do thy charms admyer.

He took the lady by the hand,
Who seemingly consented;
And would no more disputing stand: 75
She had a plot invented.

Look yonder, good fir knight, I pray,
Methinks I now discover,
A riding upon his dapple gray,
My former constant lover. 80

On tip-toe peering stood the knight,
Fast by the rivers brink-a;
The lady pusht with all her might:
Sir knight now swim or sink-a.

O'er head and ears he plunged in, 85
The bottom faire he sounded;
Then rising up, he cried amain,
Help, helpe, or else I'm drowned!

Now, faire you-well, fir knight, adieu! 90
You see what comes of fooling;
That is the fittest place for you;
Your courage wanted cooling.

Ere many days, in her fathers park,
Just at the close of eve-a,
VOL. III. L Again

218 ANCIENT SONGS

Again she met with her angry sparke ; 95
Which made this lady grieve-a.

False lady, here thou'rt in my powre,
And no one now can hear thee :
And thou shalt sorely rue the hour,
That e'er thou dar'dst to jeer me. 100

I pray, fir knight, be not so warm
With a young silly maid-a :
I vow and swear I thought no harm,
'Twas a gentle jest I playd-a.

A gentle jest, in soothe ! he cry'd, 105
To tumble me in and leave me :
What if I had in the river dy'd ?——
That fetch will not deceive me.

Once more I'll pardon thee this day,
Tho' injur'd out of measure ; 110
But then prepare without delay
To yield thee to my pleasure.

Well then, if I must grant your suit,
Yet think of your boots and spurs, fir :
Let me pull off both spur and boot, 115
Or else you cannot stir, fir.

He set him down upon the grass,
And beg'd her kind assistance :
Now, smiling thought this lovely lass,
I'll make you keep your distance. 120

Then pulling off his boots half-way :
Sir knight, now I'm your betters :
You

You shall not make of me your prey;
Sit there like a knave in fetters.

The knight when she had served soe,
He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled;
For he could neither stand nor goe,
But like a cripple tumbled.

Farewell, fir knight, the clock strikes ten;
Yet do not move nor stir, fir;
I'll send you my father's serving men,
To pull off your boots and spurs, fir.

This merry jest you must excuse,
You are but a stingle's nettle;
You'd never have stood for boots or shoes,
Had you been a man of mettle.

All night in grievous rage he lay,
Rolling upon the plain-a;
Next morning a shepherd past that way,
Who set him right again-a.

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,
By hill and dale he swore-a;
I'll ride at once to her father's hall;
She shall escape no more-a.

I'll take her father by the beard,
I'll challenge all her kindred;
Each dastard soul shall stand affeard;
My wrath shall no more be hindred.

He rode unto her father's house,
Which every side was moated:

220 ANCIENT SONGS

The lady heard his furious vows,
And all his vengeance noted.

Thought she, fir knight, to quench your rage,
Once more I will endeavour;
This water shall your fury swage,
Or else it shall burn for ever. 155

Then faining penitence and feare,
She did invire a parley:
Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare,
Henceforth I'll love you dearly. 160

My father he is now from home,
And I am all alone, fir:
Therefore a-croß the water come;
And I am all your own, fir.

False maid, thou can't no more deceive, 165
I scorn the treacherous bait-a:
If thou would'st have me thee believe,
Now open me the gate-a.

The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd,
My father has the keys, fir: 170
But I have for my love prepar'd
A shorter way and easier.

Over the moate I've laid a plank
Full seventeen feet in measure:
Then step a-croß to the other bank,
And there we'll take our pleasure. 175

These words she had no sooner spoke,
But strait he came tripping over:

The

The plank was saw'd, it snapping broke;
And fous'd the unhappy lover. 180

VI.

WHY SO PALE?

*From sir John Suckling's poems. This sprightly knight
was born in 1613, and cut off by a fever about the 29th
year of his age.*

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prethee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prethee why so pale? 5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prethee why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing doe't?

Prethee why so mute? 10

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,

This cannot take her;

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her.

The devil take her! 15

VII.

THE SPANISH VIRGIN, OR EFFECTS
OF JEALOUSY.

*The subject of this ballad is taken from a folio collection
of tragical stories, intituled "The theatre of God's judg-
ments, by Dr. Beard and Dr. Taylor, 1642. Pt. 2. p.
89.—The text is given (with some corrections) from two
copies; one of them in black letter in the Pepys collection.*

*In this every stanza is accompanied with the following
distich by way of burden,*

" Ob jealousie! thou art nurs't in hell:

" Depart from hence, and therein dwell."

A L L tender hearts, that ake to hear

Of those that suffer wrong;

All you, that never shed a tear,

Give heed unto my song.

Fair Isabella's tragedy

My tale doth far exceed:

Alas! that so much cruelty

In female hearts should breed!

In Spain a lady liv'd of late;

Who was of high degree;

Whose wayward temper did create,

Much woe and misery.

Strange jealousies so fill'd her head

With many a vain surmise,

She thought her lord had wrong'd her bed,

And did her love despise.

A gentlewoman passing fair

Did on this lady wait;

With bravest dames she might compare;

Her beauty was compleat.

Her lady cast a jealous eye

Upon this gentle maid;

And taxt her with disloyaltye;

And did her oft upbraid.

In silence still this maiden meek 25
Her bitter taunts would bear;
While oft adown her lovely cheek
Would steal the falling tear.

In vain in humble sort she strove 30
Her fury to disarm;
As well the meekness of the dove
The bloody hawke might charm.

Her lord of humour light and gay,
And innocent the while,
As oft, as she came in his way, 35
Would on the damsell smile.

And oft before his lady's face,
As thinking her her friend,
He would the maiden's modest grace,
And comeliness commend. 40

All which incens'd his lady so
She burnt with wrath extreme;
At length the fire that long did glow,
Burst forth into a flame.

For on a day it so befell, 45
When he was gone from home,
The lady all with rage did swell,
And to the damsell come.

And charging her with great offence,
And many a grievous fault; 50
She bade her servants drag her thence,
Into a dismal vault.

There lay beneath the common-shore
 A dungeon dark and deep :
 Where they were wont, in days of yore, 55
 Offenders great to keep.

There never light of chearful day
 Dispers'd the hideous gloom ;
 But dank and noisome vapours play
 Around the wretched room. 60

And adders, snakes and toads therein,
 As afterwards was known,
 Long in this loathsome vault had bin,
 And were to monsters grown.

Into this foul and fearful place, 65
 The fair one innocent
 Was cast, before her lady's face ;
 Her malice to content.

This maid no sooner enter'd is,
 But strait, alas ! she hears 70
 The toads to croak, and snakes to hiss :
 Then grievously she fears.

Soon from their holes the vipers creep,
 And fiercely her assail :
 Which makes the damsel forely weep, 75
 And her sad fate bewail.

With her fair hands she strives in vain
 Her body to defend :
 With shrieks, and cries she doth complain,
 But all is to no end. 80

A servant

55 A servant listning near the door,
Struck with her doleful noise,
Strait ran his lady to implore;
But she'll not hear his voice.

60 With bleeding heart he goes agen 85
To mark the maiden's groans;
And plainly heares, within the den,
How she herself bemoans.

Again he to his lady hies 90
With all the hast he may:
She into furious passion flies,
And orders him away.

65 Still back again does he return
To hear her tender cries;
The virgin now had ceas'd to mourn; 95
Which fill'd him with surprize.

In grief, and horror, and affright,
He listens at the walls;
But finding all was silent quite,
He to his lady calls. 100

Too sure, O lady, now quoth he,
Your cruelty hath sped:
Make hast, for shame, and come and see;
I fear the virgin's dead.

105 She starts to hear her sudden fate,
And does with torches run:
But all her haste was now too late,
For death his worst had done.

The door being open'd strait they found
 The virgin stretch'd along: 110
 Two dreadful snakes had wrapt her round,
 Which her to death had flung.

One round her legs, her thighs, her waist
 Had twin'd his fatal wreath:
 The other close her neck embrac'd, 115
 And stopt her gentle breath.

The snakes, being from her body thrust,
 Their bellies were so fill'd,
 That with excess of blood they burst,
 Thus with their prey were kill'd. 220

The wicked lady at this sight,
 With horror strait ran mad;
 So raving dy'd as was most right,
 Cause she no pity had.

Let me advise you, ladies all, 225
 Of jealousy beware;
 It causeth many a one to fall,
 And is the devil's snare. *

VIII.

THE ASPIRING SHEPHERD.

From the Editor's ancient folio Manuscript.

HE is a foole that basely dallies,
 Where eche peasant mates with him:
 Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
 Having noble hills to climbe.

No,

No, no, those clownes, fear'd with frownes, 5
 Shall never my esteeme obtaine ;
 And such as you, fond fools, adieu !
 Ye seeke to captive me in vaine.

I doe scorne to vow a dutye,
 Where eche lustfull ladd may woe : 10
 Give me her whose ' sun-like ' beautye
 Buzzards dare not gaze unto.
 Shee it is, affords my blisse,
 For whom I will refuse no paine :
 And such as you, fond fools, adieu ! 15
 Ye seeke to captive me in vaine.

IX.

CONSTANT PENELOPE.

The ladies are indebted for the following notable documents to the Pepys collection, where the original is preserved in blacke-letter, and is intituled, " A looking-glass for ladies, or a mirrour for married women. Tune Queen Dido, or Troy town."

WHEN Greeks, and Trojans fell at strife,
 And lords in armour bright were seen ;
 When many a gallant lost his life
 About fair Hellen, beauties queen ;
 Ulysses, general so free, 5
 Did leave his dear Penelope.

When she this wofull news did hear,
 That he would to the warrs of Troy ;
 For grief she shed full many a tear,
 At parting from her only joy ; 10
 Her ladies all about her came,
 To comfort up this Grecian dame.

Ulysses,

Ulyſſes, with a heavy heart,
 Unto her then did mildly ſay,
 The time is come that we muſt part, 15
 My honour calls me hence away ;
 Yet in my abſence, deareſt, be
 My conſtant wife, Penelope.

Let me no longer live, ſhe ſayd,
 Than to my lord I true remain ; 20
 My honour ſhall not be betray'd
 Until I ſee my love again :
 For ever I will conſtant prove,
 As is the loyal turtle-dove.

Thus did they part with heavy chear, 25
 And to the ſhips his way he took ;
 Her tender eyes dropt many a tear,
 Still caſting many a longing look :
 She ſay him on the ſurges glide,
 And unto Neptune thus ſhe cry'd. 30

Thou God, whoſe power is in the deep,
 And ruleſt in the ocean main,
 My loving lord in ſafety keep
 Till he return to me again :
 That I his perſon may behold, 35
 To me more precious far than gold.

Then ſtraight the ſhips with nimble ſails
 Were all convey'd out of her ſight :
 Her cruel fate ſhe then bewails,
 Since ſhe had loſt her hearts delight : 40
 Now ſhall my practice be, quoth ſhe,
 True vertue and humility.

My patience I will put in ure,
 My charity I will extend ;
 Since for my woe there is no cure, 45
 The helpless now I will befriend :
 The widow and the fatherless,
 I will relieve, when in distress.

Thus she continued year by year
 In doing good to every one ; 50
 Her fame was noised every where,
 To young and old the same was known ;
 No company that she would mind,
 Who were to vanity inclin'd.

Mean while Ulysses fought for fame, 55
 'Mong Trojans hazarding his life :
 Young gallants, hearing of her name,
 Came flocking for to tempt his wife ;
 For she was lovely, young, and fair,
 No lady might with her compare. 60

With costly gifts and jewels fine,
 They did endeavour her to win ;
 With banquets, and the choicest wine,
 For to allure her unto sin :
 Most persons were of high degree, 65
 Who courted fair Penelope.

With modesty and comely grace,
 Their wanton suits she did deny ;
 No tempting charms could e'er deface
 Her dearest husband's memorye ; 70
 But constant she would still remain,
 Hoping to see him once again.

Her

Her book her dayly comfort was,
 And that she often did peruse ;
 She seldom looked in her glass ;
 Powder and paint she ne'er would use,
 I with all ladies were as free
 From pride, as was Penelope.

75

She in her needle took delight,
 And likewise in her spinning-wheel ;
 Her maids about her every night
 Did use the distaff, and the reel :
 The spiders, that on rafters twine,
 Scarce spin a thread more soft and fine.

80

Sometimes she would bewail the loss
 And absence of her dearest love :
 Sometimes she thought the seas to cross,
 Her fortune on the waves to prove :
 I fear my lord is slain, quoth she,
 He stays so from Penelope.

85

90

At length the ten years siege of Troy
 Did end ; in flames the city burn'd ;
 And to the Grecians was great joy,
 To see the towers to ashes turn'd :
 Then came Ulysses home to see
 His constant, dear, Penelope.

95

O blame her not if she was glad,
 When she her lord again had seen.
 Thrice-welcome home, my dear, she sayd,
 A long time absent thou hast been :
 The wars shall never more deprive
 Me of my lord whilst I'm alive.

100

Fair

Fair ladies all example take ;
 And hence a worthy lesson learn,
 All youthfull follies to forsake, 105
 And vice from virtue to discern :
 And let all women strive to be,
 As constant as Penelope.

X.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

By Col. Richard Lovelace : from a scarce volume of his poems intituled, " Lucasta, Lond. 1649. 12mo. The elegance of this writer's manner would be more admired if it had somewhat more of simplicity.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
 That from the nunnerie
 Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,
 To warre and arms I flie.

True ; a new mistresse now I chase, 5
 The first foe in the field ;
 And with a stronger faith imbrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
 As you too shall adore ; 10
 I could not love thee, deare, so much,
 Lov'd I not honour more.

XI.

VALENTINE AND URSINE.

It would be in vain to put off this ballad for ancient, nor yet is it altogether modern. The original is an old MS. poem in the Editor's possession ; which being in a wretched corrupt state, the subject was thought worthy of some embellishments.

The old story-book of Valentine and Orson (which suggested

gested the plan of this tale, but it is not strictly followed in it) is originally a translation from the French, being one of their earliest attempts at romance. See "*Le Bibliothéque de Romans, &c.*"

The circumstance of the bridge of bells is taken from the old metrical legend of Sir Bevis, and has also been copied in the *Seven Champions*. The original lines are

" Over the dyke a bridge there lay,
 " That man and beest might passe away :
 " Under the brydge were sixty belles ;
 " Right as the Romans telles ;
 " That there might no man passe in,
 " But all they rang with a gyn."

Sign. E. iv.

PART THE FIRST.

WHEN Flora 'gins to decke the fields
 With colours fresh and fine,
 Then holy clerkes their mattins sing
 To good Saint Valentine

The king of France that morning fair
 He would a hunting ride :
 To Artois forest prancing forth
 In all his princely pride.

To grace his sports a courtly train
 Of gallant peers attend ;
 And with their loud and cheerful cryes
 The hills and valleys rend.

Through the deep forest swift they pass,
 Through woods and thickets wild ;
 When down within a lonely dell
 They found a new-born child :

All

All in a scarlet kercher lay'd
Of silk so fine and thin :
A golden mantle wrapt him round
Pinn'd with a silver pin.

20

The sudden sight surpriz'd them all ;
The courtiers garther'd round ;
They look, they call, the mother seek ;
No mother could be found.

At length the king himself drew near,
And as he gazing stands,
The pretty babe look'd up and smil'd,
And stretch'd his little hands.

25

Now, by the rood, king Pepin says,
This child is passing fair :
I wot he is of gentle blood ;
Perhaps some prince's heir.

30

Goe bear him home unto my court
With all the care ye may :
Let him be christen'd Valentine,
In honour of this day :

35

And look me out some cunning nurse ;
Well nurtur'd let him bee ;
Nor ought be wanting that becomes
A bairn of high degree.

40

They look'd him out a cunning nurse ;
And nurtur'd well was hee ;
Nor ought was wanting that became
A bairn of high degree.

Thus

Thus grewe the little Valentine 45
 Belov'd of king and peers ;
 And shew'd in all he spake or did
 A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feates of arms
 He did himself advance, 50
 That ere he grewe to man's estate
 He had no peere in France.

And now the early downe began
 To shade his youthful chin ;
 When Valentine was dubb'd a knight, 55
 That he might glory win.

A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,
 I beg a boon of thee !
 The first adventure, that befalls,
 May be reserv'd for me. 60

The first adventure shall be thine ;
 The king did smiling say,
 Nor many days, when lo ! there came
 Three palmers clad in graye.

Help, gracious lord, they weeping say'd ; 65
 And knelt as it was meet :
 From Artoys forest we be come,
 With weak and wearye feet.

Within those deep and drearye woods
 There wends a savage boy ; 70
 Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield
 Thy subjects dire annoy.

'Mong ruthless beares he sure was bred ;
He lurks within their den :
With beares he lives ; with beares he feeds, 75
And drinks the blood of men.

201 To more than savage strength he joins
A more than human skill :
For arms, ne cunning may suffice
His cruel rage to still, 80

Up then rose sir Valentine,
And claim'd that arduous deed :
Go forth and conquer, say'd the king,
And great shall be thy meed.

Well mounted on a milk-white steed,
His armour white as snow ;
As well beseem'd a virgin knight,
Who ne'er had fought a foe: 85

To Artoys forest he repairs
With all the haste he may :
And soon he spies the savage youth
A rending of his prey. 90

His unkempt hair all matted hung
His shaggy shoulders round :
His eager eye all fiery glow'd
His face with fury frown'd. 95

221 Like eagles' talons grew his nails :
His limbs were thick and strong ;
And dreadful was the knotted oak
He bare with him along. 100

Soon

Soon-as fir Valentine approach'd,
 He starts with sudden spring;
 And yelling forth a hideous howl,
 He made the forests ring.

As when a tyger fierce and fell
 Hath spied a passing roe,
 And leaps at once upon his throat;
 So sprung the savage foe;

So lightly leap'd with furious force
 The gentle knight to seize;
 But met his tall uplified spear,
 Which sunk him on his knees.

A second stroke so stiff and stern
 Had laid the savage low;
 But springing up, he rais'd his club,
 And aim'd a dreadful blow.

The watchful warrior bent his head,
 And shunn'd the coming stroke;
 Upon his taper spear it fell,
 And all to shivers broke.

Then lighting nimbly from his steed,
 He drew his burnisht brand;
 The savage quick as lightning flew
 To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasp'd the silver hilt;
 Three times he felt the blade;
 Three times it fell with furious force;
 Three ghastly wounds it made.

Now

Now with redoubled rage he roar'd ;
 His eye-ball flash'd with fire ; 130
 Each hairy limb with fury shook ;
 And all his heart was ire.

Then closing fast with furious gripe
 He clasp'd the champion round,
 And with a strong and sudden twist 135
 He laid him on the ground.

But soon the knight with active spring,
 O'erturn'd his hairy foe :
 And now between their sturdy fists
 Past many a bruising blow. 140

They roll'd and grappled on the ground,
 And there they struggled long :
 Skilful and active was the knight,
 The savage he was strong.

But brutal force and savage strength
 To art and skill must yield :
 Sir Valentine at length prevail'd,
 And won the well-fought field. 145

Then binding strait his conquer'd foe
 Fast with an iron chain,
 He tyes him to his horse's tail,
 And leads him o'er the plain. 150

To court his hairy captive soon
 Sir Valentine doth bring ;
 And kneeling downe upon his knee,
 Presents him to the king. 155

With

With loss of blood and loss of strength,
 The savage tamer grew;
 And to sir Valentine became
 A servant try'd and true. 160

And 'cause with beares he erst was bred,
 Urfine they call his name:
 A name which unto future times
 The Muses shall proclaime.

PART THE SECOND.

IN high renown with prince and peere
 Now liv'd sir Valentine:
 His high renown with prince and peere
 Made envious hearts repine.

It chanc'd the king upon a day
 Prepar'd a sumptuous feast;
 And there came lords, and dainty dames,
 And many a noble guest. 5

Amid their cups, that freely flow'd,
 Their revelry, and mirth;
 A youthful knight tax'd Valentine
 Of base and doubtful birth. 10

The foul reproach, so grossly urg'd,
 His generous heart did wound:
 And strait he vow'd he ne'er would rest
 Till he his parents found. 15

Then bidding king and peers adieu,
 Early one summer's day,
 With faithful Urfine by his side,
 From court he takes his way, 20

O'er hill and valley, mofs and moor,
For manye a day they pass;
At length upon a moated lake,
They found a bridge of brass.

Beyond it rose a castle fair 25
Y-built of marble stone:
The battlements were gilt with gold,
And glittred in the sun.

Beneath the bridge, with strange device,
A hundred bells were hung; 30
That man, nor beast, might pass thereon,
But strait their larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,
Who boldly crossing o'er,
The jangling sound bedeaft their ears, 35
And rung from shore to shore.

Quick at the sound the castle gates
Unlock'd and opened wide,
And strait a gyant huge and grim
Stalk'd forth with stately stride, 40

Now yield you, caytiffs, to my will;
He cried with hideous roar;
Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,
And ravens drink your gore.

Vain boaster, said the youthful knight, 45
I scorn thy threats and thee:
I trust to force thy brazen gates,
And set thy captives free,

Then

240. ANCIENT SONGS

Then putting spurs unto his steed,
He aim'd a dreadful thrust; 50
The spear against the gyant glanc'd,
And caus'd the blood to burst.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,
He whirl'd his mace of steel :
The very wind of such a blow 55
Had made the champion reel.

It haply mist ; and now the knight
His glittering sword display'd,
And riding round with whirlwind speed
Of made him feel the blade. 60

As when a large and monstrous oak
Unceasing axes hew:
So fast around the gyant's limbs
The blows quick-darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall 65
Some hapless woodman crush :
With such a force the enormous foe
Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas ! there came,
Both horse and knight it took, 70
And laid them senseless in the dust ;
So fatal was the stroke.

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,
The gyant strides in haste,
And, stooping, aims a second stroke : 75
Now caytiff breathe thy last !

But

But ere it fell, two thundering blows
 Upon his scull descend :
 From Urfine's knotty club they came,
 Who ran to save his friend. 86

Down sunk the gyant gaping wide,
 And rolling his grim eyes :
 The hairy youth repeats his blows :
 He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly sir Valentine reviv'd
 With Urfine's timely care :
 And now to search the castle walls
 The venturous youths repair. 85

The blood and bones of murder'd knights
 They found where'er they came : 92
 At length within a lonely cell
 They saw a mournful dame.

Her gentle eyes were dim'd with tears ;
 Her cheeks were pale with woe :
 And long Sir Valentine besought 95
 Her doleful tale to know.

" Alas ! young knight, the weeping said,
 " Condole my wretched fate :
 " A childless mother here you see ;
 " A wife without a mate. 100

" These twenty winters here forlorn
 " I've drawn my hated breath ;
 " Sole witness of a monster's crimes,
 " And wishing aye for death.

- " Know, I am sister of a king ; 105
 " And in my early years
 " Was married to a mighty prince,
 " The fairest of his peers.
 " With him I sweetly liv'd in love
 " A twelvemonth and a day : 110
 " When, lo ! a foul and treacherous priest
 " Y-wrought our loves' decay.
 " His seeming goodness wan him pow'r ;
 " He had his master's ear :
 " And long to me and all the world 115
 " He did a faint appear.
 " One day, when we were all alone,
 " He proffer'd odious love :
 " The wretch with horror I repuls'd,
 And from my presence drove. 120
 " He feign'd remorse, and piteous beg'd
 " His crime I'd not reveal :
 " Which, won by's seeming penitence,
 " I promis'd to conceal.
 " With treason, villany, and wrong 125
 " My goodness he repay'd :
 " With jealous doubts he fill'd my lord,
 " And me to woe betray'd.
 " He hid a slave within my bed,
 " Then rais'd a bitter cry : 130
 " My lord, possess'd with rage, condemn'd
 " Me, all unheard, to dye.

" But

" But 'cause I then was great with child,
 " At length my life he spar'd :
 " But bade me instant quit the realme, 135
 " One trusty knight my guard.

" Forth on my journey I depart,
 " Opprest with grief and woe ;
 " And tow'rd's my brother's distant court,
 " With breaking heart, I goe. 140

" Long time thro' fundry foreign lands
 " We slowly pace along :
 " At length within a forest wild
 " I fell in labour strong ;

" And while the knight for succour fought, 145
 " And left me there forlorn,
 " My childbed pains so fast increast
 " Two lovely boys were born.

" The eldest fair, and smooth, as snow
 " That tips the mountain hoar 150
 " The younger's little body rough
 " With hairs was cover'd o'er.

" But here afresh begin my woes :
 " While tender care I took
 " To shield my eldest from the cold, 155
 " And wrap him in my cloak ;

" A prowling bear burst from the wood,
 " And seiz'd my younger son :
 " Affection lent my weakness wings,
 " And after them I run. 160

" But all forewearied, weak and spent,

" I quickly swoon'd away:

" And there beneath the greenwood shade

" Longtime I lifeless lay,

" At length the knight brought me relief," 165

" And rais'd me from the ground:

" But neither of my pretty babes

" Could ever more be found.

" And, while in search we wander'd far,

" We met that gyant grim:" 170

" Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,

" And bare me off with him.

" But charm'd, by heav'n, or else my griefs,"

" He offer'd me no wrong

" Save that within these lonely walls" 175

" I've been immur'd so long."

Now, surely, said the youthful knight,

Ye are lady Bellifance,

Wife to the Grecian emperor:

Your brother's king of France." 180

For in your royal brother's court

Myself my breeding had;

Where oft the story of your woes

Hath made my bosom sad.

If so, know your accuser's dead," 185

And dying own'd his crime:

And long your lord hath fought you out

Thro' every foreign clime.

And

And when no tidings he could learn
Of his much-wronged wife, 190
He vow'd thenceforth within his court
To lead a hermit's life.

Now heaven is kind! the lady said,
And dropt a joyful tear:
Shall I once more behold my lord? 195
That lord I love so dear?

But, madam, said sir Valentine,
And knelt upon his knee;
Know you the cloak that wrapt your babe,
If you the same should see? 200

And pulling forth the cloth of gold,
In which himself was found;
The lady gave a sudden shriek,
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care reviv'd, 205
His tale she heard anon:
And soon by other tokens found,
He was indeed her son.

But who's this hairy youth? she said;
He much resembles thee: 210
The bear devour'd my younger son,
Or sure that son were he.

Madam, this youth with beares was bred,
And rear'd within their den.
But recollect ye any mark 215
To know your son agen?

Upon his little side, quoth she,
 Was stamp't a bloody rose.
 Here, lady, see the crimson mark
 Upon his body grows!

220

Then clasping both her new-found sons,
 She bath'd their cheeks with tears;
 And soon towards her brother's court
 Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint king Pepin's joy,
 His sister thus restor'd;
 And soon a messenger was sent
 To cheer her drooping lord:

225

Who came in haste with all his peers,
 To fetch her home to Greece:
 Where many happy years they reign'd
 In perfect love and peace.

230

To them sir Urfine did succeed,
 And long the scepter bare,
 Sir Valentine he stay'd in France,
 And was his uncle's heir.

235

XII.

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

This humorous song (as a former Editor † has well observed) is to old metrical romances and ballads of chivalry, what Don Quixote is to prose narratives of that kind:—a lively satire on their extravagant fictions. But altho' the satire is thus general; the subject of this ballad seems local and peculiar: so that many of the finest strokes of humour are lost for want of our knowing the particular facts to which they allude. These we have in vain
endeavour-

† Collection 3 vol. 1727.

endeavoured to recover; and are therefore obliged to acquiesce in the common account; namely, that this ballad alludes to a contest at law between an overgrown Yorkshire attorney and a neighbouring gentleman. The former, it seems, had stript three orphans of their inheritance, and by his incroachments and rapaciousness was become a nuisance to the whole country; when the latter generously espoused the cause of the oppressed, and gained a complete victory over his antagonist, who with meer spite and vexation broke his heart.

In handling this subject the Author has brought in most of the common incidents which occur in Romance. The description of the dragon*——his outrages——the people flying to the knight for succour——his care in chusing his armour——his being drest for fight by a young damsell——and most of the circumstances of the battle and victory (allowing for the burlesque turn given to them) are what occur in every book of chivalry whether in prose or verse.

If any one piece, more than other, is more particularly levelled at, it seems to be the old rhiming legend of *sir Bewis*. There a DRAGON is attacked from a WELL in a manner not very remote from this of the ballad:

There was a well, so have I wynde,
And Bewis stumbled ryght therein.

* * * *

Than was he glad without fayle,
And rested a whyle for his awayle;
And dranke of that water his fyll;
And than he lepte out, with good wyll,
And with Morglay his brande,
He assayled the dragon, I understande:
On the dragon he smote so faste,
Where that he hit the scales brasle:
The dragon then faynted sore,
And cast a galon and more
Out of his mouthe of venim strang,
And on syr Bewis he it song:
It was venymous y-wis.

* See above page 97, and pag. 181.

This seems to be meant by the dragon of Wantley's Rink, ver. 110. As the politick knight's creeping out, and attacking the dragon, &c. seems evidently to allude to the following,

Bewis blessed himselfe, and forth yode,
And lepte out with haste full good ;
And Bewis unto the dragon gone is ;
And the dragon also to Bewis.
Longe, and harde was that fyght
Betwene the dragon, and that knyght :
But ever whan fyr Bewis was hurt sore,
He went to the well, and washed him thore ;
He was as hole as any man,
Ever freshe as whan he began :
The dragon sawe it might not awayle
Besyde the well to hold batayle ;
He thought he would, wyth some wyle,
Out of that place Bewis begyle ;
He woulde have flownen then awaye,
But Bewis lepte after with good Morglaye,
And byt him under the wynges,
As he was in his flyenge &c.

Sign. M. jv. L. j. &c.

After all, perhaps the writer of this ballad was acquainted with the above incidents only thro' the medium of Spenser, who has assumed most of them in his *Faery Queen*. At least some particulars in the description of the dragon, &c. seem evidently borrowed from the latter, See Book, 1. Canto 11. where the dragon's two wynges like sayls—huge long tayl — “ with stings — his cruel rending “ clawes — and yron teeth—his breath of smothering “ smoke and sulphur”—and the duration of the fight for upwards of two days, bear a great resemblance to passages in the following ballad ; tho' it must be confessed that these particulars are common to all old writers of Romance.

The following ballad appears to have been written late in the last century : at least we have met with none but modern copies ; the text is given from one in Roman letter in the Pepys collection, collated with two or three others.

OLD stories tell, how Hercules

A dragon slew at Lerna,

With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,

To see and well discern-a:

But he had a club, this dragon to drub,

Or he had ne're don't, I warrant ye:

But More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,

He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,

Each one upon each shoulder;

With a sting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,

Which made him bolder and bolder.

He had long claws, and in his jaws

Four and forty teeth of iron;

With a hide as tough, as any buff,

Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse

Held seventy men in his belly?

This dragon was not quite so big,

But very near, I'll tell ye.

Devoured he, poor children three,

That could not with him grapple;

And at one sup, he eat them up,

As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat,

Some say he did eat up trees,

And that the forests sure he would

Devour up by degrees: [kies;

For houses and churches, were to him geese and tur-

He eat all, and left none behind,

For. 9. were to him gorse and birches. Other copies.

250 ANCIENT SONGS

But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,
Which on the hills you will find,

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham,

The place I know it well;

Some two or three miles, or thereabouts, 35

I vow I cannot tell;

But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,

And Matthew's house hard by it;

O there and then, was this dragon's den,

You could not chuse but spy it. 40

Some say, this dragon was a witch;

Some say, he was a devil,

For from his nose a smoke arose,

And with it burning snivel;

Which he cast off, when he did cough, 45

In a well that he did stand by;

Which made it look, just like a brook

Running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,

Of whom all towns did ring; 50

For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick,
cuff and huff,

Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing:

By the tail and the main, with his hands twain

He swung a horse till he was dead;

And that which is stranger, he for very anger 55

Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat;

Men, women, girls and boys,

Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,

And made a hideous noise: 60

O save

O save us all, More of More-Hall,
 Thou peerless knight of these woods ;
 Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
 We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want ; 65
 But I want, I want in sooth,
 A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk, ' and keen,'
 And smiles about the mouth ;
 Hair black as sloe, skin white as snow,
 With blushes her cheeks adorning ; 70
 To 'noynt me o'er night, ere I go to fight,
 And to dress me in the morning.

This being done he did engage
 To hew the dragon down ;
 But first he went, new armour to 75
 Bespeak at Sheffield town ;
 With spikes all about, not within but without,
 Of steel so sharp and strong ;
 Both behind and before, arms, legs ; and all o'er
 Some five or six inches long. 80

Had you but seen him in this dress,
 How fierce he looked and how big,
 You would have thought him for to be
 Some Egyptian porcupig :
 He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all. 85
 Each cow, each horse, and each hog :
 For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
 Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight, all people then
 Got up on trees and houses, 90
 On

252 ANTIEN T SONGS.

On churches some, and chimneys too ;
 But these put on their trowfes,
 Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
 To make him strong and mighty,
 He drank by the tale, six pots of ale, 95
 And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
 For wit doth strength excel ;
 Which made our cunning champion
 Creep down into a well ; 100
 Where he did think, this dragon would drink,
 And so he did in truth ;
 And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd, bohl
 And hit him in the mouth.

Oh quoth the dragon, pox take thee come out, 105
 Thou disturb'st me in my drink ;
 And then he turn'd, and at him ;
 Good lack how he did stink !
 Beshrew thy foul, thy body's foul,
 Thy dung smells not like balsam ; 110
 Thou son of a whore, thou stink'st so sore,
 Sure thy diet is unwholsome.

Our politick knight, on the other side,
 Crept out upon the brink,
 And gave the dragon such a douse, 115
 He knew not what to think :
 By cock, quoth he, say you so: do you see ?
 And then at him he let fly
 With hand and with foot, and so they went to't,
 And the word it was, hey boys, hey ! 120

Your

Your words, quoth the dragon, I don't understand :

Then to it they fell at all,

Like two wild boars so fierce, if I may

Compare great things with small.

Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight 125

Our champion on the ground ;

Thro' their strength it was great, their skill it was neat,

They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake,

The dragon gave him a knock, 130

Which made him to reel, and straitway he thought,

To lift him as high as a rock,

And thence let him fall. But More of More-Hall,

Like a valiant son of Mars,

As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about, 135

And hit him a kick on the

Oh, quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,

And turn'd six times together,

Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing

Out of his throat of leather ; 140

More of More-Hall ! O thou rascal !

Would I had seen thee never ;

With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick'd my . . . gut,

And I'm quite undone for ever.

Murder, murder, the dragon cry'd, 145

Alack, alack, for grief :

Had you but mist that place, you could

Have done me no mischief.

Then his head he shook, trembled quaked,

And downe he laid and cry'd ; 150

First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,

So groan'd, kickt, , and dy'd.

XIII.

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

THE FIRST PART.

As the former song is in ridicule of the extravagant incidents in old ballads and metrical romances ; so this is a burlesque of their style ; particularly of the rambling transitions and wild accumulation of unconnected parts, so frequent in many of them.

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, "imprinted at London, 1612." It is more ancient than many of the preceding ; but we place it here for the sake of connecting it with the SECOND PART.

WHY doe you boast of Arthur and his knightes,
Knowing 'well' how many men have endured
fightes ?

For belides king Arthur, and Lancelot du Lake,
Or sir Tristram de Lionel, that fought for ladies sake ;
Read in old histories, and there you shall see
How St. George, St. George the dragon made to flee.
St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Mark our father Abraham, when first he rescued Lot
Onely with his household, what conquest there he
David, was elected a prophet and a king, [got :
He slew the great Goliah, with a stone within a sling :
Yet these were not knightes of the table round ;
Nor St. George, St. George, who the dragon did
confound.

St George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Jephthah and Gideon did lead their men to fight,
They conquered the Amorites, and put them all to
flight :

Hercules

Hercules his labours 'were' on the plaines of Basse ;
 And Samson slew a thousand with the jawbone of an
 asse [spoyle.
 And eke he threw a temple downe, and did a mighty
 And St. George, St. George he did the dragon foyle.
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France.
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The warres of ancient monarches it were too long to
 tell [excell ;
 And likewise of the Romans, how farre they did
 Hannyball and Scipio in many a fiede did fighte :
 Orlando Furioso he was a worthy knighte :
 Remus and Romulus, were they that Rome did
 builde :
 But St. George, St. George the dragon made to yelde.
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France.
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The noble Alphonso, that was the Spanish king,
 The order of the red scarffes and bandrolles in did
 bring : [he did begin,
 For he had a troope of mighty knightes, when first
 Which sought adventures farre and neare, that con-
 quest they might win :
 The rankes of the Pagans he often put to flight.
 But St. George, St. George did with the dragon fight.
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France.
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Many 'knights' have fought with proud Tamber-
 laine :
 Cutlax the Dane, great warres he did maintaine :
 Rowland of Beame, and good 'sir' Oliver
 In the forest of Acon slew both wolfe and beare :

Besides

Besides that noble Hollander, 'fir' Goward with the
bill.

But St. George, St. George the dragon's blood did spill.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Valentine and Orson were of king Pepin's blood:
Alfride and Henry they were brave knightes and good:
The four sons of Aymon, that follow'd Charlemaine:
Sir Hughon of Burdeaux, and Godfrey of Bullaine:
These were all French knightes that lived in that age.
But St. George, St. George the dragon did assuage.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Bevis conquered Ascupart, and after slew the boare,
And then he crost beyond the seas to combat with the
Moore:

Sir Isenbras, and Eglamore they were knightes most
bold;
And good Sir John Mandeville of travel much hath
told:

There were many English knights that Pagans did
convert,

But St. George, St. George pluckt out the dragon's heart.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The noble earl of Warwick, that was call'd sir Guy,
The infidels and pagans stoutly did defie;
He slew the giant Brandimore, and after was the death
Of that most gastly dun cove, the divell of Dunsmore
heath:

Besides his noble deeds all done beyond the seas.
But St. George, St. George the dragon did appease.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Richard Coeur-de-lion erst king of this land,
He the lion gored with his naked hand *:
The false duke of Austria nothing did he feare;
But his son he killed with a boxe on the eare:
Besides his famous actes done in the holy lande.
But St. George, St. George the dragon did withstande.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Henry the fifth he conquered all France,
And quartered their arms, his honour to advance:
He their cities razed, and threw their castles downe,
And his head he honoured with a double crowne:
He thumped the French-men, and after home he came.
But St. George, St. George he did the dragon tame.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

St. David of Wales the Welsh-men much advance:
St. Jaques of Spaine, that never yet broke lance:
St. Patricke of Ireland, which was St. Georges boy,
Seven yeares he kept his horse, and then stole him
away:
For which knavish act, as slaves they doe remaine.
But St. George, St. George the dragon he hath slaine.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

XIV. St.

* Alluding to the fabulous Expleits attributed to this King in the Old Romances.

XIV.

St. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND,

THE SECOND PART,

—was written about the end of the last century by JOHN GRUBB, M. A. of Christ Church, Oxford. All that we can learn concerning this facetious writer is contained in a few extracts from the university Register; by which it appears that he was matriculated in 1667, aged 20 years, being the son of John Grubb “*de Adon Burnel in Comitatu Salop. “pauperis.”* He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, Jun. 7, 1671. And became Master of Arts Jun. 28, 1675. He was still living in Oxford, when a celebrated wit * wrote the following Distich:

Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedycina poetas,
Bub, Stubb, Grubb, Crabb, Trapp, Young,
Carey, Tickel, Evans.

These were Bub Dodington (the late Lord Melcombe,) Dr. Stubbes, our Poet Grubb, Mr. Crabb, Dr. Trapp the Poetry Professor, Dr. Edw. Young the poet, Walter Carey, Thomas Tickel, Esq; and Dr. Evans the Epigrammatist.

The Editor has never met with any two copies of the following ballad in which the stanzas were ranged alike, he has therefore thrown them into what seemed to him the most natural order. The verses were originally written in long lines as Alexandrines, but the narrowness of the page made it necessary to subdivide them.

THE story of king Arthur
Is very memorable,
The number of his valiant knights,
And roundness of his table:
The knights around his table in
A circle sate, d’ ye see;
And altogether made up one
Large hoop of chivalry.

He

* The author of *Psyche* in *Doddsley’s Miscel. Vol. 3.*

He had a sword, both broad and sharp,
Y-cleped Caliburn, 10

Would cut a flint more easily,
Than penknife cuts a corn;
As case-knife does a capon carve,
So would it carve a rock,
And split a man at single slash, 15
From noddle down to nock.

He was the cream of Brecknock,
And flower of all the Welsh:
But George he did the dragon fell,
And gave him a plaguy squelsh. 20

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Pendragon, like his father Jove,
Was fed with milk of goat;
And like him made a noble shield 25

Of she-goat's shaggy coat:
On top of burnisht helmet he
Did wear a crest of leeks;
And onions' heads, with dreadful nods,
Drew tears down hostile cheeks. 30

Itch, and Welsh blood did make him hot,
And very prone to ire;
H' was ting'd with brimstone, like a match,
And would as soon take fire:
As brimstone he took inwardly 35
When scurf gave him occasion.

His postern puff of wind was a
Sulphureous exhalation.
The Briton never tergivers'd,
But was for adverse drubbing, 40
And never turn'd his back for aught,
But to a post for scrubbing.

His

His sword would serve for battle, or
 For dinner, if you please ;
 When it had slain a Cheshire man, 45
 'Twould tost a Cheshire cheese.
 He wounded, and, in their own blood,
 Did anabaptize Pagans.
 But George he made the dragon an
 Example to all dragons. 50
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France.
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Brave Warwick Guy, at dinner time,
 Challeng'd a gyant savage ;
 And streight came out the unweildy lout 55
 Brim-full of wrath and cabbage :
 He had a phiz of latitude,
 And was full thick i' th' middle ;
 The cheeks of puffed trumpeter,
 And paunch of squire Beadle. * 60
 But the knight fell'd him, like an oak,
 And did upon his back tread ;
 The valiant knight his weazon cut,
 And Atropus his packthread.
 Besides he fought with a dun cow, 65
 As say the poets witty,
 A dreadful dun, and horned too,
 Like dun of Oxford city :
 The fervent dog-days made her mad,
 By causing heat of weather, 70
 Syrius and Procyon baited her,
 As bull-dogs did her father :

Graiers,

* *Men of bulk answerable to their places, as is well known at Oxford.*

Graiers, nor butchers this fell beast,

E'er of her frolick hindred :

John Dorset † she'd knock down as flat,

75

As John knocks down her kindred :

Her heels would lay ye all along,

And kick into a swoon ;

Frewin's || cow-heels keep up your corpse,

But hers would beat you down :

80

She vanquisht many a sturdy wight,

And proud was of the honour ;

Was pufft by mauling butchers so,

As if themselves had blown her :

At once she kickt, and pusht at Guy,

85

But all that would not fright him ;

Who way'd his whinyard o'er sir-loyn,

As if he'd gone to knight him :

He let her blood, her frenzy to cure,

And eke he did her gall rip ;

90

His trenchant blade, like cook's long spit,

Ran thro' the monster's bald-rib :

He rear'd up the vast crooked rib,

Instead of arch triumphal.

But George hit th' dragon such a pelt,

95

As made him on his bum fall.

St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France.

Sing. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Tamerlain, with Tartarian bow,

The Turkish squadrons slew ;

100

And fetch'd the pagan crescent down,

With half-moon made of yew :

His

† A butcher at Oxford.

|| A cook, who on fast nights was famous for selling
cow-beel and tripe.

His trusty bow proud Turks did gall,
 With showers of arrows thick,
 And bow-strings, without throting, sent 105
 Grand-Visiers to old Nick :

Much turbants, and much Pagan pates
 He made to humble in dust,
 And heads of Saracens he fixt
 On spears, as on a sign-post: 110

He coop'd in cage grim Bajazet,
 Prop of Mahomet's religion.
 As if he had been the whispering bird,
 That prompted him ; the pidgeon.
 In Turkey-leather scabbard, he 115
 Did sheath his blade so trenchant.
 But George he swing'd the dragon's tail,
 And cut off every inch on't.

St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France.
 Sing, *Honi soit qui maly pense.* 120

The amazon Thalestris
 Was beautiful, and bold ;
 She fear'd her breasts with iron hot,
 And bang'd her foes with cold :
 Her hand was like the tool, wherewith 125
 Jove keeps proud mortals under ;
 It shone just like his lightning,
 And batter'd like his thunder :

Her eyes dart lightning, that would blast
 The proudest he, that swagger'd, 130
 And melt the rapier of his foul,
 In its corporeal scabbard.

Her beauty, and her drum to foes
 Did cause amazement double ;
 As timorous larks amazed are 135
 With light, and with a low-bell :

With

With beauty, and that lapland-charm,*
 Poor men she did bewitch-all;
 Still a blind whining lover had,
 As Pallas had her scrich-owl. 140
 She kept the chastness of a nun
 In armour, as in cloyster.

But George undid the dragon just
 As you'd undo an oister.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
 Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* 146

Great Hercules, the offspring
 Of Jove, and fair Alcmene:
 One part of him celestial was,
 The other part terrene. 150

To scale the walls of's cradle
 Two fiery snakes combin'd,
 And, just like unto swadling cloaths,
 About the infant twin'd:

But he put out these dragons' fires, 155
 And did their hissing stop;
 As red-hot iron with hissing noise
 Is quencht in blacksmith's shop.

He cleans'd a stable, and rubb'd down
 The horses of new-comers; 160
 And out of horse-dung he rais'd fame,
 As Tom Wrench † does cucumbers.

He made a river help him through;
 Alpheus was under groom;
 The stream, grumbling at office mean, 165
 Run murmuring thro' the room:

This

* Her drum.

† Who kept Paradise gardens at Oxford.

264 ANCIENT SONGS

This liquid oſtler to prevent
 Being tired with that long work,
 His father Neptune's trident took,
 Instead of three-tooth'd dung-fork. 170
 This Herculès, as ſoldier, and
 As ſpinſter, could take pains;
 His club it ſometimes would ſpin flax,
 And ſometimes knock out brains:
 He was forced to ſpin his miſs a ſhift, 175
 By Juno's wrath and her ſpite;
 Fair Omphale whipt him to his wheel,
 As cooks whip barking turn-ſpit.
 From man, or churn he well knew how
 To get, him laſting fame: 180
 He'd baſte a giant, till the blood
 And milk to butter came.
 Often he fought with huge battoon,
 And oftentimes he boxed;
 Tapt a freſh monſter once a moon, 185
 As Hervey* doth freſh hoghead.
 To ſtiff Antæus he gave a hug,
 Such as folks give in Cornwall.
 But George he did the dragon kill,
 As dead as any door-nail. 190
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
 Sing, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*
 The Gemini, ſprung from an egg,
 Were put into a cradle:
 Their brains with knocks and bottled ale, 195
 Were often-times full addle:
 And, ſecretly hatch'd, theſe ſons of him,
 That hurls the bolt trifulcate,
 With

* A noted Alehouſe-keeper at Oxford,

With helmet-shell on tender head,
Did bustle with red-ey'd pole-cat. 200

Castor a horseman, Pollux tho'

A boxer was, I wist:

The one was fam'd for iron heel;

Th' other for leaden fist.

Pollux to shew he was a god, 205

When he was in a passion,

With fist made noses fall down flat,

By way of adoration:

This fist, as sure as French disease,

Demolish'd noses' ridges: 210

He like a certain lord * was fam'd

For breaking down of bridges.

Castor the flame of fiery steed,

With well-spur'd boot took down;

As men, with leathern buckets, do 215

Quench fire in country town,

His famous horse, that liv'd on oats

Is sung on oaten quill;

By bards' immortal provender

The nag surviveth still. 220

This brood of eggs on none but rogues

Employ'd their whole artillery:

And flew as naturally at brogues,

As eggs at knave in pillory.

Much sweat they spent in furious fight, 225

Much blood they did effund:

Their whites they vented thro' the pore;

Their yolks thro' gaping wound:

Then both were cleans'd from blood and dust

To make a heavenly sign; 230

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* Lord Lovelace broke down the bridges about Oxford,
at the beginning of the Revolution.

The lads, just like their armour, were
 Scowr'd and hang'd up to shine;
 Such were the heavenly double-dicks;
 The sons of Jove and Tindar.
 But George he cut the dragon up, 235
 As 't had bin duck or windar.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
 Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Gorgon a twisted adder wore
 For knor upon her shoulder: 240
 She kemb'd her hissing periwig,
 And curling snakes did powder.
 These snakes they made stiff changelings
 Of all the folks they hift on;
 They turned barbers into hones, 245
 And mafons into free-ftone:

Sworded magnetic Amazon
 Her fhield to load-ftone changes;
 Then amorous sword by magic belt
 Clung fast unto her haunches. 250
 This fhield long village did protect,
 And kept the army from-town,
 And chang'd the bullies into rocks,
 That came t' invade Long-compton*,
 She post-diluvian ftone ummans, 255

And Pyrrha's work unravels;
 And ftares Deucalion's hardy boys
 Into their primitive pebbles.
 Red nofes she to rubies turns,
 And noddles into bricks. 260
 But George made dragon laxative;
 And gave him a bloody flix.

St.

* See the account of Rolricht Stones, in Dr. Plott's *Hift. of Oxfordshire*.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

By boar-spear Meleager 265

Acquir'd a lasting name,

And out of haunch of basted swine,

He hew'd eternal fame.

This beast each hero's trouzers ript,

And rudely shew'd his bare-breech, 270

Prickt but the wem, and out there came

Heroic guts and garbadge.

Legs were secur'd by iron bolts

No more, than peas by peascods:

Brass helmets, with inclosed skulls, 275

Wou'd crackle in's mouth like chesnuts.

His tawny hairs erected were

By rage, that was resistless;

And wrath, instead of cobbler's wax,

Did stiffen his rising bristles. 280

His tusks lay'd dogs to sleep, that whip

Nor bugle-horn cou'd wake 'um:

It made them vent both their last blood,

And their last album-grecum.

But the knight gor'd him with his spear, 285

To make of him a tame one,

And arrows thick, instead of cloves;

He stuck in monster's gammon.

For monumental pillar, that

His victory might be known, 290

He rais'd up, in cylindric form,

A collar of the brawn

He sent his shade to shades below,

In Stygian mud to wallow:

N 2 And

And eke the stout St. George eftsoon 295
He made the dragon follow.

St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France.

298 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Achilles of old Chiron learnt

The great horse for to ride ; 300

H' was taught by th' Centaur's rational part,

The hinnible to bestride.

012 Bright silver feet, and shining face

Had this stout hero's mother ;

As rapier's silver'd at one end, 305

And wounds us at the other.

Her feet were bright, his feet were swift,

As hawk pursuing sparrow :

Her's had the metal, his the speed

Of Barfoot's * silver arrow. 310

Thetis to double pedagogue

Commits her dearest boy ;

002 Who bred him from a slender twig

To be the scourge of Troy :

But ere he lasht the Trojans, h' was 315

In Stygian waters sleapt ;

As birch is soaked first in piss,

282 When boys are to be whipt.

With skin exceeding hard, he rose

From lake, as black and muddy, 320

As lobsters from the ocean rise,

With shell about their body :

002 And, as from lobster's broken claw,

Pick out the fish you might :

So might you from one unshell'd heell 325

Dig pieces of the knight.

His

* A famous letter-carrier at Oxford : vid. his picture
there.

His myrmidons robb'd Priam's barns
And hen-roosts, says the song ;
Carried away both corn and eggs,
Like ants from whence they sprung. 330

Himself tore Hector's pantaloons,
And sent him down bare-breech'd
To pedant Rhadamanthus, in
A posture to be switch'd.
But George he made the dragon look, 335
As if he had been bewitch'd.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Full fatal to the Romans was
The Carthaginian Hanni- 340
bal, him I mean, who gave to them
A devilish thump at Cannæ :

Moors thick, as goats on Penmenmaure,
Stood on the Alpes's front :
Their one-eyed guide *, like blinking mole, 345
Bor'd thro' the hindring mount :

Who, baffled by the massy rock,
Took vinegar for relief ;
Like plowmen, when they hew their way
Thro' stubborn rump of beef. 350

As dancing louts from humid toes
Cast atoms of ill favour
To blinking Hyatt † when on vile crowd
He merriment does endeavour,
And on harmonious timber saws 355
A wretched tune to quiver :

Just so the Romans stunk at sight
Of African carnivor,

N 3

The

* Hannibal had but one eye.

† A one-eyed fellow, who pretended to make fiddles as well as play on them : well-known in Oxford.

The tawny surface of his phiz
 Did serve instead of vizard. 360
 But George he made the dragon have
 A grumbling in his gizzard.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*
 The valour of Domitian, 365
 It must not be forgotten;
 Who from the jaws of worm-blowing flies,
 Freed suppliant veal and mutton.
 A squadron of flies errant,
 Against the foe appears; 370
 With regiments of buzzing knights,
 And swarms of volunteers:
 The warlike wasp encourag'd 'em,
 With animating hum;
 And the loud brazen hornet next, 375
 He was their kettle-drum:
 The Spanish don Cantharido
 Did him most sorely pester,
 And rais'd on skin of vent'rous knight
 Full many a plaguy blister. 380
 A bee whipt thro' his button hole,
 As thro' key hole a witch,
 And stabb'd him with her little tuck
 Drawn out of scabbard breech:
 But the undaunted knight lifts up 385
 An arm so big and brawny,
 And slasht her so, that here lay head,
 And there lay bag and honey:
 Then 'mongst the rout he flew as swift,
 As weapon made by Cyclops, 390
 And bravely quell'd seditious buz,
 By dint of massy fly-flops.
 Surviving flies do curses breathe,
 And maggots too at Caesar But

But George he shav'd the dragon's beard, 395
 And Askelon* was his razor.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

XV.

LUCY AND COLIN

—was written by Thomas Tickel, Esq; the celebrated friend of Mr. Addison and editor of his works. He was son of a Clergyman in the north of England, had his education at Queen's college Oxon, was under-secretary to Mr. Addison and Mr. Cragge, when successively secretaries of state; and was lastly (in June, 1724) appointed secretary to the Lords Justices in Ireland, which place he held till his death in 1740. He acquired Mr. Addison's patronage by a poem in praise of the opera of Rosamond written while he was at the University.

O F Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace;
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
 Reflect so fair a face.
 Till luckless love, and pining care 5
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her coral lip, and damask cheek,
 And eyes of glossy blue.
 Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
 When beating rains descend? 10
 So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;
 Her life now near its end.
 By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
 Take heed, ye easy fair:
 Of vengeance due to broken vows, 15
 Ye perjured swains, beware.

N 4 Three

* The name of St. George's sword.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
 A bell was heard to ring;
 And at her window, shrieking thrice,
 The raven flap'd his wing. 20

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
 The solemn boding sound;
 And thus, in dying words, bespoke
 The virgins weeping round.

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear, 25

"Which says, I must not stay;

"I see a hand, you cannot see,

"Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart, and broken vows,

"In early youth I die. 30

"Am I to blame, because his bride

"Is thrice as rich as I?

"Ah Colin! give not her thy vows;

"Vows due to me alone;

"Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss, 35

"Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,

"Impatient, both prepare;

"But know, fond maid, and know, false man,

"That Lucy will be there. 40

"Then bear my corse; ye comrades, bear,

"The bridegroom blithe to meet;

"He in his wedding-trim so gay,

"I in my winding-sheet."

She spoke, she dy'd;—her corse was borne, 45

The bridegroom blith to meet; He

He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept? 50
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow, 55
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead. 60

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod
For ever now remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind 65
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear; 70
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

XVI.
MARGARET'S GHOST.

— is the elegant production of David Mallet, Esq;
who in the last edition of his poems, 3 vols. 1759, in-
forms

forms us that the plan was suggested by the four verses quoted above in pag. 102, which he supposed to be the beginning of some ballad now lost.

"These lines, says he, naked of ornament and simple, as they are, struck my fancy; and bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem, which was written many years ago."

The two introductory lines (and one or two others elsewhere) had originally more of the ballad simplicity, viz.

"When all was wrapt in dark midnight,

"And all were fast asleep, &c.

T WAS at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud:
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has rest their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That tips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

"Awake!

" Awake! she cry'd, thy true love calls,
 " Come from her midnight grave;
 " Now let thy pity hear the maid,
 " Thy love refus'd to save.

" This is the dumb and dreary hour, 25
 " When injur'd ghosts complain;
 " Now yawning graves give up their dead,
 " To haunt the faithless swain.

" Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
 " Thy pledge, and broken oath: 30
 " And give me back my maiden vow,
 " And give me back my troth.

" Why did you promise love to me,
 " And not that promise keep?
 " Why did you swear mine eyes were bright, 35
 " Yet leave those eyes to weep?

" How could you say my face was fair,
 " And yet that face forsake?
 " How could you win my virgin heart,
 " Yet leave that heart to break? 40

" Why did you say my lip was sweet,
 " And made the scarlet pale?
 " And why did I, young witless maid,
 " Believe the flattering tale?

" That face, alas! no more is fair; 45
 " These lips no longer red:
 " Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
 " And every charm is fled.

" The
 Ver. 25. the mirk and fearful hour. 1st. Edit.

275 ANCIENT SONGS

" The hungry worm my sister is ;
 " This winding-sheet I wear : 50
 " And cold and weary lasts our night,
 " Till that last morn appear.

" But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence !
 " A long and last adieu !
 " Come see, false man, how low she lies, 55
 " Who dy'd for love of you."

The lark sung loud ; the morning smild,
 With beams of rosy red ;
 Pale William shook in ev'ry limb
 And raving left his bed. 60

He hyed him to the fatal place,
 Where Margaret's body lay ;
 And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,
 That wrapt her breathless clay ;

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name, 65
 And thrice he wept full sore ;
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spake never more.

XVII.

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

AS REVISED AND ALTERED BY A MODERN HAND.

Since the former sheets of this volume were printed off, Mr. Warton has published a new edition of his ingenious observations on Spenser, in which he has given his opinion that the fiction of the Boy and the Mantle is taken from an old French piece intitled LE COURT MANTEL
quoted

*Ver. 57. Now birds did sing, and morning smile,
 And shew her glistering head.* 70 *St. Ed.*

quoted by M. de St. Palaye in his curious "*Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*." Paris, 1759. 2 tom. 12mo. who tells us the story resembles that of Ariosto's enchanted cup. 'Tis possible our English poet may have taken the hint of this subject from that old French romance, but he does not appear to have copied it in the manner of execution: to which (if one may judge from the specimen given in the *Memoirs*) that of the ballad does not bear the least resemblance. After all 'tis most likely that all the old stories concerning K. Arthur are originally of British growth, and that what the French and other southern nations have of this kind were at first exported from this island. See *Memoires de l'Acad. des Inscript.* tom xx. p. 352.

IN Carleile dwelt king Arthur,

A prince of passing might;
And there maintain'd his table round,
Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas
With mirth and princely cheare,
When, lo! a straunge and cunning boy
Before him did appeare.

A kirtle, and a mantle

This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches
Full daintily bedone.

He had a sarke of silk

About his middle meet;
And thus, with seemely courtesy,
He did king Arthur greet.

"God speed thee, brave king Arthur,

"Thus feasting in thy bowre.

"And Guenever thy goodly queen,

"That fair and peerlesse flowre.

"Ye

" Ye gallant lords, and lordings, 21

" I wish you all take heed,

" Left, what ye deem a blooming rose

" Should prove a cankered weed."

Then straitway from his bosome 25

A little wand he drew ;

And with it eke a mantle

Of wondrous shape, and hew.

" Now have thou here, king Arthur,

" Have thou here of mee, 30

" And give unto thy comely queen,

" All-shapen as you see.

" No wife it shall become,

" That once hath been to blame."

Then every knight in Arthur's court 35

Slye glaunced at his dame.

And first came lady Guenever,

The mantle she must trye.

This dame, she was new-fangled

And of a roving eye. 40

When she had taned the mantle,

And all was with it cladde,

From top to toe it shiver'd down,

As tho' with sheers beshradde.

One while it was too long, 45

Another while too short,

And wrinkled on her shoulders

In most unseemly sort.

Now

Now green, now red it seemed,
Then all of sable hue. 50

" Beshrewe me, quoth king Arthur,
" I think thou beest not true."

Down she threw the mantle,
Ne longer would not stay;
But storming like a fury, 55
To her chamber flung away.

She curst the whoreson weaver,
That had the mantle wrought:
And doubly curst the froward impe,
Who thither had it brought. 60

" I had rather live in desarts
" Beneath the green-wood tree:
" Than here, base king, among thy groomes,
" The sport of them and thee."

" Sir Kay call'd forth his lady, 65
" And bade her to come near:
" Yet dame, if thou be guilty,
" I pray thee now forbear."

This lady, pertly gigling,
With forward step came on, 70
And boldly to the little boy
With fearless face is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
With purpose for to wear:
It shrunk up to her shoulder, 75
And left her b**side bare.

Then

280 ANCIENT SONGS

Then every mery knight,
That was in Arthur's court,
Gib'd, and laught, and flouted,
To see that pleasant sport. 80

Downe she threw the mantle,
No longer bold or gay,
But with a face all pale and wan,
To her chamber slunk away.

Then forth came an old knight. 85
A pattering o'er his creed;
And proffer'd to the little boy
Five nobles to his meed:

" And all the time of Christmæss
" Plum-porridge shall be thine, 90
" If thou wilt let my lady fair
" Within the mantle shine."

A faint his lady seemed,
With step demure, and slow,
And gravely to the mantle 95
With mincing pace does goe.

When she the same had taken,
That was so fine and thin,
It shrivell'd all about her,
And show'd her dainty skin. 100

Ah! little did HER mincing,
Or HIS long prayers bestead;
She had no more hung on her,
Than a tassell and a thread.

Down she threwe the mantle, 105
With terror and dismay, And,

And, with a face of scarlet,
To her chamber hied away.

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,
And bade her to come neare :

110

" Come win this mantle, lady,
" And do me credit here.

" Come win this mantle, lady,
" For now it shall be thine,

" If thou hast never done amifs,
" Sith first I made thee mine."

115

The lady gently blushing,
With modest grace came on,
And now to try the wondrous charm
Courageously is gone.

120

When she had tane the mantle,
And put it on her backe,
About the hem it seemed
To wrinkle and to cracke.

" I, ye still, she cryed, O mantle!
" And shame me not for nought,
" I'll freely own whate'er amifs,
" Or blamefull I have wrought.

125

" Once I kist fir Cradocke
" Beneathe the green-wood tree :
" Once I kist fir Cradocke's mouth
" Before he married mee."

130

When thus she had her thriven,
And her worst fault had told,
The mantle soon became her
Right comely as it shold.

135

Most

Most rich and fair of colour,
 Like gold it glittering shone:
 And much the knights in Arthur's court
 Admir'd her every one. 140

Then towards king Arthur's table
 The boy he turn'd his eye:
 Where stood a boar's-head garnished
 With bayes and rosemarye.

When thrice he o'er the boar's head 145
 His little wand had drawne,
 Quoth he, "There's never a cuckold's knife,
 "Can carve this head of brawne."

Then some their whittles rubbed
 On whetstone, and on hone: 150
 Some threwe them under the table,
 And swore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife
 Of steel and iron made;
 And in an instant thro' the skull 155
 He thrust the shining blade.

He thrust the shining blade
 Full easily and fast:
 And every knight in Atthurs court
 A morsel had to taste. 160

The boy brought forth a horne,
 All golden was the rim:
 Said he, "No cuckold ever can
 "Set mouth unto the brim. No

" No cuckold can this little horne 165

" Lift fairly to his head :

" But or on this, or that side,

" He shall the liquor shed."

Some shed it on their shoulder,

Some shed it on their thigh ; 170

And hee that could not hit his mouth,

Was sure to hit his eye.

Thus he, that was a cuckold,

Was known of every man :

But Cradock lifted easily, 175

And wan the golden can.

Thus boar's head, horn and mantle

Were this fair couple's meed :

And all such constant lovers,

God send them well to speed. 180

Then down in rage came Guenever,

And thus could spiteful say,

" Sir Cradock's wife most wrongfully

" Hath borne the prize away.

" See yonder shameless woman, 185

" That makes herselfe so clean ;

" Yet from her pillow taken

" Thrice five gallants have been.

" Priests, clarkes and wedded men

" Have her lewd pillow prest : 190

" Yet she the wonderous prize forsooth

" Must beare from all the rest."

Then

- Then bespake the little boy,
 Who had the same in hold:
 " Chastize thy wife, king Arthur, 195
 " Of speech she is too bold:
 " Of speech she is too bold,
 " Of carriage all too free;
 " Sir king, she hath within thy hall
 " A cuckold made of thee. 200
 " All frolick, light and wanton,
 " She hath her carriage borne:
 " And given thee for a kingly crown
 " To wear a cuckold's horne."

* * *A Friend very conversant with British Antiquities, just now informs me, that the story of the BOY AND THE MANTLE is taken from what is related in some of the old Welsh MSS. of Tegan Earfion, one of King Arthur's mistresses. She is said to have possessed a mantle that would not fit any immodest or incontinent woman; this (which, the old writers say, was reckoned among the curiosities of Britain) is frequently alluded to by the old Welsh Bards.*

CARLEISLE, so often mentioned in the Ballads of K. Arthur, is probably a corruption of CAER-LEON, an ancient British city on the river Uske in Monmouthshire, which was one of the places of K. Arthur's chief residence.

10 JA 67

THE END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

G L O S S A R Y

OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN VOLUME THE THIRD.

Such words, as the reader cannot find here, he is desired to look for in the Glossaries to the other volumes.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>A.
 A, au. s. <i>all</i>.
 Abye. <i>suffer, pay for</i>.
 Aff. s. <i>off</i>.
 Afore. <i>before</i>.
 Aik. s. <i>oak</i>. Aith. s. <i>oath</i>.
 Ane. s. <i>one</i>; an, a.
 Ann. <i>if</i>.
 Astonied. <i>astonished: stunned</i>.
 Auld. s. <i>old</i>.
 Avowe. <i>vow</i>.
 Awa'. s. <i>away</i>.
 Aye. <i>ever</i>; also, <i>ah! alas!</i>
 Azont. s. <i>beyond</i>.
 Azont the ingle. <i>Beyond the fire. The fires were formerly in the middle of the rooms.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">B.</p> <p>Ban. <i>course</i>.
 Banderolles. <i>streamers, little flags</i>. †.
 Bauld. s. <i>bold</i>.
 Bedeene. <i>immediately</i>.
 Bedone. <i>wrought, made up</i>.</p> | <p>Beere. s. <i>bier</i>.
 Ben. s. <i>within; within doors</i>.
 Bent. s. <i>long grass; also, wild fields, where bents, &c. grow</i>.
 Bernes. <i>barns</i>.
 Beseeme. <i>become</i>.
 Beshradde. <i>cut into shreds</i>.
 Beshrew me! <i>a lesser form of imprecation</i>.
 Blee. <i>complexion</i>.
 Blent. <i>blended</i>.
 Blinkan, blinkand. s. <i>twinkling, sparkling</i>.
 Blinks. s. <i>twinkles, sparkles</i>.
 Blinne. <i>cease, give over</i>.
 Blyth, blithe. <i>sprightly, joyous</i>.
 Blyth. p. 62. <i>joy, sprightliness</i>.
 Bookesman. <i>clerk, secretary</i>.
 Boon. <i>favour, request, petition</i>.
 Bore. <i>born</i>.
 Bower, bowre. <i>any bowed or</i></p> |
|--|--|

† But pag. 255. Ver. 16. probably alludes to "An Ancient Order of Knighthood, called the Order of the Band, instituted by Don Alphonsus, king of Spain, . . . to wear a red ribband of three fingers breadth." See Ames Typog. p. 327.

- or arched room; a parlour, Churl. clown, one of low
 chamber; also a dwelling birth, a villain.
 in general. Church-ale. a wake, a feast,
 Bowre-woman. s. chamber- in commemoration of the
 maid. dedication of a church.
 Brae. s. the side of a hill, a declivity.
 Claiths. s. cloaths.
 Clead. s. clothed.
 Brakes. thickets of brambles. Cled. s. clad, cloathed.
 Brand. sword. Clerks. clergymen, literati,
 Braft. burst. &c.
 Braw. s. brave. Cliding. s. cloathing.
 Breyde. drew out, unsbea- Cold, could p. 3. knew.
 thed. Coleyne. Cologn-steel.
 Brenn. s. burn. Con thanks. give thanks.
 Bridal. the nuptial feast. Courtials. p. 155
 Brigue. bridge. Cramasie. s. crimson.
 Britled. carved. Cranion. skull.
 Brooches. ornaments of jew- Crinkle. run in and out, run
 els. into flexures, wrinkle.
 Brocht. s. brought. Crook. twist. wrinkle, dis-
 Bugle, bugle-horn. a hun- tort.
 ting born.
 Burn, bourne. brook. Crowt. to pucker up.
 Busk. dress, deck. Cum. s. come.
 But if. unless. D.
 Butt. s. out, out of doors. Dank. moist, damp.
 C. Deas, deis. the high-table in
 a hall.—from f. dais. ca-
 Cadgily. s. merrily, chear- nopy.
 fully. Dealan, deland. s. dealing.
 Can. gan, began. Dee. s. die.
 Caitiff. a slave. Deerly. p. 24. preciousy,
 Canna. s. cannot. richly.
 Canty. s. chearful, chatty. Deid. s. dead.
 Carle. a churl, clown. Deid-bell. s. passing bell.
 Carlilh. churlish, discourte- Dell. narrow valley.
 ous. Delt. dealt.
 Cau. s. call. Descrye, describe. describe.
 Cauld. s. cold. Demains. demesnes; estate
 Certes. certainly. in lands.
 Chevaliers. f. knights. Ding. knock, beat.
 Chap. s. knock. Din, dinne. noise, bustle.
 Christentie. Christendome. Dight, decked. Disna.

- Disna. s. *doest not.*
 Destrere. *the horse rode by a knight in the tournament.*
 Dosend. s. *drowsy, cold, frozen, dosing, dull.*
 Doublet. *a man's inner garment; waistcoat.*
 Doubt. *fear.*
 Doubteous. *doubtful.*
 Drapping. s. *dropping.*
 Dreiry, s. *dreary.*
 Dule. s. *dole, sorrow.*
 Dwellan, dwelland. s. *dwelling.*
 Dyañ, dyand. s. *dying.*
 E.
 Earn. s. *to curdle, make cheese.*
 Eather. s. *either.*
 Ee; een, eyne. s. *eye; eyes.*
 Een. *even, evening.*
 Effund. *pour forth.*
 Eftsoon. *in a short time.*
 Eir. s. *e'er, ever.*
 Enouch. s. *enough.*
 Eke. *also.*
 Evanished. s. *vanished.*
 Everiche. *every, each.*
 Everychone. *every one.*
 Ew-bughts. s. *the folds in which the ewes are kept.*
 Ezar. s. p. 81. *probably, azure.*
 F.
 Fain. *glad, fond, well-pleased.*
 Falds. s. *thou foldest.*
 Fallan', falland. s. *falling.*
 Falser. *a deceiver, hypocrite.*
 Fa's. s. *thou fallest.*
 Faw'n. s. *fallen.*
 Faye. *faith.*
 Fee. *reward, recompence; also, land, when it is connected with the tenure by which it is held, as Knight's fee, &c.*
 Fet. *fetched.*
 Find frost. *find mischance, or disaster.*
 Fit. s. *feet.*
 Fillan', filland. s. *filling.*
 Five teen. *fifteen.*
 Flindars. s. *pieces, splinters.*
 Flayne, *slayed.*
 Forewearied. *much-wearied.*
 Forthy. *therefore.*
 Fou', fow. s. *full.*
 Fourth. *forth.*
 Frae. s. *fro. from.*
 Fyled, fyling. *defiled, defiling.*
 Foregoe. *quit, give up, resign.*
 G.
 Gae. s. *gave.*
 Gae, gaes. s. *go, goes.*
 Gaed, gade. s. *went.*
 Gaberlunzie. *gaberlunzie. s. a wallet.*
 Gaberlunzie-man. s. *a wallet-man, i. e. tinker, beggar, &c.*
 Gan. *began.*
 Gane. s. *gone.*
 Gang. s. *go.*
 Gar. s. *make.*
 Gart, garred. s. *made.*
 Geid. s. *gave.*
 Geir. s. *geer, goods, furniture.*
 Gibed. *jeered.*
 Gie.

Gie. s. give.

Giff. *if*.Gin. s. *if*.

Gin, gyn. engine, contrivance.

Gins. begins.

Gip. p. 124.

Glee. merriment, joy.

Glen. s. a narrow valley.

Glowr. s. stare.

Gloze. canting, dissimulation, fair outside.

Good-eens. s. good evens.

Gowd. s. gold.

Greet. s. weep.

Groomes. attendants, servants.

Gude, guid. s. good.

Guerdon. reward.

Gule. red.

H.

Ha'. s. ball.

Hame. home.

Hausf-bane. i. e. hose-band.

Hee's. s. he shall: also, he has.

Heathennes. the heathen part of the world.

Hem. 'em, them.

Hett, height. bid, command.

Hewkes. heralds coats.

Hind. s. behind.

Hings. s. hangs.

Hip. the berry, which contains the stones or seeds of the dog rose.

Hir, hir lain. s. her, herself alone.

Hole. whole.

Hooly. s. slowly.

Hose. stockings.

Huggle. bug, clasp.

I.

Ilfardly. s. ill-favouredly, uglily.

Ilka. s. each, every one, also, that same.

Impe. a little demon.

Ingle. s. fire.

Jow. s. jowl.

Ireful. angry, furious.

Ife. s. I shall.

K.

Kame. s. comb.

Kameing. s. combing.

Kantle. piece, corner. p. 23.

Kauk. s. chalk.

Keel. s. raddle.

Kempt. combing.

Ken. s. know.

Kilted. s. tucked up.

Kirk. s. church.

Kirn. churn.

Kirtle. a petticoat, upper garment, woman's gown.

Kitts. s. chests.

Kith. acquaintance.

Knellan, knelland. s. knelling, ringing the knell.

L.

Lacke. want.

Laith. s. laith.

Lane. s. lone, her lane. by herself.

Lang. s. long.

Lap. s. leaped.

Largez. f. give.

Leal. s. honest. f. loyal.

Lee. field, plain.

Lee. s. lie.

Leech. physician.

Leese. s. lose.

Leid. s. lyed.

Lemman,

- Lemman. *lover.*
 Leugh. *s. laughed.*
 Lewd. *ignorant, scandalous.*
 Lichtly. *s. lightly, easily,*
nimbly.
 Lig. *s. lie.*
 Limitours *friars licensed to*
beg within certain limits.
 Limitacioune. *a certain pre-*
cinct allowed to a limitour.
 Lithier. *naughty, wicked.*
 Lo'e, loed. *s. love, loved.*
 Lothly. *loathsome.*
 Loud's I heire. *perhaps, loud*
as I hear. p. 81.
 Lourd, lour. *s. lever, rather.*
 Lues. luve. *s. loves, love.*
 Lyan, lyand. *s. lying.*
 M.
 Mair. *more.*
 Mait. *s. might.*
 Mark. *a coin in value 13s. 4d.*
 Maugre. *in spite of.*
 Mavis. *s. a thrush.*
 Maun. *s. must.*
 Mawt. *s. malt.*
 Meed. *reward.*
 Micht. *might.*
 Mickle. *much, great.*
 Midge, *a small insect, a kind*
of gnat.
 Minstral. *s. minstrel. musi-*
cian.
 Minstrelsie. *musick.*
 Minny. *s. mother.*
 Mirkie. *dark, black.*
 Mishap. *misfortune.*
 Mither. *s. mother.*
 Moe. *more.*
 Mold. *mould, ground.*
 Monand. *moaning, bemoan-*
ing.
 Vol. III.
- Moies. *moors, marsh grounds.*
 Morrownynge. *mornings.*
 Mosses. *swampy grounds co-*
vered with moss.
 Mote, mought. *might.*
 Mou. *s. mouth.*
 N.
 Na, nae. *s. no.*
 Naithing. *s. nothing.*
 Nane. *s. none.*
 Newfangle, newfangled. *fond*
of novelty.
 Nicht. *s. night.*
 Noble. *a coin in value 6s. 8d.*
 North-gales. *North Wales.*
 Nurtured. *educated, bred up.*
 O.
 Obraid. *s. upbraid.*
 Ony. *s. any.*
 Out-brayde. *drew out, un-*
sheathed.
 Owre. *s. over.*
 Owre-word. *s. the last word.*
 Owches. *bosses, or buttons of*
gold.
 P.
 Pall. *a cloak, or mantle of*
state.
 Palmer. *a pilgrim, who hav-*
ing been at the holy land,
carried a palm branch in
his hand.
 Paramour. *gallant, lover,*
mistress.
 Partake. *p. 167. participate,*
assign to.
 Pattering. *murmuring, mum-*
bling.
 Pauky. *s. sly, cunning.*
 Paynim. *Pagan.*
 Pearlins. *s. p. 63. a coarse*
sort of bone lace.
 O
 Peer,

- Peer, peerless. *equal: with-*
out equal.
 Peering. *peeping, looking*
narrowly.
 Perill. *danger.*
 Philomene. *Philomel, the*
nightingale.
 Plaine. *complain.*
 Plein. *complain.*
 Porcupig. *porcupine. f. porc-*
epic.
 Poterver. *p. 3. perhaps Poc-*
ket.
 Piece. *s. p. 109. a little.*
 Preas. *press.*
 Pricked. *spurred forward,*
travelled a good round
pace.
 Priving. *s. proving, tasting.*
 Prowels. *bravery, valour,*
military gallantry.
 Puissant. *strong, powerful.*
 Purfel. *an ornament of em-*
broidery.
 Purfelled. *embroidered.*
 Q.
 Quail. *shrink, flinch, yield.*
 Quay. *s. heifer, young cow.*
 Quean. *sorry, base woman.*
 Quell. *subdue.*
 Quelch. *a blow or bang.*
 Quha. *s. who.*
 Quhair. *s. where.*
 Quhan. *whan. s. when.*
 Quhaneer. *s. where'er.*
 Quhen. *s. when.*
 Quick. *alive, living.*
 Quitt. *requite.*
 Quo. *quoth.*
 R.
 Rade. *s. rode.*
 Raife. *s. rose.*
 Reade, rede. *s. advise.*
 Reeve. *bailif.*
 Renneth, renning. *runneth,*
running.
 Rest. *bereft.*
 Registrer, the officer, who
keeps the public register.
Tis Register in Corbet's
poems 1672, 8vo.
 Riddle. *p. 69. 70. seems to*
be a corruption of Reade,
i. e. advise.
 Rin. *s. run. Rin errand, a*
contracted way of speaking
for "run on an errand."
 Rood. *cross, crucifix.*
 Route. *p. 87. go about, tra-*
vel.
 Rudd. *red, ruddy.*
 Rud-red. *deep red, ruddy.*
 Ruth. *pity.*
 Ruthfull. *rueful, waeiful.*
 S.
 Sa, fae. *s. so.*
 Saft. *s. soft.*
 Saim. *s. same.*
 Sair. *s. sore.*
 Sall. *s. sball.*
 Sarke. *s. sbirt.*
 Saut. *s. salt.*
 Say, essay. *attempt.*
 Scant. *scarce.*
 Seely. *silly.*
 Seething. *boiling.*
 Sed. *said.*
 Sel, sell. *self.*
 Sen. *s. since.*
 Seneschall. *master of the ce-*
remonies.
 Sey. *s. say, a kind of woollen*
stuff.
 Shee's s. *sbe sball.*
 Sheene. *shining.*
 Shield-

- Shield-bone. *p. 91. the blade-bone.*
 Shent. *shamed, disgraced, abused.*
 Shepens, shipens. *cow-houses, sheep-pens.* A. S. cypen.
 Shoone. *shoes.*
 Shope. *shaped.*
 Shread. *cut into small pieces.*
 Shreeven, shripen. *confessed her sins.*
 Shullen. *shall.*
 Sic, sich. *such.*
 Sick-like. *s. such-like.*
 Sighan, sighand. *s. sighing.*
 Siller. *s. silver.*
 Sith. *since.*
 Slaited. *s. wiped; or per-haps, whipped.*
 Sleath. *slayeth.*
 Slee. *s. fly.*
 Sna', snaw. *s. snow.*
 Sooth. *truth, true.*
 Soth, sothe. *ditto.*
 Sould. *s. should.*
 Souldan. *sultan.*
 Spack. *s. spake.*
 Sped. *speeded, succeeded.*
 Speik. *s. speak.*
 Speir. *s. ask, inquire.*
 Speir. *s. spear.*
 Spill. *spoil, destroy, kill.*
 Spillan, spilland. *s. spilling.*
 Spindles and whorles. *the instruments used in Scotland, before the introduction of spinning-wheels.*
 Spurging. *frath that purges out.*
 Squelsh. *a blow, or bang.*
 Stean. *s. stone.*
 Steven. *voice, sound.*
 Stint. *stop.*
 Stound. *space, moment, hour, time.*
 Stow'n. *s. stolen.*
 Stowre. *strong, robust, fierce.*
 Stower, stowre. *stir, disturbance, fight.*
 Stude, stuid. *s. stood.*
 Summere. *a sumpter horse.*
 Surcease. *cease.*
 Sune. *s. soon.*
 Sweere, swire. *neck.*
 Syne. *s. then, afterwards.*
 T.
 Teene. *sorrow, grief.*
 Thewes. *manners.* In p. 11.
it signifies limbs.
 Than. *s. then.*
 Thair. *s. there.*
 Thir. *s. this, these.*
 Tho. *then.*
 Thrall. *captive.*
 Thrall. *captivity.*
 Thralldome. *ditto.*
 Thrang. *close.*
 Thrilled. *twirled, turned round.*
 Thropes. *villages.*
 Thocht. *thought.*
 Tirled. *twirled, turned round.*
 Tone, t'one. *the one.*
 Tor. *a tower; also a high-pointed rock, or hill.*
 Tres-hardie. *f. thrice-hardy.*
 Trenchant. *f. cutting.*
 Triest furth. *s. draw forth to an affignation.*
 Trisulcate. *three-forked, three-pointed.*
 Trow. *believe, trust; also, verily.*
 Troth.

- Troth. *truth, faith, fidelity.*
 Tush. *an interjection of contempt, or impatience.*
 Twa. *s. two.* Twayne. *two.*
 U.
 Unctuous. *fat, clammy, oily.*
 Undermeles. *afternoons.*
 Unkempt. *uncombed.*
 Ure. *use.*
 W.
 Wadded. *p. 4. perhaps from woad, i.e. of a blue colour.*
 Wae, waefo'. *s. woe, woeful.*
 Wad. *s. walde. would.*
 Walker. *a fuller of cloth.*
 Waltered, weltered. *rolled along. Also wallowed.*
 Waly. *an interjection of grief.*
 Warde. *s. advise, forewarn.*
 Wassel. *drinking, good cheer.*
 Wax. *to grow, become.*
 Wat. *s. wet. Also, knew.*
 Wate. *s. blamed.*
 Wayward. *perverse.*
 Weale. *welfare.*
 Wear-in. *s. worry in, drive in.*
 Wearifou'. *s. wearisome, tiresome, disturbing.*
 Wee. *s. little.*
 Weede. *clothing, dress.*
 Weel. *well. Also, we'll.*
 Weird. *wizard, witch. Properly, fate, destiny.*
 Welkin. *the sky.*
 Wellaway. *exclam. f. pity.*
 Werde, weened. *thought.*
 Wend. *to go.*
 Werryed. *worried.*
 Wha. *s. who.*
 Whair. *s. where.*
 Whan. *s. when.*
 Whang. *s. a large slice.*
 Whilk. *s. which.*
 Whit. *jot.*
 Whittles. *knives.*
 Whorles. *[See Spindles.]*
 Wi'. *s. with.*
 Wight. *human creature, man or woman.*
 Wild-worm, *serpent.*
 Wis. *know.*
 Wit, weet. *know, understand.*
 Woe. *woeful, sorrowful.*
 Wode, wod. *wood. Also, mad.*
 Woe-man. *a sorrowful man.*
 Woe-worth. *woe be to [you.]*
 Wood, wode. *mad, furious.*
 Wot. *know, think.*
 Wow. *s. exclam. of wonder.*
 Wracke. *ruin, destruction.*
 Wynne, win. *joy.*
 Wyt, wit, weet. *know.*
 Wyte. *blame.*
 Y.
 Yate. *gate.*
 Yese. *s. ye shall.*
 Yode. *went.*
 Y-built. *built.*
 Ys. is. Yf. if. Yn. in.
 Y-wrought. *wrought.*
 Y-wys. *truly, verity.*
 Z.
 Ze. *s. ye. zee're. s. ye are.*
 Zees. *s. ye shall.*
 Zellow. *s. yellow.*
 Zet. *s. yet.*
 Zong. *s. young.*
 Zou. *s. you. zour. s. your.*
 Zour-lane, your-lane. *s. a-lone, by yourself.*
 Zouth. *s. youth.*

